★ Oct. 19, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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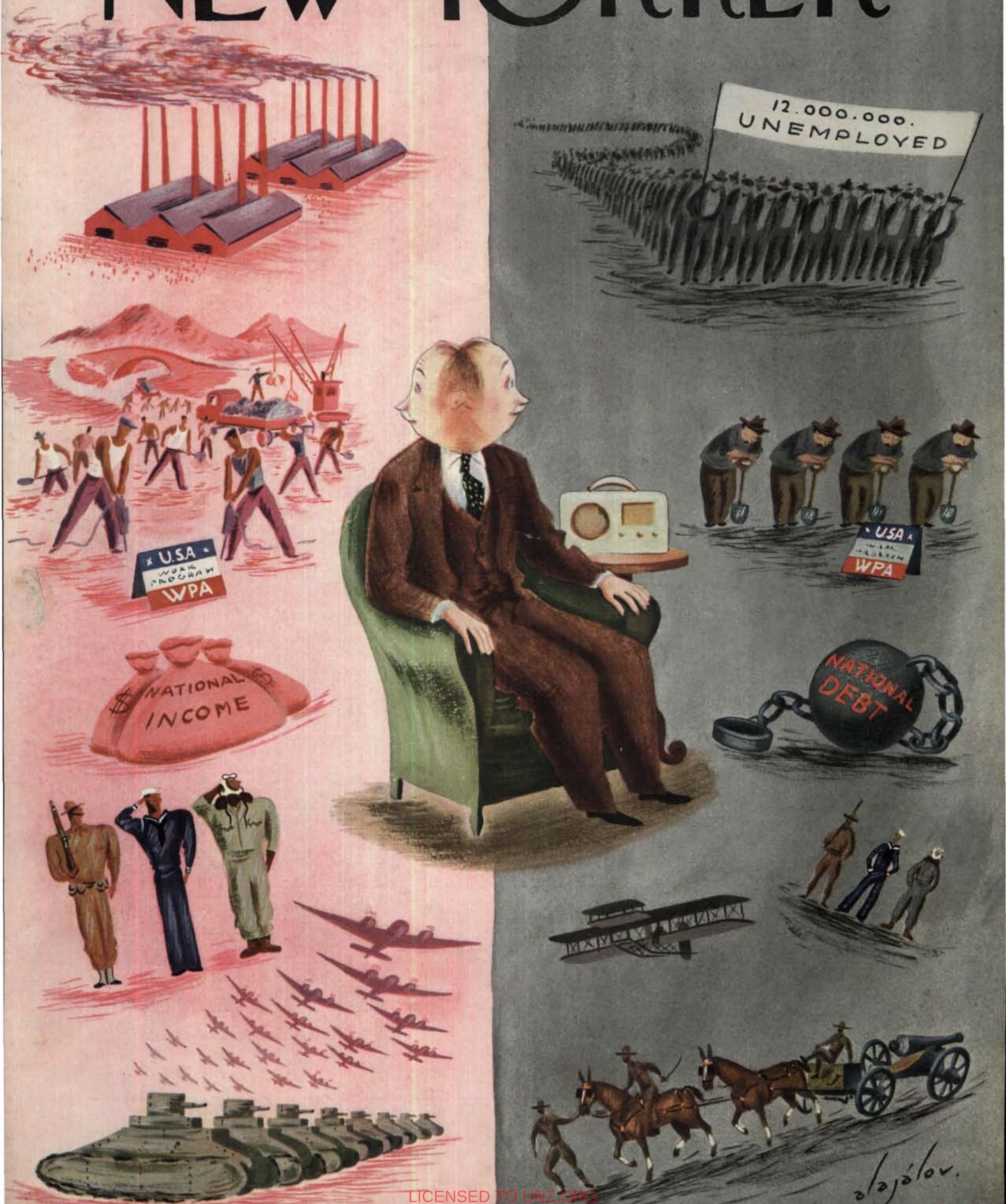
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Journey to Jerusalem—Maxwell Anderson's fable of Christ's boyhood, pointing out some modern parallels. This ambitious project, not altogether successful, is the season's first presentation by the Playwrights' Company. Sidney Lumet, Arlene Francis, and Arnold Moss have the leading parts. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Kind Lady—Miss Mary Herries lets an artist into her house and lives to regret it. Grace George is splendid in this revival of English melodrama at its best. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the late Clarence Day's memories of his family into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and extremely witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—A powerful and eloquent play by Robert E. Sherwood, based on his conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business. The Lunts are excellent and receive very capable support from Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.; extra performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 20, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Time of Your Life—William Saroyan's play about the strange people who happen into a honky-tonk on the San Francisco waterfront. Very eloquent and funny when the author isn't being too rhapsodic about life. Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon head the cast. Winner of last season's Drama Critics Award and Pulitzer Prize. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Oct. 19.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Blind Alley—A revival of the James Warwick play that was produced here six years ago. Roy Hargrave plays his original rôle. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Oct. 17.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is practically all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering bawdy show, with Gypsy Rose Lee, Bert Lahr, and Cole Porter music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Moves on Mon., Oct. 21, to the Royale, 45, W. CI 6-9500. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Lyric Opera Company, an American group, presenting "The Mikado," Thurs., Oct. 17; "The Gondoliers," Fri. and Sat., Oct. 18-19; "The Mikado," Mon. through Wed., Oct. 21-23; "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Cox and Box," Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 24-26. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people help to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, has got together some of the greatest skaters in the world and turned them loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief, but not enough. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Charley's Aunt—José Ferrer and Nedda Harrigan in a revival of the timeworn farce. Produced by Day Tuttle and Richard Skinner. Opens Thurs., Oct. 17. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, with Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Ruth Weston, and Dudley Digges. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Sam H. Harris. Opens Fri., Oct. 18. (Lyceum, 45, E. BR 9-0546. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—A Negro fantasy, with Ethel Waters, Todd Duncan, and Katherine Dunham and her dancers. The songs are by Vernon Duke, the lyrics by John Latouche, and the whole thing is staged by George Balanchine. Opens Mon., Oct. 21. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Sim Sala Bim—Dante, an accomplished magician, in a full-length program of sleight of hand, designed for children and those adults who won't mind seeing a few more things disappear. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Moves on Mon., Oct. 21, to another theatre. Nightly, including Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has just reopened, with Larry Siry's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra is in the comfortable Bowman Room.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Something, and a very good thing, that Felix Ferry thought up not so long ago. Bob Knight's orchestra plays at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—It's reverted to type, or rather stripe, and looks much the better for it. Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best, and has never faltered. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A shiny face-lifting job by Norman Bel Geddes hasn't changed Larue's essential character, which, as you know, is a superior one. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Le Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A nice, small retreat, with Val Ernie's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—There's a full-fledged revue in the Persian Room now, with John Buckmaster, Dixie Dunbar, and eight beautiful young ladies. Dick Gasparre's and Gerry Morton's orchestras play. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Radio City's aerial nook has Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is holding out stoutly against the trend toward the tropics with an ice show headed, as usual, by Dorothy Lewis. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is leaving the Café Lounge on Thurs., Oct. 17; Dwight Fiske will take over on the following evening. Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

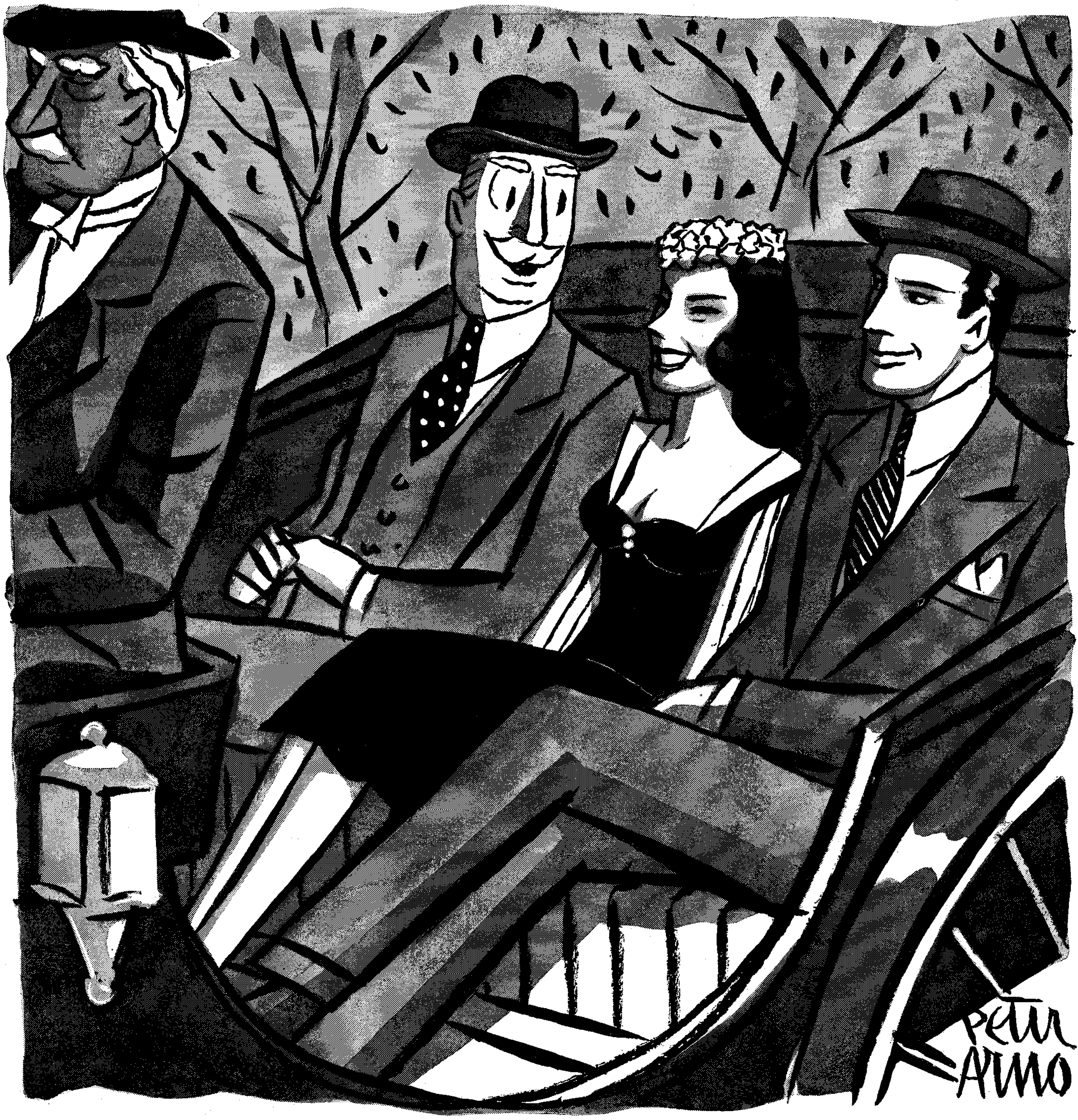
Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with Sheila Barrett (through Wed., Oct. 23), and music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddie Duchin's orchestra is playing in the formal Sert Room, where a South American dance team called Los Chavalillos Sevillanos is making its local début and where Carol Bruce sings at supper. . . . Kay Kayser's orchestra will replace Mischa Borr's in the informal Empire Room on Thurs., Oct. 24. . . . Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon and Paula Lawrence, and a new little stage over in the corner. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the entertainers here include Billie Haywood, Cliff Allen, and, of course, Spivy herself. . . . **brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): this has just reopened with, among others, Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, the young pianists.

Miscellaneous—**montparnasse**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. Two orchestras play for dancing. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a big, gay place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. Closed Mon. . . . **club cuba**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of lively young people trying out their new conga ideas. . . . **pago pago club**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): palm leaves, wicker chairs, and other approved South Sea fixtures, all where the old American Music Hall used to be. . . . **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs one, with South American entertainment. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 36, October 19, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a pleasant place to drop into after a concert. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Shep Fields' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy-dow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

Mostly for Music—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . FAMOUS DOOR, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Teddy Powell's large band is the main attraction in this narrow spot. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a new place with the old downtown line-up of Negro entertainers—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's band, and the Golden Gate Quartet. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the parent of the uptown one, with Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Spirits of Rhythm play every night except Mon.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Americans—At FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: portraits, some having considerable distinction, in a collection that includes almost all the well-known Colonial painters—Stuart, Copley, etc.—as well as several who are less well known; also, an exhibit of paintings by De Hirsh Margules. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . FINDLAY, 69 E. 57: fifteen canvases by George Inness, and about as many by a number of his contemporaries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: drawings by Bouché, Glackens, Sloan, Guy Pène du Bois, Schnakenberg, and other moderns. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

André—Tasteful, capably done oils by an Impressionist of the old school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

Educational Alliance—Twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition of this famous East Side art school, featuring works by such distinguished alumni as Chaim Gross, Peter Blume, Philip Evergood, and many others: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 23.

Europeans and Americans—Oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers: New Art Circle, 543 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Groups—At the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: over a hundred painters in the annual pre-season jury show. Mainly young, their work is lively, exploratory, and generally refreshing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . WALKER, 108 E. 57: fifth anniversary exhibition by Curry, Grosz, Ruellan, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Klee—A hundred paintings and water colors in a memorial show of this Swiss artist's work that's likely to remain the definitive one for some time. Well worth seeing: Buchholz and Willard Galleries, both at 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of ninety-odd paintings by the important Brazilian painter Cândido Portinari. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

Portraits—Pleasant things by Marjorie Ryerson and Henriette Wyeth in a generally conservative collection: 460 Park Avenue, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Post-Impressionists—Eighteen paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec, many of them never before shown in this country: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 23.

Here and There—At HOLLAND HOUSE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: cartoons by Louis Raemaekers (through Oct. 18); also, an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by modern Dutch artists (through Nov. 8). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: paintings by present-day Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: recent paintings by a group of American artists. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . FRENCH ART, 51 E. 57: modern French paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . ARDEN, 460 Park, at 57: paintings on linen by Norman Jacobsen. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . MATISSE, 51 E. 57: paintings by French moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by Darrel Austin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . F.A.R., 19 E. 61: posters and theatre programs by Toulouse-Lautrec. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by Eugenia Zundel. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . MORTON, 130 W. 57: oils by Amory Hooper. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . ARGENT, 42 W. 57: paintings by Eve Van Ek. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: recent paintings by Revington Arthur. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: oils by Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: Walt Kuhn's painting "Trio," which was first shown at the Whitney Museum last season. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . STUDIO GUILD, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Celine Baekeland, and a membership show of paintings and sculpture. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . BONESTELL, 106 E. 57: portraits and landscapes by Harry Lane. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . KLEEMANN, 38 E. 57: paintings by Lebduska. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . A.C.A., 52 W. 8: first one-man show of paintings by Alexander Dobkin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . GUY MAYER, 41 E. 57: new paintings by Robert E. Smith. Wed. 9:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: water colors and oils by Laura Chanler and Lawrence Grant White. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: first American exhibition of paintings by François Barraud. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Eugene Boudin. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . STERNER, 9 E. 57: drawings by Emanuel Romano. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 15 E. 57: recent oils by Maurice Grosser. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: sculpture by Irma Rothstein. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28. . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57: first exhibition of primitives by the eighty-year-old Mrs. Anna Mary Moses. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: retrospective show of drawings and prints by Wanda Gág. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 18, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 20, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 24, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 25, at 2:30. (Soloists: Vronsky and Babin, Oct. 24-25.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, to point up its exhibition of paintings by the Brazilian artist Portinari, will present a series of concerts of Brazilian music, with, among others, the following: Elsie Houston, and Burle Marx conducting a chamber orchestra, Thurs. Aft., Oct. 17, at 4; Elsie Houston, and Hugh Ross conducting the Schola Cantorum, Fri. Eve., Oct. 18, at 9, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 19, at 4; Artur Rubinstein, and Hugh Ross conducting the Schola Cantorum, Sun. Aft., Oct. 20, at 4, and Sun. Eve., Oct. 20, at 9. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Marian Anderson (benefit), Sun. Eve., Oct. 20, at 8:30; Artur Rubinstein, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 8:30; Fritz Kreisler, Sat. Aft., Oct. 26, at 2:30.

Town Hall—New Friends of Music (Budapest String Quartet and soloists), Sun. Aft., Oct. 20, at 5:30; Edward Kilenyi, Mon. Eve., Oct. 21, at 8:30; Dorothy Maynor, Wed. Eve., Oct. 23, at 8:30; Arthur Loesser and Beryl Rubinstein, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 8:30; Katherine Bacon, Sat. Aft., Oct. 26, at 3.

BALLET

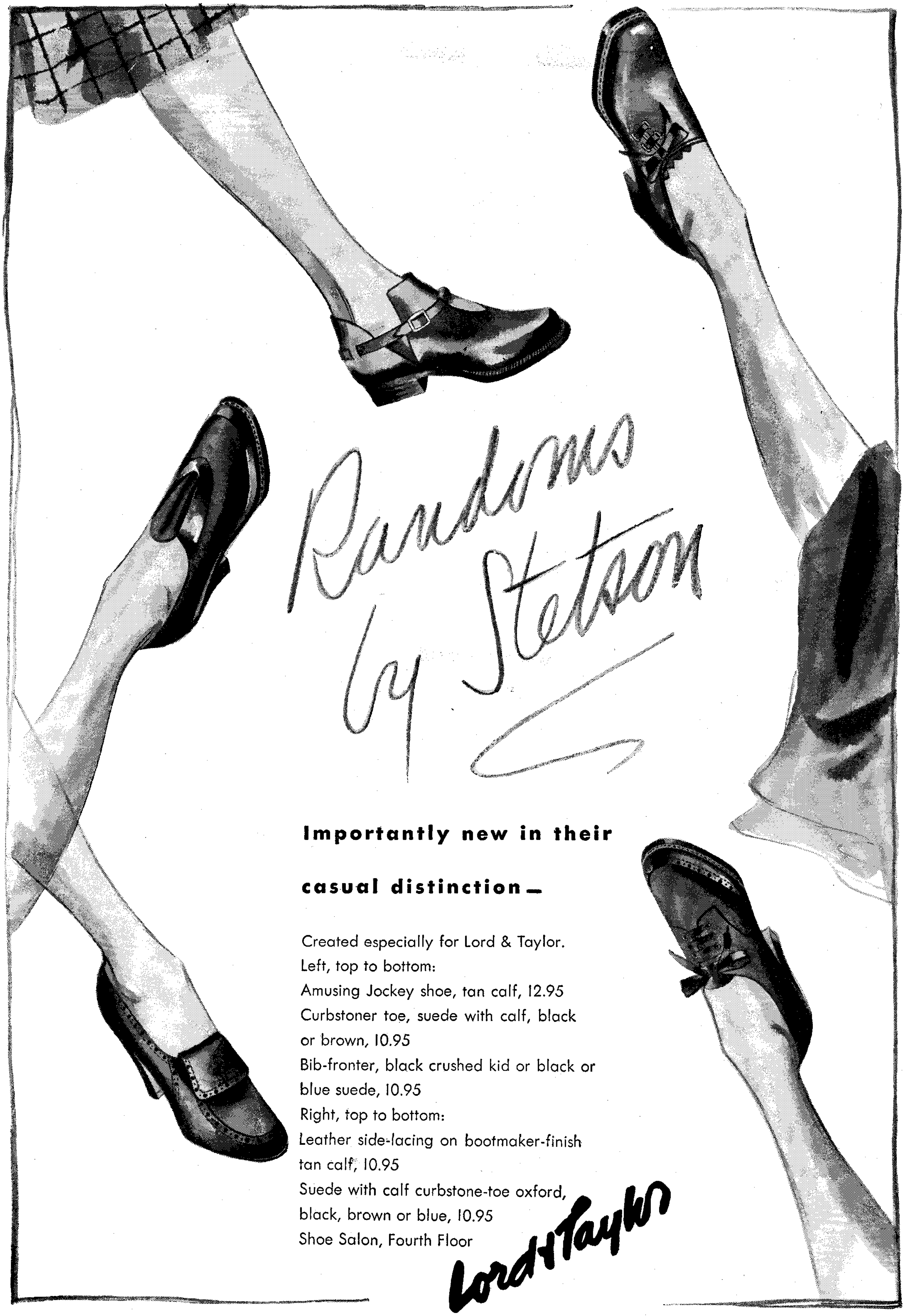
Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Leonide Massine and his company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Serenade," "The Nutcracker," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17. . . . "Serenade," "The New Yorker," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri. Eve., Oct. 18, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 19. . . . "Baiser de la Fée," "Rouge et Noir," and "Vienna—1814," Sat. Eve., Oct. 19. . . . "Poker Game," "The Nutcracker," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Aft., Oct. 20. . . . "Serenade," "The New Yorker," and "Vienna—1814," Sun. Eve., Oct. 20. . . . "The New Yorker," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "The Nutcracker," Mon. Eve., Oct. 21. . . . "Serenade," "Baiser de la Fée," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Tues. Eve., Oct. 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "The New Yorker," "Bacchanale," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Wed. Eve., Oct. 23. . . . "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Vienna—1814," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 24. . . . "Poker Game," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "The Nutcracker," Fri. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "Serenade," "Baiser de la Fée," and "Vienna—1814," Sat. Aft., Oct. 26. . . . "Rouge et Noir," "The New Yorker," and "Boutique Fantasque," Sat. Eve., Oct. 26. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Football—On SAT. AFT., OCT. 19: Columbia vs. Georgia, Baker Field, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Holy Cross, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2; Navy vs. Drake, Annapolis, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, Philadelphia, at 2; Pittsburgh vs. Fordham, Pittsburgh, at 2; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, at 2.

SAT. AFT., OCT. 26: Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Army vs. Lafayette, West Point, at 2; Cornell vs. Ohio State, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, at 2; Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, at 2; Yale vs. Navy, New Haven, at 2.

The last trains which ought to get you to out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for Ithaca, sleeper from Penn. Station, Fri. at 10:10 P.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central,



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Suede with calf curbstone-toe oxford, black, brown or blue, 10.95
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

8 A.M. (arriving South Station, Boston, 12:40 P.M.); for Annapolis, from Penn. Station, 9:30 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Station, 11:30 A.M.; *for Pittsburgh, sleeper from Penn. Station,* 12:05 A.M.; for New Haven, from Penn. Station, 11 A.M.; for West Point, from the W. 42 St. ferry, 11:03 A.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Station, special train, 12:20 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES: Sun. Aft., Oct. 20, at 2:30: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds; Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Yankee Stadium.

GOLF—Finals, Inter-City Team Matches, Griscom Cup, Lakeville Club, Great Neck, Thurs., Oct. 17.

HORSE SHOW—Greenwich Hunter Show, Yale Farms, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Oct. 19, at 9 A.M.

HUNT RACES—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Sat., Oct. 19, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association, Red Bank, N.J., Sat., Oct. 19, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Wed. and Sat., Oct. 23 and 26, at 1:45 P.M.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Aft., Oct. 20, at 3:30.

RACING—Daily at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through Oct. 19. Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 19. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:40 and 1:25 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat.) . . . Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15; starting Mon., Oct. 21. Scarsdale and Ardsley Handicaps, Oct. 26. (Special trains will leave Grand Central daily at 12:40 and 1:10 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The best of what Detroit has thought up for 1941. Eighteen manufacturers, including, after all these years, Mr. Ford, are exhibiting in Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, through Sun., Oct. 20. Weekdays, 10:30 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 7 P.M.

RODEO—Madison Square Garden: performances nightly at 8:30, and Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 2:30; through Oct. 27.

BENEFITS—Pan-American Dinner for Writers in Exile: Hotel Commodore, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 7. . . . British Naval Ball, for the British Sailors Book and Relief Society: Hotel Sherry-Netherland, Tues. Eve., Oct. 22, at 9. . . . Champagne Ball, for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 9.

ANTIQUES EXPOSITION—Over a hundred and fifty antique-dealers will exhibit their treasures at the Hotel Commodore from Mon., Oct. 21, through Fri., Oct. 25. Opening day, 4 to 11 P.M.; last day, 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other days, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

FASHION EXHIBITION—Costumes and hats done by some of our best contemporary designers, with the help of background material provided by the Museum of Costume Art, where the exhibit will be held: 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—American, European, and Oriental arms and armor, belonging to Edward R. Seal and others: Thurs. Aft., Oct. 17, at 2. . . . *Modern French* paintings and drawings, including works by Matisse, Gauguin, and Picasso, from the collection of the late Jerome Stonborough: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 8:15. . . . French furniture, Brussels tapestries, antique Chinese rugs, and other furnishings, owned by the estate of the late Mr. Stonborough and others: Fri. Aft., Oct. 18, at 2. . . . Portraits of Washington, and first editions and other books, the property of Stewart C. Pratt, the late Mrs. Ellis Hollingsworth, and others: Tues. and Wed. Afts., Oct. 22-23, at 2. . . . Paintings by the late Harry W. Watrous, belonging to the artist's estate: Fri. Aft., Oct. 25, at 2. . . . Early American furniture, Staffordshire lustreware and spatterware, and Currier & Ives lithographs, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Sheldon: Sat. Aft., Oct. 26, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57: Oriental art and curios, American, English, and Continental furniture, and Roman glass, from the collections of Burton Holmes and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Oct. 24-25, at 2.

ON THE AIR

PIUS XII—The Pope, speaking in the interests of Catholic missionary activities: Sat. Aft., Oct. 19, at 1:30, WABC, WEAF, WOR.

WENDELL L. WILLKIE—Mon. Eve., Oct. 21, at 10, WJZ; Wed. Eve., Oct. 23, at 10:30, WJZ.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Oct. 19: Yale vs. Dartmouth, at 1:45, WOR; Harvard vs. Army, at 2, WEAF. . . . Sat. Aft., Oct. 26: Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at 1:45, WABC.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS—N.B.C. Symphony, Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eves. at 10, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Kolar conducting (soloist, Grace Moore), Sun. Eve., Oct. 20, at 9, WABC. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.

DANCE BANDS—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Eddy Duchin, Sat. Eves. at 9:45, WABC; and Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ. . . . "Information Please," Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer, with Barbara O'Neill, in a thorough, rather too long, but often stirring film version of Rachel Field's best-seller. That aristocratic French murder case, you know. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 19-22.)

ARISE, MY LOVE—Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland as a couple of lovers abroad who are right on hand for every European crisis. Love triumphs. Gay and bright. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

BOOM TOWN—Just Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and such types in a routine but big affair about the oil wells of Oklahoma. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Oct. 23.)

DAYBREAK—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer in a French picture of prewar days. (Thalia, B'way at 95; from Tues., Oct. 22.)

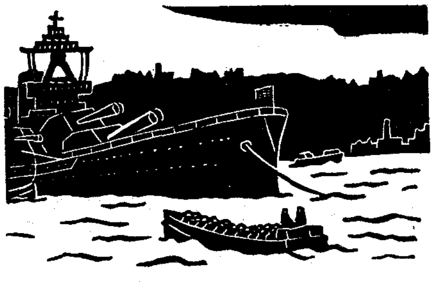
FELDZUG IN POLEN—Germany at its nastiest, in a typical propaganda film that has attracted a good deal of attention. (96th Street, 3 Ave. at 96; Thurs., Oct. 17.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS—Like "The Cat and the Canary"—laughs and squeals throughout, and a good one of its kind. With Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Oct. 19.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR**—*At last it's here.*** (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight, and Sun. at 6 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY—This comedy stacks up well against most of the things now showing around town. Brian Donlevy and Muriel Angelus. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Oct. 18. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., Oct. 23.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN—Quite a few grown-up laughs in this smartly written and well-directed comedy. With William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Oct. 18. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 19-21. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 19-22. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., Oct. 26.)



THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—A magnificent film of the sea, the fo'c'sle, and the war zone, based upon a number of Eugene O'Neill's one-act plays. Directed by John Ford, and another tribute to his skill. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE MAN I MARRIED—An honest attempt to do a serious movie about the Nazi situation. Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett, supported by a good cast, *are the stars. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8;* Mon. and Tues., Oct. 21-22.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Of a German family in 1933, and how events changed the lives of all its members. Powerful and not overdone. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, and Frank Morgan. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 22-23.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—This season's "Wuthering Heights." Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier do ample justice to Jane Austen's timeless story about the battle of the sexes. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 19-22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 22-23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 22-24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 24-25.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—A rich Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years," with Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria and Anton Walbrook as her consort. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 18.)

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH—A full-length presentation made by the March of Time to give us the story of America from 1914 to this day. Ambitious, though not entirely successful. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Mon., Oct. 21. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 22-23. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 23-24. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., Oct. 23.)

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES—Good blood-and-thunder stuff, climaxed by one of the funniest courtroom scenes you ever saw. Henry Fonda is the bandit in question. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; *Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 22-24.*)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, and William Gargan in a new version of Sidney Howard's old play of the grape-grower who wanted a wife. Well done. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Oct. 23.)

NOTE—"Gateways to Panama," a March of Time short with unusually effective shots of Devil's Island, will be shown at the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8, Fri. through Sun., Oct. 18-20.

REVIVALS

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The great fantastic classic of the early era. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 17.)

I AM THE LAW (1938)—Edward G. Robinson as a professor mixing with racketeers. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 20-21.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 18.)

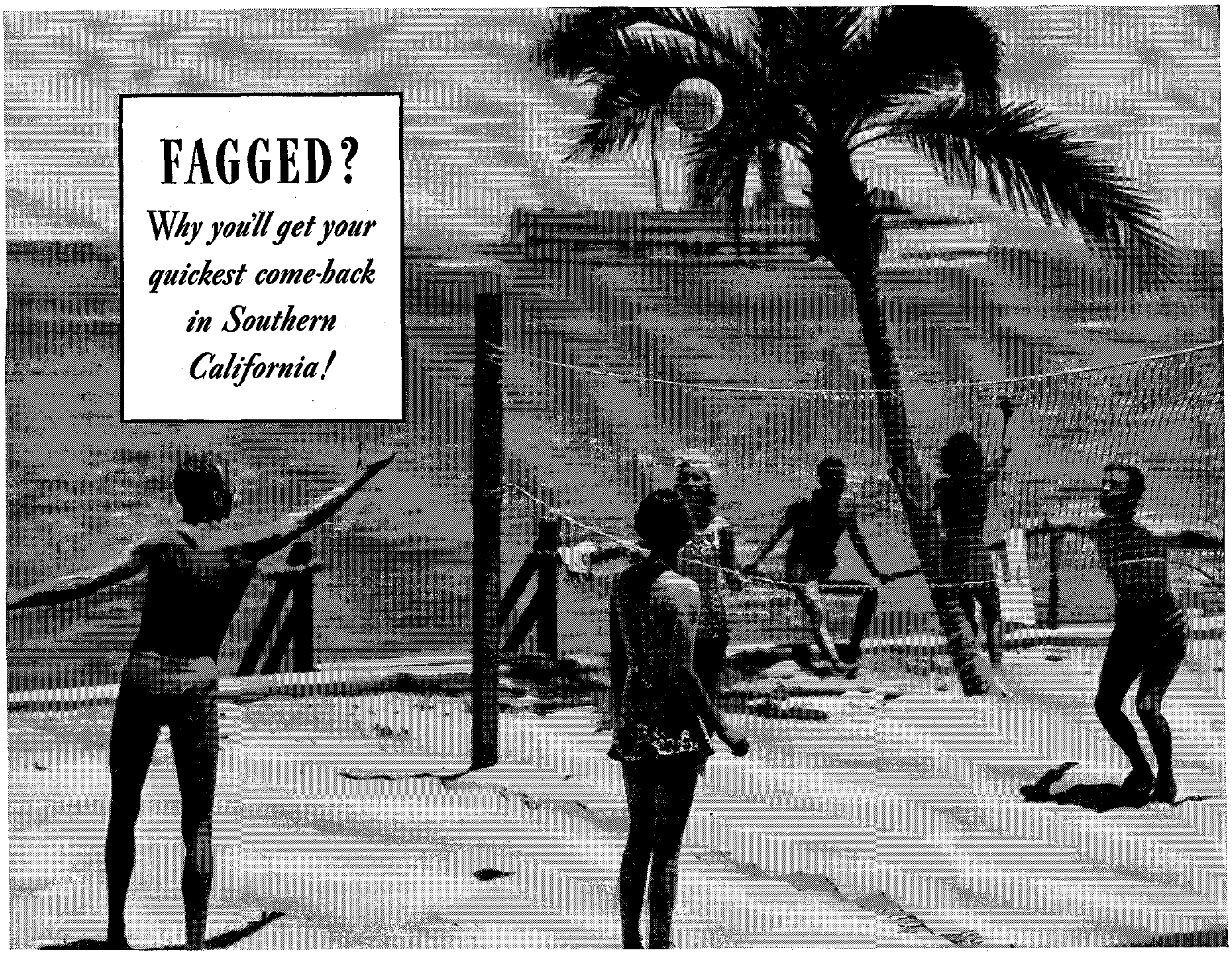
LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 19.)

THE MIKADO *(1939)—Martyn Green and other* D'Oyly Carte people. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 23-25.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 18.)

THE STORY OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp. French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies Thurs. through Sun., Oct. 17-20, at 2 P.M., and other days at 4 P.M.: "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with James Cagney and Joan Blondell, Thurs., Oct. 17. "The General," with Buster Keaton, Fri., Oct. 18. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Sat., Oct. 19. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Sun., Oct. 20. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Mon., Oct. 21. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Tues., Oct. 22. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Wed., Oct. 23. "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Thurs., Oct. 24. Five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1920, Fri., Oct. 25. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Sat., Oct. 26.



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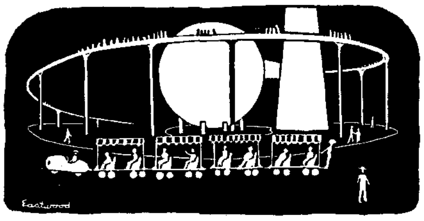
THE WORLD'S FAIR



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE LAST-MINUTE FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Fair will close for good and all on Sun., Oct. 27. Until then, gates will open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... If the weather's good, the Fair is almost sure to be crowded from now on until the end.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. ... **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns east on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Don't be surprised if there's some juggling of programs and schedules during the final week.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in relieving the horse of many of its duties. Movies of mass production, and a fashion show too. Some tractors parade in a field outside and then settle down to a little serious tilling.

Gardens on Parade (A)—A well-arranged display of autumn flowers. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Better hurry up and get in line if you want to see the Futurama before it closes forever. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—Another that's well worth seeing and hard to get into. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—A Goya, a Renoir, and a van Gogh, none of them ever shown before in the United States, have just been added to this collection of some 400 paintings from the sixteenth century up to the present. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—Engines and other rolling stock, accompanied by Kurt Weill music, appear in a big pageant called "Railroads on Parade," put on daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents.... "Railroads in Action," a 30-minute show of model trains scooting here and there, is presented continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

Trylon and Perisphere—Making their last stand. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—No more fashion shows here, but there are plenty of exhibits by the fabric and cosmetic people.

Others of Interest—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas.... **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art.... **AVIATION** (G): transport and fighting planes.... **BORDEN'S** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor.... **CHRYSLER** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car, and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night. ... **DU PONT** (D): demonstrations of how nylon and other synthetic wonders have come out of a test tube.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): a New York street before the town was wired for light.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): showing how far the countryside has come from the kerosene and hand-pump days.... **FIRESTONE** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft, and glass being woven into cloth.... **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. ... **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): actual models, mostly of nineteenth-century gadgets, culled from the collection of the Patent Office.... **KODAK** (D): quantities of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once.... **PETROLEUM** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing.... **R.C.A.** (C): the situation in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp's hundredth birthday.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a drop of water magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and how they can be killed by light.... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins.

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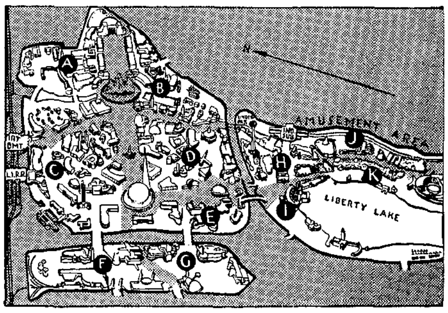
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. Among the more attractive ones are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Sweden (D), and Italy. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has a nice beach on the lake front and a nice interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own patriotic pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle, and the songs are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—Billy Rose's great big water spectacle, with Eleanor Holm, Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, an outdoor stage where Hassard Short's elaborate white and colored revues follow one another in enjoyable and almost never-ending succession.

Zombie (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match.

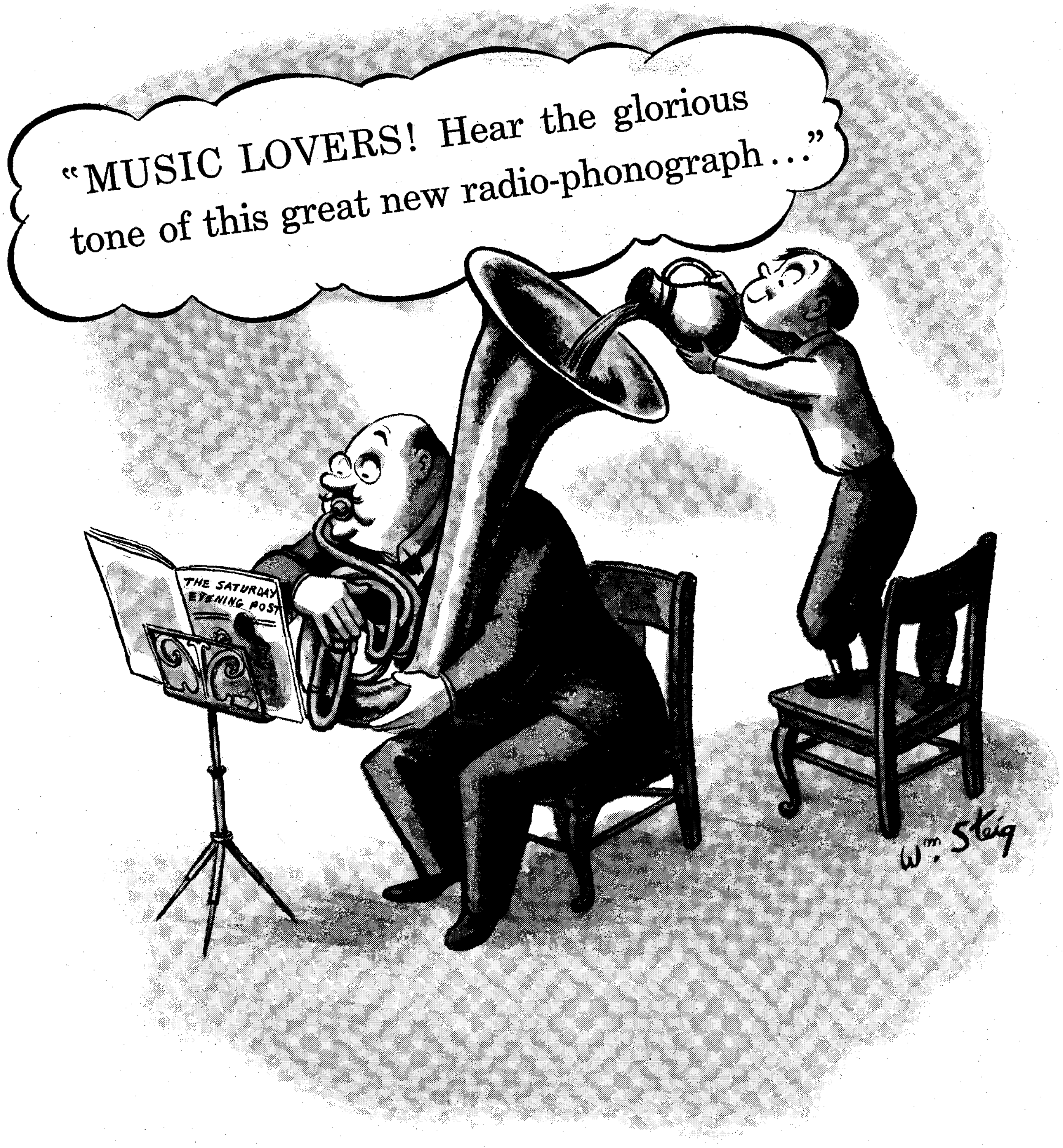
Some Other Places—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): the customers around a large and generally crowded bar are encouraged to raise their voices in song.... **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck presents a circus and a mountain swarming with monkeys.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): they pull you up about twenty floors and then let you drop; a honey if you don't mind heights.... **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.... **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a skate-and-ski show; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): the dean of the Fair's restaurants, with sturdy food and an outdoor bar.... **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): the fountain show seems to be put on especially for diners on this awninged terrace.... **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): there's real Brazilian music here at the dinner hour.... **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): happily, this well-loved restaurant has managed to stay open.... **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): a bar, a soda fountain, and a friendly little café.... **HEINEKEN'S** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from the veranda.... **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): tables in the garden for patrons of the goulash bar, and an attractive restaurant upstairs for real dining. ... **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong.... **MCGINNIS** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in a pavilion as gay as a circus tent.... **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*.... **PABST** (K): a beer garden on the lakeside, with maple trees twinkling with lights.... **POLISH BUILDING** (A): they still cook Polish, and that's what matters.... **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): one takes a motorboat to the Florida Building to sample Tampa's best.... **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): habit-forming Chinese food in a lively and gaudy setting. ... **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in the large courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby.... **SWISS BUILDING** (A): cheerful and restful, whether you look up from the garden or down from the terrace. ... **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): the lakeside veranda is an oasis of tranquillity in the amusement area from teatime on.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).


"MUSIC LOVERS! Hear the glorious tone of this great new radio-phonograph…"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Wm. Steig

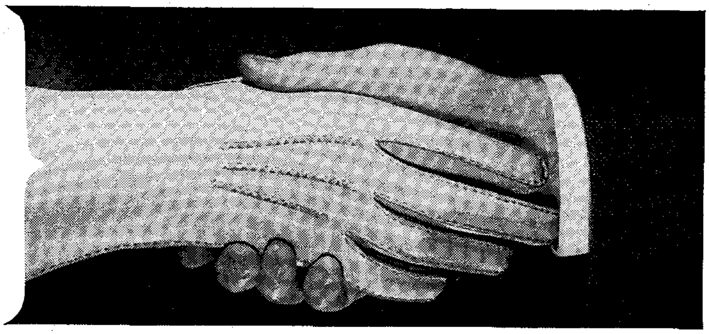
Impartial surveys by the score attest that Prof. A. Capella Cadenza's absorption in the ads is not unusual. They show that The Saturday Evening Post is America's favorite place to read advertising. Result: *American business awards more advertising dollars to the Post than to any other magazine—by a margin of $6,000,000 during the first half of 1940.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

HANDSHAKE . . . American Style

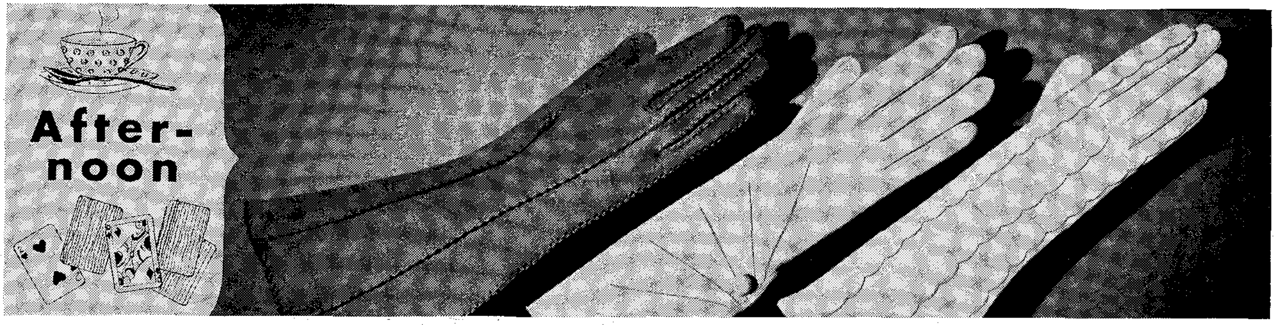
When America's "Best-Dressed" shake hands this Fall—take note! You'll see, of course, *more* American-made gloves than ever before. You'll also see *more* variety in American designs! *More* beautiful American leathers! *More* wonderful American-dyed colors! And—*more* Ivory-Washables! Because the American tradition is, "Ivory Flakes for fine things"—you'll find the big glove names recommending the safe, inexpensive care of gentle Ivory Flakes washings!



WEAR-RIGHT'S American glacé leather gauntlets are simple and elegant—and perfect with tweeds! Ivory-Washable! About 2.00.

ARIS had that bright Merry Hull design this bright glove (with dark side-walls) for your costume suit! Ivory-Washable! About 5.00.

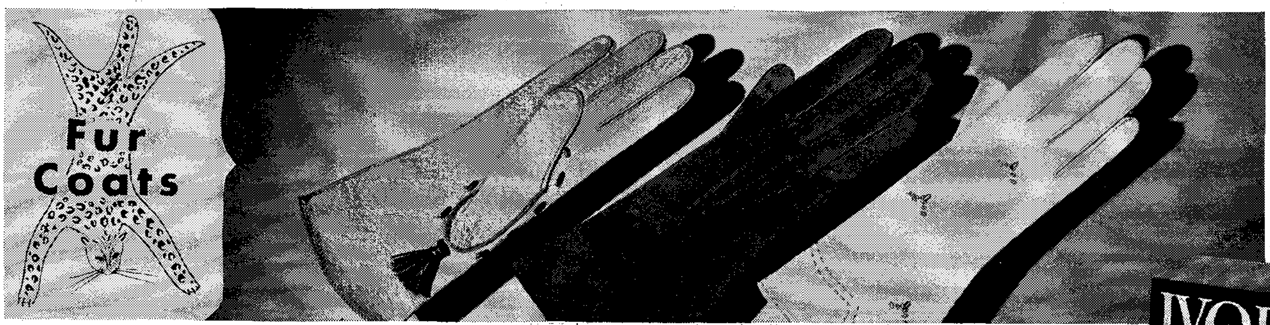
BOXLAV *by* **KISLAV** . . . now these favorites are made in America! Grand Fall colors—all of them safe in Ivory Flakes! 4.50.



WEAR-RIGHT'S informal fabric gloves are longish slipons that go well with most any casual daytime clothes. About 2.00.

FOWNES creamy natural doeskin (lambskin) has a new side-button and sunburst stitching. Ivory-Washable! About 4.00.

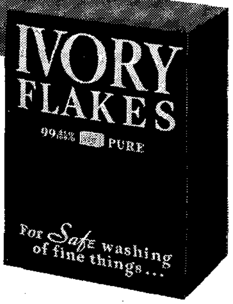
ARIS stitches scallops on these perfect white glacé kid gloves for your more formal afternoons. Ivory-Washable, too! About 5.00.



WEAR-RIGHT'S Ivory-Washable pigskin with thong-threading and tassel is NEWS for sports furs! About 3.00.

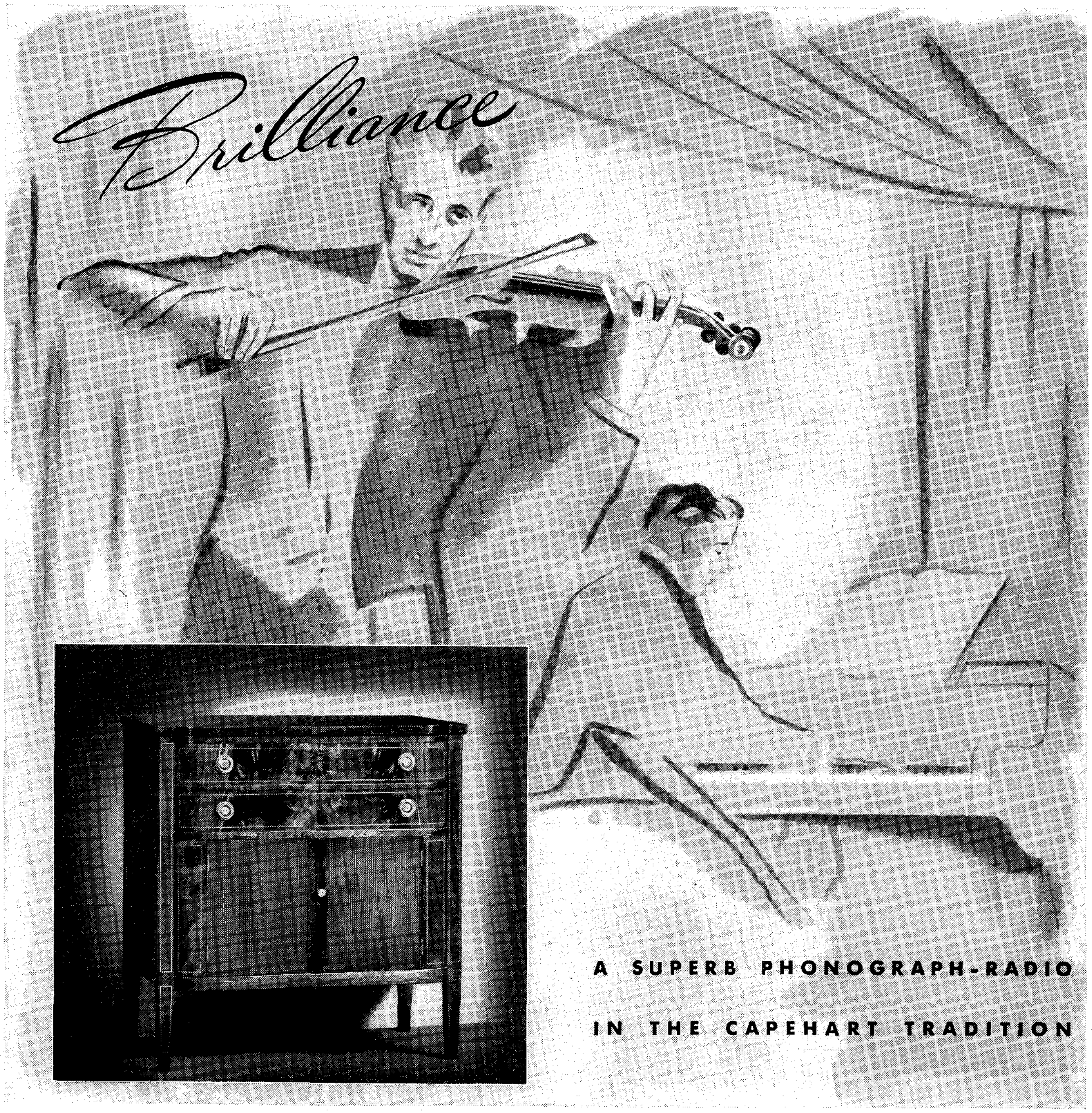
FOWNES Ivory-Washable classic suede—all 'round companion for your all 'round fur coat! About 3.00.

ARIS suggests the elegance of embroidered doeskin for your dress furs. Ivory-Washable, too! About 4.00.



Makers of fine gloves ask you to give their gloves gentle Ivory Flakes care...99 44/100 % pure

PROCTER & GAMBLE • TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



THE NEW 1941 Capehart-Panamuse stems from a distinguished family. It has been created by the same Capehart engineers who developed the *De Luxe* Capehart . . . the world's finest automatic phonograph-radio.

The full musical scale is yours with the new 1941 Capehart-Panamuse phonograph-radio combination. For this superb instrument brings you full range without blur in the treble or rumble in the bass.

In addition to its marvelous tone quality, the new Capehart-Panamuse has an exclusive *new* record changer that permits you to play the exact number of records you wish. You predetermine this with a simple dial called the "Play-Control." The instrument then follows your choice, automatically. Playing fourteen 10-inch or ten 12-inch records, it provides you with nearly an hour's continuous enjoyment of the music you personally select.

As you would expect, the Capehart-Panamuse has a splendid radio . . . equipped for television sound, and for reception of Frequency Modulation, if desired. Cabinets are authentic period designs fashioned from fine woods.

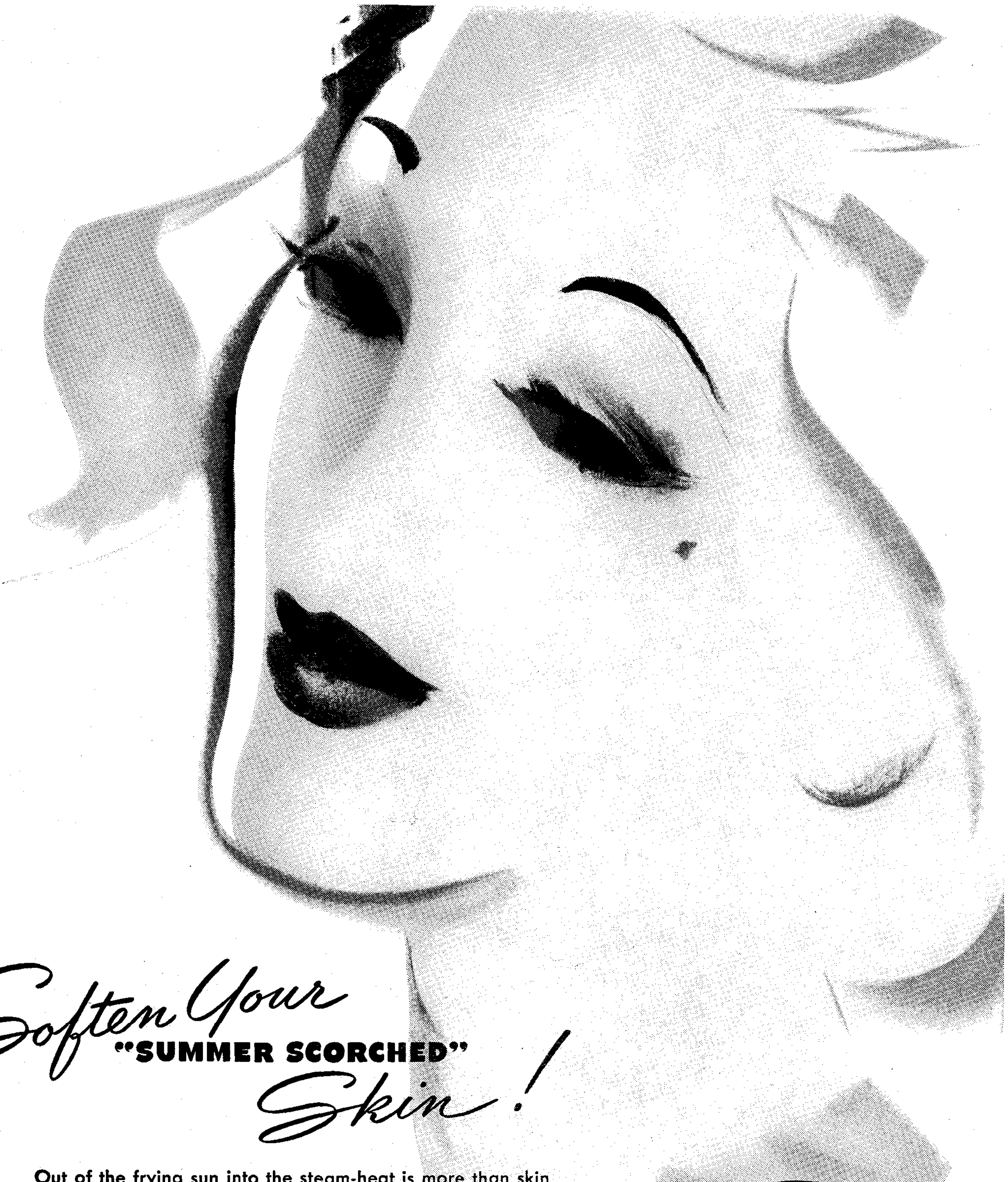
CAPEHART
Panamuse

Hear the Capehart-Panamuse and you will understand why it is already the prized possession of thousands of American music-lovers.

Prices are most reasonable. Illustrated above is the Capehart-Panamuse in Sheraton design, at $219.50. Models range from $149.50 to $299.50.* They may be purchased with a modest down payment and convenient monthly terms.

For an entirely new musical experience, we suggest that you see your Capehart dealer soon, or write for attractively illustrated booklet. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

** Prices slightly higher on the West Coast*



Soften Your "SUMMER SCORCHED" Skin!

Out of the frying sun into the steam-heat is more than skin can stand, without help—especially skin that's dry. Quickly —*tonight*—let *fragrant, fluffy* Velvet of Roses Cream give *your* skin the help it craves!

You can *see* the promise of loveliness in its whipped-creamy texture and tea-rose tint... such a luscious, thrilling cream! And *feel* the soft new smoothness it brings to your precious skin! Barbara Gould Velvet of Roses Dry Skin Cream is $1.00, $1.75 and $2.25, at better department and drug stores.

BG
Barbara Gould
Velvet of Roses
DRY SKIN CREAM
BARBARA GOULD
INC.
NEW YORK

Barbara Gould, INC.
NEW YORK

MARIAN STEPHENSON

En Garde: With a blouse fitted as snugly as a fencing jacket and a boxy coat as graceful as a swordsman's cape...this three-piece design by Vera Maxwell is, in all probability, that highly individual costume for which you have been looking. Jacket, blouse and skirt are all tailored in a fine worsted Barathea from Hockanum...black as night. Only the light blue rabbit's-hair-and-wool lining in the coat and the beautiful clips you will wear with it, relieve its jet black smartness. Priced at about $85 in good shops throughout the country. For the name of the nearest one, write to J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

HOCKANUM
Woolens

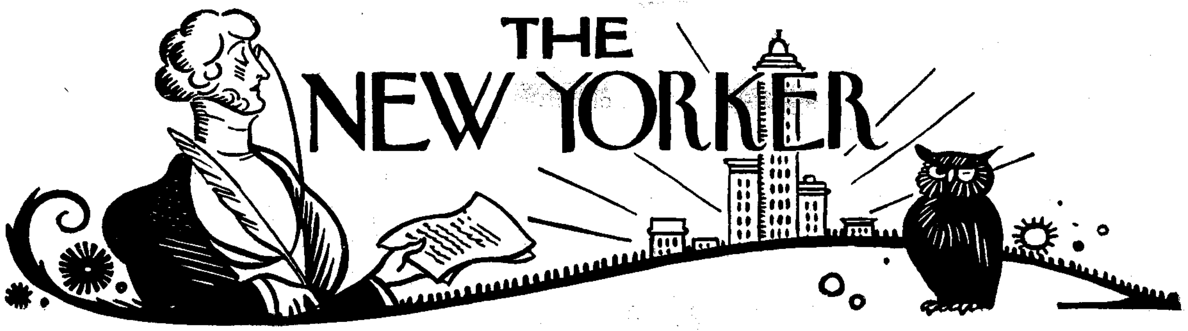
Hockanum Mills, Rockville, Connecticut . . . . . Founded 1809

Division of M. T. Stevens & Sons Company, North Andover, Mass. • J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Selling Agents, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

blended Australian opossum goes to the big games. Its casual greatcoat lines slip easily over your tweeds, its soft smoky greys go perfectly with bright wools. There's news in its squared football shoulders, warmth in its soft fluffy texture. A sporting favorite, sizes 12 to 20. 275.00. third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000 Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

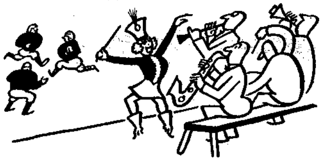


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DOROTHY THOMPSON has come out for the reëlection of the President, to the bewilderment and exasperation of the *Herald Tribune* and its readers. "Back in May," she writes, "I knew that Roosevelt must stay in office." How this lady, generally so eager to share her inmost knowledge with the world, was able to keep still for five months with this important information throbbing in her head is one of the mysteries of our time. Nevertheless, it was not until last week that she brought herself to announce firmly, "This column will support the President." We are less interested, however, in this delayed revelation than we are in a sort of general softening of publishing fibre everywhere. Miss Thompson is not the only canker in the only rose. Over at the *Mirror*, Walter Winchell, another columnist, is almost daily expressing opinions which must be distasteful to his employer, Mr. Hearst, a man who has hated many people but few as enthusiastically as Mr. Roosevelt. And on Roy Howard's *World-Telegram*, Mrs. Roosevelt, though restrained by delicacy from actual campaigning, is not precisely on the sidelines, either. So it goes—on almost every journal fighting the good fight, one voice permitted to praise Beelzebub, loud and clear. It was not like that in the old days. Pulitzer, Dana, and Bennett would have had none of it. It was certainly not like that on the Oyster Bay *Enterprise & Pilot*, where we spent a thoughtful season back in 1924. No writer on the *Enterprise & Pilot* would have dreamed of endorsing the Democratic candidate, one John Davis. The *Enterprise & Pilot*, in fact, didn't even recognize that there *was* a Democratic candidate. It was a sound policy, too, because on Election Day it gratifyingly turned out that there wasn't. We recommend it to the Messrs. Reid, Hearst, and Howard for whatever it may be worth.

THE dust has settled at Cincinnati and Detroit, and once again we can give our mind to football. Every year, it seems to us, the old game gets stranger. Football played by grown men at night on a field as bright as noon; played in the South with girls in thin dresses drinking Coca-Cola and the night-club band right in the groove; played in Rose Bowls, Orange Bowls, Cotton Bowls, for the mythical championship of nowhere and the greater glory of the Chamber of Commerce; played pretty badly at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, where a college president is still almost as great a man as a coach; played by schoolboys, already considering very attractive propositions. The famous voice of cigarettes and cereal golden on the radio, describing not a game but an exact science; the famous writer in the national magazine giving us the life story of a Polish quarterback; the meeting of the coaches, sponsored by a great newspaper, to open up the game, get a little more box-office in it; the sports reporters coining a language consisting entirely of synonyms, an echo of an echo, a parody of a parody. The game starts in fifteen minutes, gents, as soon as they can release Miss America from the big balloon. Right this way for your college colors.



EDWARD MILLMAN and Mitchell Siporin, who fortunately see eye to eye on many things, will begin painting a 3,000-square-foot mural in the St. Louis post office this fall. They'll start at opposite ends and work toward the middle. When news of this first reached us, we didn't like it at all. Only too familiar with the impressionable nature of the literary mind, we could hear thousands of young writers all over the country murmuring to themselves, "Well, why not?" We were sure we weren't going to approve of any of the books that would be written by two men starting at opposite ends and meeting in the middle. Then suddenly we were murmuring "Well, why not?" ourself. We thought of all the novelists and dramatists who hadn't done so badly by working backward in time, and then numbering the pages in the opposite direction. We thought of our own method. We work in halves, too. We usually try to move forward, but we almost always do it with only half our mind; the other half is out in the dear dead past, gathering rosemary and taking rubbings from old tombstones.

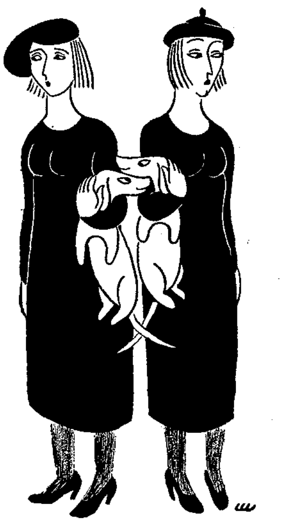
THE other day we picked up a copy of *Punch*, a weekly magazine publishing small, genteel jokes in a city under deadly fire. The tone of *Punch* hasn't changed much since our earliest recollections of it: the drawings are a little more casual than they were in Du Maurier's day and the captions are briefer, but these are about the only concessions the editors have made to time or war. Soames Forsyte, the traditional man of property, would still recognize it and still find comfort in its sturdy refusal to acknowledge any serious threat to tradition or property. Baffled by too much special reference and oppressed perhaps by too much charm, we have often found *Punch* fairly hard going. Lately, however, since the Dor-

AIR RAID SHELTER
PUNCH

niers first swept across the Channel, we have been reading it with a kind of dazed admiration. It seems nearly incredible that the old lady and the vicar, the farmer and the foxhounds, the char and the bobby should still be going as stuffily as ever through their immemorial routines. We have no idea how our own magazine or any other in New York would react to bombers in the sky, but we're sure there'd be some change—a swing to nervous hilarity or fury or despair. Only *Punch* can be relied on to remain invincibly pawky. We salute them with all our heart.

Dirty Work at the Polls

A TALL, soignée, haughty lady, wearing a Willkie button and an air of mistrust, appeared last week at one of the schools where the Board of Education was giving literacy tests to first voters who couldn't produce a diploma. In case you've never taken a literacy test in New York, we'll explain it. You're given a printed sheet bearing a simply worded paragraph containing a few elementary statements followed by questions based on this paragraph, the idea being that you read the test and then write out the answers. This year, for example, one of these paragraphs starts out with "Boulder Dam is near Boulder City," and the first question is "Where is Boulder Dam?" If you can read and write, it's a cinch. Well, the lady, undoubtedly rattled because she was in a Democratic lair, took the paper from the supervisor, scanned it, and cried out in indignant alarm, "You mean I can't vote if I don't know where Boulder Dam is?" The supervisor said gently that he was forbidden to explain the test, that she had to read the printed instructions and act accordingly. The lady shook her head with tragic scorn. "Well, I just don't know where Boulder Dam is, so I guess you win," she said, and stalked out into the night. Our guess is that she'll tell all her friends she was disfranchised by the LaGuardia machine.



Portinari of Brodowski

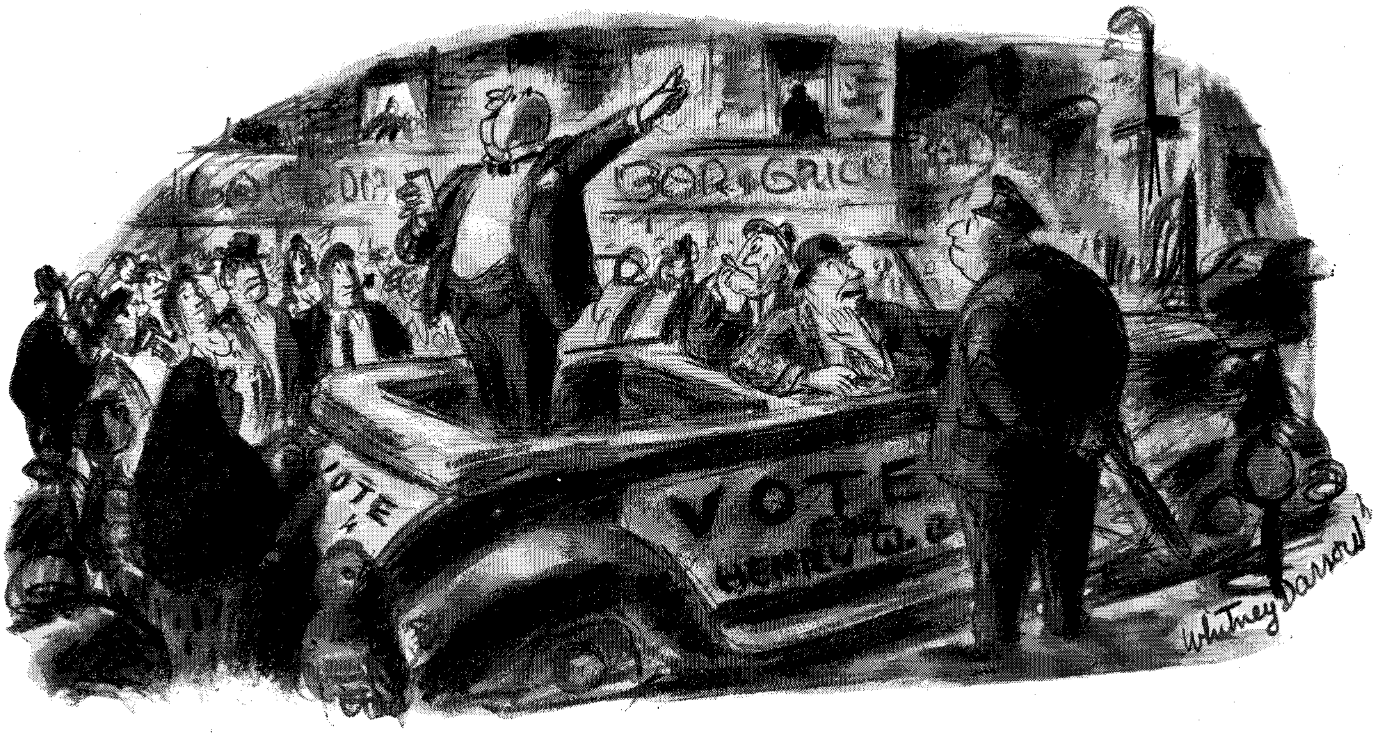
CÂNDIDO PORTINARI, the Brazilian painter, who is having a one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art and is in this country for the first time, has sandy hair and a nice smile; he is thirty-seven years old, five feet five tall, and weighs 56 kilograms, or 123.4576 pounds. He used to weigh 53 kilograms, or 116.8438 pounds, but since coming here has gained 3 kilograms, or 6.6138 lbs., chiefly as a result of consuming too much milk, butter, spaghetti, and dessert. American cafeterias are too much for him. We interviewed him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he is staying with his wife, Maria, a dark Uruguayan girl; their twenty-month-old son, Joao, a blond; and Cândido's sister, Olga, who was out when we called. Olga and Cândido are two of a family of twelve children. Their parents and their paternal grandmother, who is eighty-six, live in Brodowski, the tiny Brazilian village where the painter was born. Portinari, who is considered the leading painter of Brazil, and possibly of South America, has long made his home in Rio de Janeiro, twenty-five hours by train from Brodowski, but he visits his parents frequently and has filled the house in which they and his grandmother live with religious frescoes. Since the grandmother, who can't walk easily, finds the village church too far off, he has bought a house next door for the Brazilian equivalent of sixty dollars and converted it into a private church for her. He still consults his mother on important matters, and when he thought of coming here, wrote her, "Shall I go to New York? Shall I not go? Or have you no opinion?" She said go.

Brazilians talk Portuguese, and Portinari's English is largely confined to the phrase "Beezness—my wife," by which he means to convey that Mrs. Portinari, who has taken some lessons in English, is in charge of his affairs. She has put him on an allowance and sees to it that he doesn't buy too many shirts, ties, and colored silk handkerchiefs. Portinari thinks the men's clothes here are wonderful and has purchased a good deal of haberdashery. He speaks French, and, interrogating him in this language, we learned that his parents were Italian immigrant coffee-plantation workers, and that his first painting, executed at the age of eight, was of an apple on a table in a framework representing another apple, similar to the one on the table, but, naturally, larger. When he was twelve, he broke a leg playing soccer; it was set improperly and he walks with a limp. He is glad he had the accident, as he was left with more time for painting and none for soccer. When he was fifteen he went to Rio, where friends paid his tuition at art school. He soon earned money doing portraits, and in 1928 won a scholarship which took him to Europe, where, in Paris, he acquired his French and his wife. He returned to become a fashionable portrait painter in Rio. Portinari didn't want to be a portrait painter, and on the side painted proletarian pictures, many showing Negroes. Upper-crust Brazilians don't like to have attention drawn to the country's large colored population, but Portinari, who paints what he sees, from memory, kept right on. "People are all colors in Brazil," he told us, "especially blue." He likes blue, and in many of his paintings people carry blue coffins, blue boxes, etc.

Portinari first sent a picture to this country in 1935. It was a painting of coffee-pickers and won second honorable mention at the Carnegie show in Pittsburgh. He has done frescoes for the Ministry of Education Building in Rio, panels for the Brazilian Building at the World's Fair, and some paintings which, reproduced in *Fortune* in June, 1939, brought him to the attention of the Modern Museum people. His reactions to New York are mixed. American movies of gangsters and cowboys, which he attends almost nightly in Rio, had given him a preconceived idea of this country, and he found Manhattan disappointingly mild. "It is an old city, not a new one," he says. "It has a patina."

Urgent

THE other evening, a gentleman prominent in the building industry told us of a happening in Washington that, he said, had temporarily dazed him. The day before he'd been in a reception room of the Munitions Building, a ganglion of our national-preparedness effort, waiting to see a certain Army officer, when a large man issued in a rush from an inner office and handed a letter to a stenographer. "I want this to go out at once—air mail, special delivery," he said. He paused and then repeated, succinctly and slowly, "Air mail, special delivery." "Yes, sir," said the young lady, "air mail, special delivery. But the telegram you just dictated to them—you want that to go



"That's the prize package we're supposed to sell the Twenty-fourth Assembly District."

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out first, don't you?" The government man didn't answer this question right off. He gave it thought. He gave it, in fact, our construction man tells us, the gravest consideration. Finally he said, "No . . . No, hold up the telegram till tomorrow. Then, after they get the letter, they'll know what it's about."

Dermestidae

ONE thing a beetle can do better than you can is clean the skeleton of a small animal, such as a shrew or mouse. We are referring, of course, to *Dermestes vulpinus*, a fairly nasty-looking little customer with black wings, a white belly, and mandibles like a tiny pair of hedge clippers. They've got a lot of them up at the Museum of Natural History, in charge of George G. Goodwin, associate curator of the Department of Mammals. The Department has few small-animal skeletons on show, but keeps a fairly complete set backstage for the benefit of students and visiting celebrities. The old-fashioned way of preparing tiny skeletons for museums was to boil and scrape them. This was not entirely satisfactory because of the danger that boiling would separate the tissue connecting the bones, making it necessary to glue or wire the whole structure together. Beetles clean up everything on the bones and leave the connecting tissue for the last, so if you take your skeleton away from them in time, it's perfectly clean but requires no wiring or gluing. The Museum has some twenty thousand beetles, which prepare four thousand specimens a year.

Mr. Goodwin got the idea of using beetles on skeletons three years ago, when a colony of them turned up in a shipment of specimens from Africa. He had noticed on his travels that the *Dermestes* beetle picked clean any skeleton it found lying around. When he got his big idea, it was just a matter of building an incubator so the beetles could multiply in quantity, putting the resulting offspring into a box with the skeleton to be cleaned, and leaving them alone for about three days. Then, when the skeleton has been dipped in ammonia to kill any stray beetle larvae, which might gnaw away the bone connections, and bleached with peroxide, it is ready for the display case. The life cycle of a *Dermestes* beetle is only about sixty-five days, but it gets more done for humanity than most beetles.

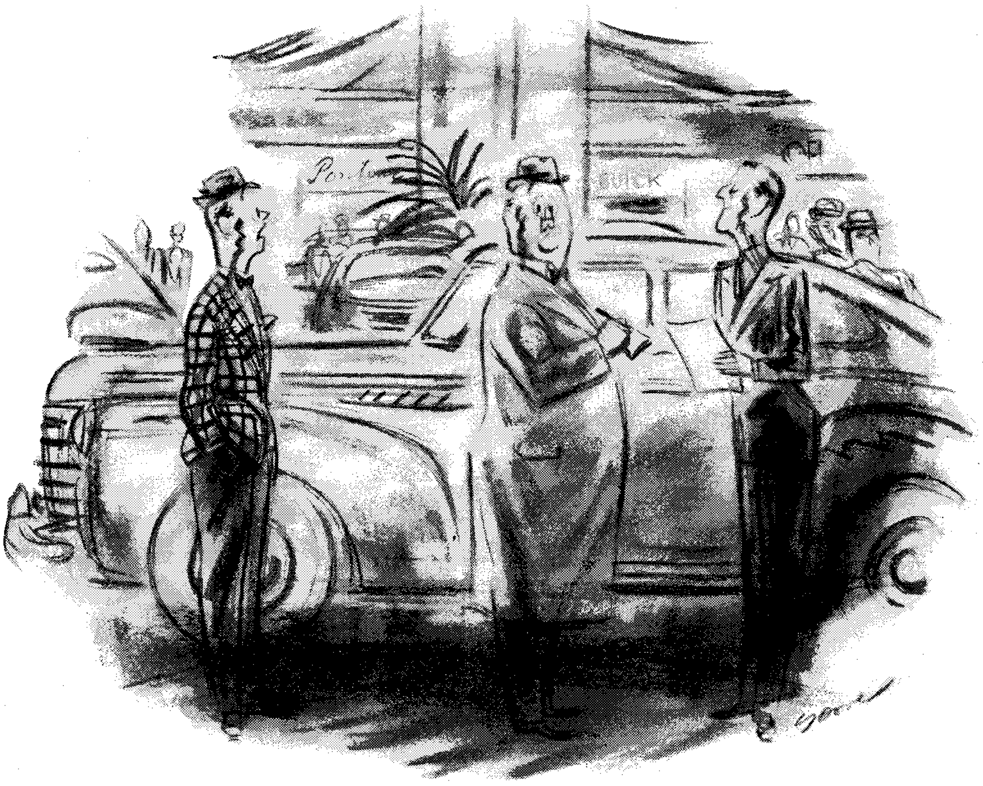
Mr. Goodwin is an English-born, naturalized citizen who has been over here twenty years. He thinks he introduced falconry to this country in 1925, but doesn't want to make an issue of it. He hasn't been active at the sport lately, and keeps only one falcon. Most of his spare time is spent in breeding beetles and shipping them to other museums all over the country. Every time the press mentions Mr. Goodwin's beetles, he gets an indignant letter from the Department of Agriculture asking what he means by bringing foreign beetles into this country. He always replies patiently, pointing out that there are in this hemisphere eight varieties of *Dermestes* beetle, which differ from the African kind only in their ability to withstand cold. Matter of fact, he feels sure that some domestic beetles have from time to time climbed up on his African beetles' balcony; you couldn't now say for sure that he had any pure African beetles. We hope the Department of Agriculture has read this far, and doesn't bother Mr. Goodwin again.

Impartial

A FELLOW stopped at a newsstand on Forty-second Street and picked up a *Life* and a *Daily Worker*. As he waited for his change, he remarked to the newsdealer, somewhat nervously, "Strange combination, isn't it?" The other peered out from his little hut and said, "It is not for me to pass judgment."

Signs and Frames

A LONG ISLAND denizen lost sleep all summer over those black-and-yellow signs which publicize the New



"Dad, may I use the car tonight?"

• •

York Frame & Picture Co. and decorate so many chimneys, sides of houses, and rocks in the metropolitan and commuting regions. He came to us about it, saying he'd counted two hundred one afternoon between Penn Station and Bay Shore. "Think of it!" he added. "Framing pictures can't be that much of an industry." To help him out, and appease a long-standing curiosity of our own, we sent a researcher to 116 Fulton Street, the address given on the signs. There he found Mr. Charles S. Horowitz, the president of the firm, who said that the signs weren't as expensive as one might think. Rental on some of them comes to five dollars a week, but many chimneys—and the company prefers chimneys—can be used indefinitely for the flat payment of one dollar. Mr. Horowitz himself has no idea of the total number of the signs. He just says it must run into "thousands and thousands." Our operative, who toys with psychology, concluded that Mr. Horowitz is unconsciously compelled to put up signs and will never stop while a chimney stands unpainted.

Mr. Horowitz's first sign appeared in 1904, when the firm was in its infancy. He was walking toward Manhattan on the Brooklyn Bridge one morning when he noticed and admired a yellow-and-black Castoria ad on a tenement chimney. Within a few days he had leased a neighboring chimney for himself. Even after thirty-five years he manages to have a hundred or so new signs put up every year, while a dozen sign-painters are kept busy retouching the old ones. Most of the time the copy is simply "New York Frame & Picture Co., 116 Fulton Street, Our ONLY Store." Mr. Horowitz, a strong believer in all forms of advertising, is also partial to hand mirrors. Every summer he distributes ten thousand at local beaches—lettered on the back in yellow and black, of course.

As to the notion that picture-framing may not be a big-scale business, Mr. Horowitz says that he sells a million frames a year, wholesale and retail. That's in addition to other merchandise, including paintings, etchings, van Gogh reproductions, and photographs of such personages as President Roosevelt and Shirley Temple. He has in stock 1,648 styles of frame moldings, all neatly arranged on huge sliding racks in his basement. He's sixty-two now, and has been in the trade since he was thirteen. At twenty-one he organized his own company, and he did so well that in 1927 he bought out the firm he had started with. He handles both big orders from hotels and offices and smaller ones from individuals. A good deal of his work is sentimental in nature. People are always bringing in, for framing, the first tiny garments of their grown-up children. One venerable customer showed up with part of a layette he'd once worn himself. "I want to look at it every day," he explained, "to remind myself of the love my dear dead mother sewed into its seams." For such jobs Mr. Horowitz uses a glass-faced box. It's equally handy for other objects—urns filled with ashes, golf balls which have toured a course under eighty, dried human heads, and baseballs autographed by Dizzy Dean. And almost daily someone appears with a letter from the indefatigable Mrs. Roosevelt.

Vain Chance

HERE'S an old-fashioned, prewar kind of story about a colored maid. Her mistress had to speak to her about one annoying failing—ignoring the telephone when it rang, and allowing other members of the household to come running. "After this, I want you always to answer the telephone, Clarice," she said. "Yas'm," the maid said, glumly. "Seems sort of silly, though. Nine times out of ten it's for you."

After Four Years

MORE than fourteen hundred days have elapsed since the day Mrs. Preston Davie predicted would mark the end of the American way of life, and we called on her last week to see how she had weathered this dark period. Mrs. Davie, as you undoubtedly will recall, is the lady whose daily column in the *Herald Tribune* during the 1936 campaign began with "Only twenty-three days left to save the American way of life" (or whatever the number was to Election Day) and went on to state emphatically that President Roosevelt and the American way of life had absolutely nothing in common. Mrs. Davie, who shows no signs of having suffered appreciably during these last four years (between them, Mr. and Mrs. Davie have managed somehow to retain membership in eleven social clubs), feels that her despairing predictions were essentially accurate, that the nation is in dire straits, and that unless Roosevelt is defeated this time, the American way of life will *surely* end. "It is perfectly obvious that if he is reëlected we'll get a dictatorship," she told us. She expects Willkie to win. She has admired him for some time. She hasn't seen him, however, since they dined together shortly before the Republican Convention. Recently, by the way, she was surprised to hear that in 1936, when she was Eastern head of the Landon Volunteers, one of her assistants was Mrs. Willkie. Mrs. Davie told us apologetically that she had no recollection of this, remarking that, after all, she'd had seventeen states under her.

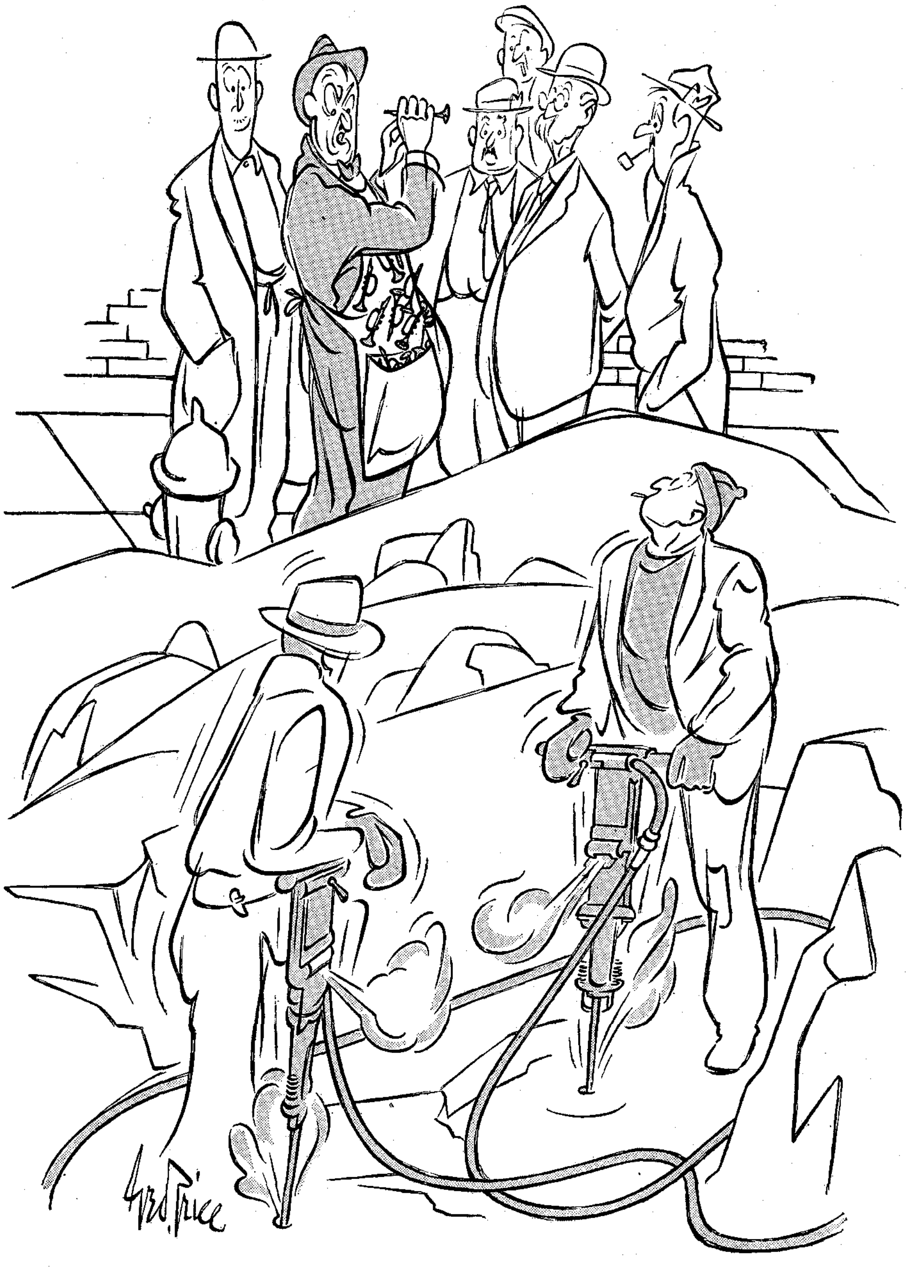
Mrs. Davie is doing her bit by radio in the present campaign. Every Wednesday afternoon, she engages in a lusty fifteen-minute debate over WQXR with Mrs. Charles Poletti, wife of the Lieutenant Governor. Mrs. Davie thought up the series, which is called "Opposing Views in the Campaign," and Mrs. Poletti was selected for the job by the Democratic National Committee. The two ladies met for the first time at Mrs. Davie's River House apartment one afternoon to decide what subjects they'd argue about. Among those picked were "Humanitarian Legislation of the New Deal," at Mrs. P.'s suggestion, and "The Third Term," at Mrs. D.'s. Mrs. Davie told us that she and Mrs. Poletti get along fine personally. "We are very palsy-walsy," she said. "Mrs. Poletti couldn't be more attractive."

Mrs. Davie, who couldn't be more attractive herself, has been relatively quiet, in a political way, since 1936. She has made a few radio addresses, however, and written an article for the *Woman's Home Companion* about women in politics, which is where she thinks women ought to be. She has been there since 1932, at which time she raised so much money for the Hoover campaign that she earned the official title of Chairman of the Republican State Finance Committee and the unofficial one of the Golden Girl of Politics. Her pet political organization, the National Republican Builders, of which she is both founder and president, has been somewhat dormant in the Willkie campaign, having nearly exhausted itself in unsuccessfully trying to rebuild John J. O'Connor as a Congressional candidate. Incidentally, Mr. Davie is a genial, brawny lawyer who is continually amazed by his wife's political acquaintances. Mr. Davie is in a peculiar position, having been a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard and having rowed on the same crew with him. It's hard to think of the fellow who pulled the next oar as a dictator. The Davies and the Roosevelts have not met in a long time, which is probably just as well. Mr. Davie is not politically minded, and was once stunned when, without his knowledge, he was elected a Republican County Committeeman wholly on the strength of his wife's name.

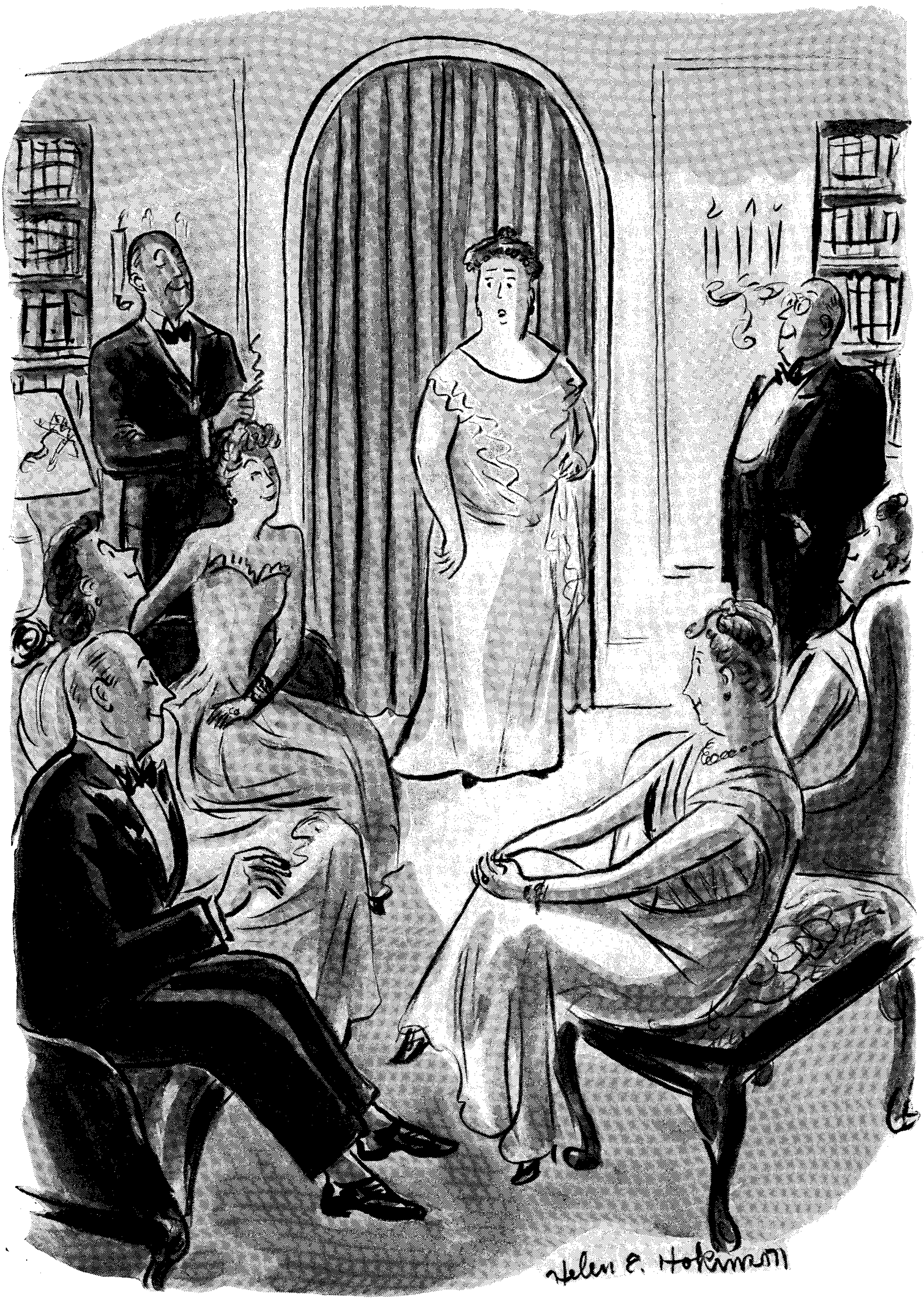
While we're on the subject, we might clear up a popular fallacy. Almost every time anyone writes about Mrs. Davie, it is said that she is an expert skeet shooter. Mrs. Davie told us that although in her time she has pinked grizzly bears, mountain sheep, elk, moose, and deer, she has never shot a skeet. "I wouldn't know how to shoot a skeet if I saw one," she said with finality. She has never shot a Democrat, either, but she'd probably know how to.

Spy

A FOREIGN correspondent in Rome became inevitably aware that the waiter who attended to him at his hotel was a spy. The correspondent is broad-minded about spies, but this one made such a nuisance of himself hanging around the table and listening for significant conversation that he finally complained to the hotel manager. The manager wasn't very helpful. "What can I do?" he asked. "I could fire him, but the next spy mightn't be such a good waiter."



"I must have absolute silence."


Helen E. Hokinson

"Well, if I'm not Magda Lupescu, who am I?"

RETREAT

ALTHOUGH the sign on the stone gateway read "Maplewood Farm," the place was obviously not a farm. There were no fields of corn or wheat, no outbuildings, and, more particularly, no comforting smell of cattle and hay in the air. The main house was of stucco and stone, and a driveway ran from the gates to the rear, where it circled and widened to form a parking space. Beyond this a wide lawn stretched to the edge of the woods straight ahead, to a group of stucco cottages on the right, and to a flower garden on the left, where rusty chrysanthemums and a few late pansies still bloomed. The trees on the lawn were large and well cared for. No dead branches showed through their bright, thin autumn leaves, and the cavities that time and disease had worn in their trunks had been treated and filled. Small tables, gay, striped-canvas chairs, and swings were arranged about the lawn, but they were unoccupied, and an atmosphere of futility hung over the entire place.

In her bedroom on the second floor of the main house, Marion Douglas took a soft-green cardigan sweater from the bottom drawer of her bureau and slipped it on. Her room was small and cheerful, with pink-and-white flowered paper on the walls and a dressing table that she had brought from home. The dressing table had gay, ruffled skirts of dotted swiss, and its top was crowded with perfumes, creams, bath and face powders, six or seven small bottles containing various shades of nail polish, and a complete jade-handled manicure set.

Her window was open and she could see, more plainly now that most of the leaves had fallen, the dirt road that curved sharply downhill. In the field beyond, she caught a glimpse of scarlet sumac, fading clumps of yellow goldenrod, and deep-purple asters. She was smiling as she left her room and, catching sight of her face in the mirror, she noticed with satisfaction how well she was looking. She had allowed her straight, fine hair to grow and wore it brushed back from her forehead to a knot at the nape of her neck. She was thinner than she had been when she had come to Maplewood Farm, almost five months before, and her eyes were clear and not swollen from crying. Her skin showed a faint touch of powder and she used lipstick. There were fine, purplish-red veins high on her cheekbones.

In the hall, a middle-aged woman in a printed silk dress sat reading a book. "Good morning, Miss Davis," Mrs. Douglas said.

The woman looked up from her book and smiled. "Why, *good* morning, Mrs. Douglas," she answered. "Don't we look well this beautiful day! On your way to the studio, I suppose?" The tone of her voice had an upward lilt and carried a note of determined optimism.

"Yes, I thought I might as well."

"Now then, you can't fool me!" Miss Davis exclaimed. "I just bet you can't wait to finish the little Madonna. How is she coming?"

Mrs. Douglas frowned and shook her head. "I'm having trouble with the blue in her robe. I'm terribly afraid it will turn darker when it's baked."

"Oh, I'm sure it won't!" Miss Davis said. "And if it does, you can try again. Try, try again, you know." She resumed reading. Her smile vanished abruptly and her face settled.

Mrs. Douglas walked down the wide, carpeted stairs to the hall. The door of Dr. Scott's office was open, and she saw that he was sitting at his desk, looking absent-mindedly out of the window.

"Good morning," she said.

He turned his head quickly. "Oh, good morning, good morning, Mrs. Douglas. Beautiful day, isn't it? Good to be alive a day like today."

"Yes, indeed it is," she said.

"On your way to the studio? How's the Madonna coming?"

"I'm a little worried about her," Mrs. Douglas said.

"She'll turn out all right," he said. "Just you wait and see. Why, yesterday Mrs. MacLaren was about ready to give up doing her rug, and today she told me she'd fixed it. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Douglas said.

"That's good! That's fine!" His gaze wandered once more toward the window.

Mrs. Douglas walked through the cool, dark sitting room with its comfortable couches and open fireplace to a passageway that led to a side door. To the right of the door, a dark, competent-looking young man sat at a switchboard.

"Hello, Harry," she said.

"Morning. One swell day, isn't it?"

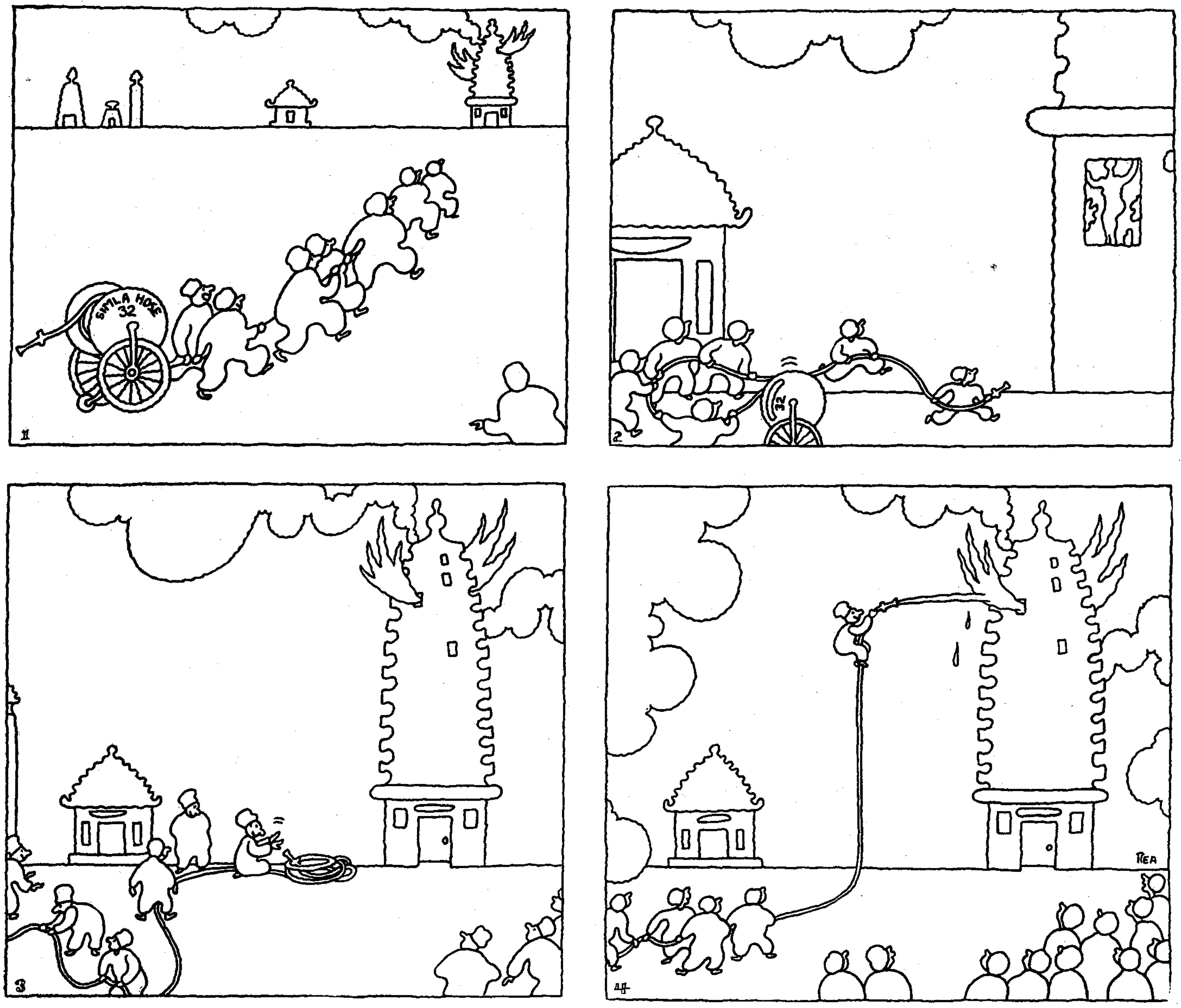
"Beautiful," she agreed. She stopped for a moment to look at the announcements that had been thumbtacked on the bulletin board. The guests of Maplewood Farm were informed that a group of Negro singers would entertain them in the Recreation Room on Wednesday, October 30th; that there would be a fancy-dress ball in the Recreation Room Saturday, November 2nd, from eight to eleven; that guests wishing to play contract from four to six on weekdays would kindly hand in their names to Mrs. Tennant before noon each day.

Although she had read the same announcements for the last week, she reread them leisurely. Then, pushing the screen door open, she stepped out onto the path. The late October sun was almost hot as she walked down past the group of stucco cottages. She was later than usual and the cottages were deserted. There were four bedrooms, a bath, and a small sitting room in each cottage, and some people preferred them to the main house, when they were allowed a choice. Far back in the woods, she could see Bardwell Hall, where she had been placed on her arrival at the farm. She remembered her narrow room—a hospital room, really—and the quiet ruthlessness of Miss Frank, her nurse. In Bardwell Hall the nurses wore uniforms. It was only in the main house and in the cottages that they wore their everyday clothes. Dr. Scott had told her the reason for it the day he told her that she must not think of herself as a patient any more. "You are our guest, Mrs. Douglas," he had said. "And we want you to feel at home. We want you to feel free to come and go as you please around the grounds, and if you would like to drive to the village to have your hair done or do a little shopping, just let Mrs. Tennant know, and she will arrange for a taxi and ride in with you." He laughed pleasantly. "Ladies have their vanity, you know."

He studied her sharply. "Miss Davis is in charge of your floor."

"Oh," Mrs. Douglas said. "But she—"

"I know. We found that so many of our guests felt that uniforms were unnecessary that we decided not to use them. Besides, we don't want you to think of Miss Davis as a nurse. Just believe that she is there to make you more comfortable. Now, this afternoon Dr. Andrews will have a little talk with you, and then we'll have an idea of what



you like to do. Have you any hobbies?"

"No," Mrs. Douglas answered.

"That's too bad. We all should have a hobby. We'll see if we can't interest you in one."

NO, Mrs. Douglas thought, hurrying past the path that led to Bardwell Hall, she had never had a hobby, unless you could count running a big house in Scarsdale a hobby, or driving young Pete and Larry and Jeanie to school every morning. Such things were not like collecting stamps or knitting socks for the Red Cross, but they took one's time just the same. After the marketing was done for the day, you found you'd spent the entire morning at the A. & P. Then there was Jeanie home for lunch, and the afternoons that flew by, there was so much to do: golf or bridge at the club, lunches and matinées in New York, hairdressers and shopping, clothes to buy for Jeanie and the boys, and her own clothes to attend to. Then there were the evenings with big Pete, who was tireless in his search for things to do. She had been busy, rushed, and important. Leaving it all had made her hate the farm at first, and although she assured herself that she felt perfectly well physically, she had cried for two whole weeks.

At the end of the row of cottages there was a path that led through the woods to the studio. Miss Dodge was in charge of the studio. She was a slender, blonde girl who wore a smock, and she helped those guests of Maplewood Farm who felt inclined to model small figures, animals, ashtrays, or bookends out of clay. Mrs. Douglas had been at the farm three weeks before she visited the studio, and she still remembered how strange it had looked to her; there had been the statues of girls with leaves in their hair, their fingers and toes turning into branches, that sad, dark-eyed Carter Jones had done; there had been the dozens of horses and the minute ashtrays made by Mrs. MacLaren. There had also been paintings, mostly half finished, of sunsets, sunrises, still lifes, and others that merely expressed an emotion. They had made Mrs. Douglas laugh. "I could do better than that myself," she said, "and I've never had a lesson in my life."

"Why don't you?" Miss Dodge asked.

Before Mrs. Douglas knew what she was doing, she had started on a still life—a pewter vase filled with forsythia. It turned out far better than she expected, in fact was so good that Dr. Andrews asked if he might have it to hang in his sitting room. The night she finished it, she slept really well for the first time in weeks. After that she painted fifteen more pictures, and everyone agreed that she had a definite style. Then she took up modelling, starting with a pair of modernistic bookends and gradually working up to figures. She found she rather liked doing them, and, after all, it was better than sitting all day long in a canvas chair on the lawn, thinking of home, worrying about Jeanie, who was only eight, until the tears started and her eyes ached.

She became scornful of the less talented guests who spent their days in the weaving shop, making scarves and rugs on the hand looms. "It's all right, I suppose, if you can't do anything else," she confided to Miss Dodge. "But it does seem as though almost anyone could push threads in and out of those things. Why, my Jeanie did things every bit as good in kindergarten."

THE studio door was open and Miss Dodge was poking at the fire in the kiln. Mrs. Douglas could see Carter Jones' legs below the edge of a screen that stood in one corner. He always worked behind a screen. She took her smock from its hook and walked over to the table where she had left her Madonna. The Madonna's hands were lifted in prayer, but her body was bent in submission.

"I've been looking at her all morning," Miss Dodge said. "She's quite the best thing you've done. I would have put her in myself, but I thought you'd like to be here at the ceremony."

"She isn't too bad," Mrs. Douglas said carelessly. But when she looked at the figure, her heart raced and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

When the oven was ready, Miss Dodge lifted the Madonna in and closed the door.

"I don't suppose there's much use in my hanging around," Mrs. Douglas said. She lit a cigarette, her eyes anxious. "I may go back for the mail and stop around here just before lunchtime."

"Why don't you?" Miss Dodge agreed. "It's such a heavenly day."

AS Marion Douglas walked through the woods toward the main house, she remembered that tonight was the night for Pete to call. He called just once a week, because, as Dr. Scott had explained, sometimes one needed a rest even from one's own family. Failing to realize that, he added, would be unfair to the family as well as to herself, as he hoped she would see. He was referring, she knew, to the scene she had made the night they had moved her from Bardwell Hall to the main house. There was a telephone in every room in the main house, and she had thought her heart would burst when she saw the one on the table by her bed. By lifting the receiver, she could call Pete and talk to little Pete and Larry and Jeanie. She closed the door of her room and lifted the phone. Harry at the switchboard answered and she gave him her home number. There was a long silence while she waited, and her hands shook so that she had to rest her elbows on the table. After a few minutes she clicked the hook sharply up and down, and Harry's voice answered again. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Douglas, but I have orders that you are to have no outside calls for a while."

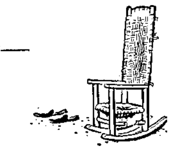
"Listen," she said, "I am just calling my home. I just want to know if they are all right. I just want to speak to them for a minute. I'm not going to tell them anything. Why, I wasn't even going to ask them to come get me."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Douglas," he re-

BACK HOME IN INDYANNER

OR LISTEN, MY CHILDREN, TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY TURNING HANDSPRINGS

I vum, th' boys of Rushville are 'ist as *proud* today
'Cuz Mister Wendell Willkie's come t' *our* town t' stay—
At least until November—in that new brick house he's got.
An' Rushville's 'ist about t' *bust*, 'cuz we like him a lot!
He's 'ist as plain as plain can be; he never combs his hair;
He loves th' *oldest* slippers an' th' *quaintest* rockin' chair.
But sometimes in th' Jimson weeds he kinder seems to pout—
'Cuz Roosevelt'll git him ef he
don't
watch
out!



An' Mary Jane an' me, we like t' go t' Willkie's farm,
'Cuz Wendell gives us new-laid milk, all fresh an' white an' warm.
An' then we he'p him do th' chores: we irrigate th' wheat
An' wash th' Poland China cows until they're 'ist as *neat*;
We pick th' corn an' punkins off th' trees on which they grow—
Seems like there's allus pigs t' plant, or cabbages t' sow.
But when I'm grown t' man's estate, I'll ne'er fergit his face—
I will break my heart with longin' fer the
old
Willkie
place.

Now, Wendell tells us awful tales of Dictators an' such
(But ef we mention Wall Street, why he doesn't tell us much).
He's 'ist as common as a shoe, an' sweet as new-mown hay,
An' allus Wendell says "Tut-tut" ef we ask, "TVA?"
I vow an' reckon he's a *man*, with sweat upon his fist,
His voice is 'ist as strong an' fine, his face is 'ist as 'ist!
He never gobbles Rushville folks, but like a turkey cock,
He plans t' gobble Franklin when th'
fodder's
in th'
shock.

Oh, th' old swimmin' hole! When I last seen th' place,
Th' CCC had planted trees an' washed its dirty face.
An' Mary Jane an' me, we're 'ist as sick as sick can be
Of all th' tales that Wendell tells. We like th' SEC,
We like th' new security, we like a hearty meal,
An' oft we whisper that we like th' whole god-damn New Deal!
We're on our way t' Wendell's farm t' say we have no doubt
That Frank an' Hank'll git him ef he
don't
watch
out.

—MacKinlay Kantor

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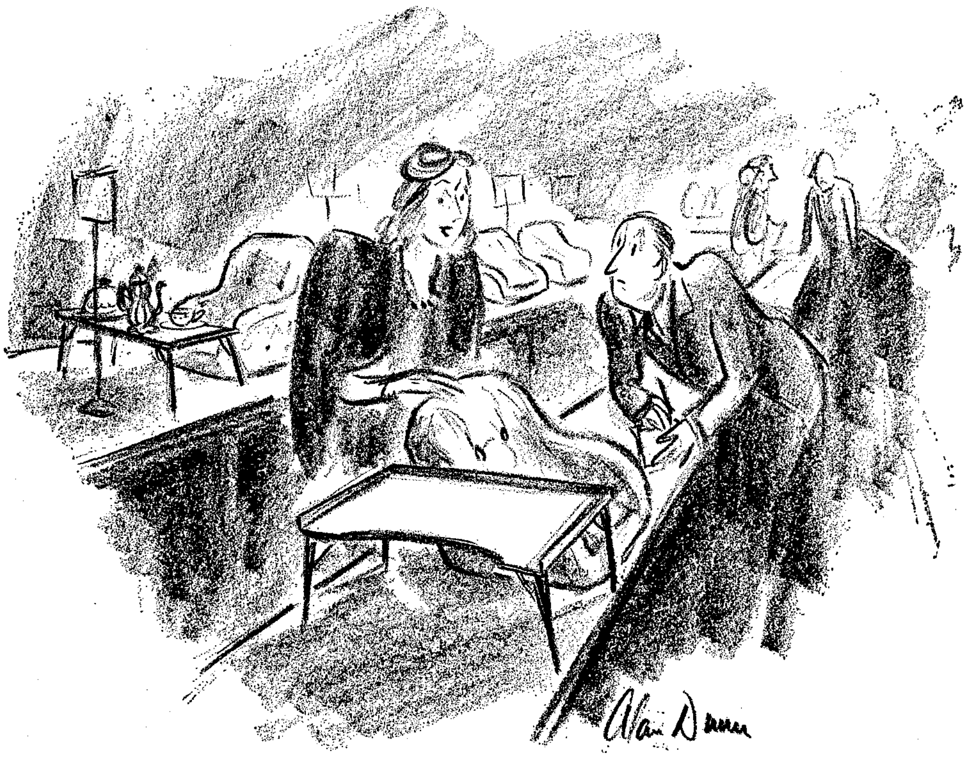

"And his address is Fort Dix, New Jersey."

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peated. And the telephone went dead.

She had flown into a rage and torn the telephone from the wall. With incredible speed she had rushed past Miss Davis and down the stairs and out the front door to the driveway. She was almost at the gates when they caught up with her.

The next day her phone had been connected again, and Dr. Scott had explained how things were. Her husband, he said, would call her once a week. Pete, it seemed, had agreed with them that it was better that way.

At first her talks with Pete had been stormy, but as the weeks went by they became calmer, until now it was almost as though she and Pete had nothing to say to one another.

"Oh, hello there, Pete."

"Hello, there, Marion. How's every little thing?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"I'm swell."

"How are the boys?"

"Young Pete's playing tennis and Larry's caddying at the club. They said they were going to write you tonight."

"How's Jeanie?"

"She's fine. She's out somewhere. Say, I sent you some magazines and stuff."

"Oh, that's good. The library here isn't—well, *you* know."

"I can imagine. Anything else you want?"

"Well, I was thinking I might like my bed jacket. It's hanging in my closet, to the far right."

"O.K. Anything else?"

"Nothing I can think of now. If there is, I'll let you know."

"Well, be good to yourself."

"You take care of *yourself*. And give my love to the children."

"Sure thing."

"Goodbye, Pete, darling."

"Goodbye."

As she crossed the lawn to the house, she noticed that there were a few people sitting in the canvas chairs in the sun. And seeing Mrs. Tennant coming out of one of the cottages, she called to her. "How about some bridge later?"

"Splendid!" Mrs. Tennant called back. "We were looking for a fourth. I have a grand partner for you. You haven't met her. She used to be a bridge teacher."

Mrs. Douglas went into the house. "I put your mail and a big package that came for you in your room," Harry said.

"Good! I wonder what it is."

She hurried through the living room and up the stairs. Miss Davis was not in the hall. She opened the door to her room and shut it behind her. On her bed was a huge package, with some letters and magazines lying beside it. Going to her dressing table, she picked up her manicure scissors and cut the strings. The package had been carefully wrapped, and it was some minutes before she could get it open. It was a portable victrola and enclosed with it was a record and a note from Pete. "Dear Marion," she read, "This is the only record I could think of that I was sure you would like. When you get tired of it, make a list of what you want and I'll mail more on to you. Love, Pete."

She set the victrola on the table by her bed and, stooping down, disconnected her lamp and plugged the victrola in. She took a needle from the box, screwed it in, and turned on the switch. The record was not labelled, and she waited with a pleasant sense of anticipation for the tubes to warm up. She swung the arm of the victrola to the edge of the record. Pete's voice, loud and clear, filled the room. "This is the Douglas Studio broadcasting. We are a small company, and if we make a few mistakes, the audience will kindly overlook them."

There was a pause, and Marion Douglas could hear faint laughter and the sound of scuffling. Someone whispered, "Closer, Jeanie, closer." And then Jeanie's voice came, uneven and trembling.

"Hello, Mummie," she said. "This is Jeanie speaking to you. We are having a nice time, but we miss you and hope you are lots better. Come home soon, Mummie. Come home soon."

Marion Douglas snatched the wire from the socket and threw herself across the bed. For a minute she lay quiet with her hands to her ears, and then she began to cry. "Oh, my God," she sobbed, "I've got to get out of here! Oh, my God, I've got to get out of here!"

Her voice rose, and the door of her room opened. "Mrs. Douglas! Mrs. Douglas!" Miss Davis said.

"Get away from me. Get the hell away from me!"

She reached for her pillow and threw it at Miss Davis. And as she did so, she could hear feet running up the stairs. For some reason the sound frightened her and she clutched her hands tightly over her mouth so that whoever was coming would not catch her screaming.

—SALLY BENSON

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How I lived with Lowell at Elmwood, and at foreign courts where he was ambassador; with Longfellow at Craigie House; with Dr. Holmes; with Hawthorne and Whittier, and the rest, is—I dare say—no proper part of this book. *—From "So You're Seeing New England!" by Clara E. Laughlin.*

No *wonder* New England flowered!

THE SEVENFOLD POOH

WHENEVER anything occurs which annoys Herr Hitler, such as an impudent British plane making a cowardly attack on Berlin, he announces that Germany will "reply a thousandfold," or "seven-hundredfold," or sometimes as low as three-hundredfold. These "fold" announcements of his have, in turn, begun to annoy *me*; and since Herr Hitler has pooh-poohed a great many things I set store by, I now intend to pooh back at him, and have prepared a sevenfold pooh.

Before I begin sending my poohs over, wave after wave, I want to say that Hitler's "fold" talk reminds me of the way I used to talk when I was eight years old. I would say to an eight-year-old pal of mine, "I can eat a million grapes." And my pal would say, "I can eat a billion grapes." This I would deny angrily, and say that I could eat a billion billion trillion grapes. My pal would get warmed up and he would reply that he could eat seventeen hundred million quadrillion billion grapes. I would raise him a few quadrillion and we would spend a happy afternoon upping each other and not eating any grapes. Hitler's figures sound like the grapes I used to eat. On several occasions he threatened to reply to England a thousandfold, but I kept careful track, and if he managed to reply once-and-a-half-fold, he was doing good. Whenever the suffix "fold" passes Hitler's lips, a great blast of hot air comes along with it.

Pooh!

THAT pooh doesn't count in the sevenfold pooh—it is an extra one I have thrown in. I call it my onefold, or introductory, pooh. The real barrage is about to begin. I'm just terrorizing Hitler, softening him up.

First. On the seventeenth of August, or maybe it was the nineteenth, the Chancellor of Germany poohed England and caused a rumor that it would be all over by September. It is now October. I call the Chancellor's attention to the fact that it is not all over. After what happened in the British Isles in September, 1940, nobody can pooh England and get away with it, so I am sending back the first big reprisal pooh. Pooh!

Second. On a number of occasions the Chancellor of Germany has poohed me. He has remarked that the Germans are a superior race, the plain inference being that I am inferior. I know this is not so. Personally I am the equal in physical beauty of Adolf Hitler, and I belong to a race noted for its attractive individuals. I've been in Germany, and the girls you see in the cities there are not as pretty as the girls in New York. There is a forty-five-fold advantage which the women of the United States have over the women of any other country in the world; on Madison or Fifth, between Fortieth and Fifty-seventh on any sunny day, you can see more carefully groomed and brushed women, wearing prettier dresses and with their hair more recently washed and their necks scrubbed, than you will find in any other district on either hemisphere. U. S. females are superior to anything of the kind in the world. Also, the Mississippi River is 2,560 miles long. The Rhine is only 850 miles long. Pooh!

Third. Hitler poohs all parliamentarians. But I notice he didn't start poohing parliamentarians very loud till he had things fixed so that there was never more than one side to any argument in his country. He made sure all local parliamentarians were dead before he poohed them, and anybody can pooh a dead parliamentarian. Hitler is scared of the Other Side of an argument. He's a scared cat. Pooh!

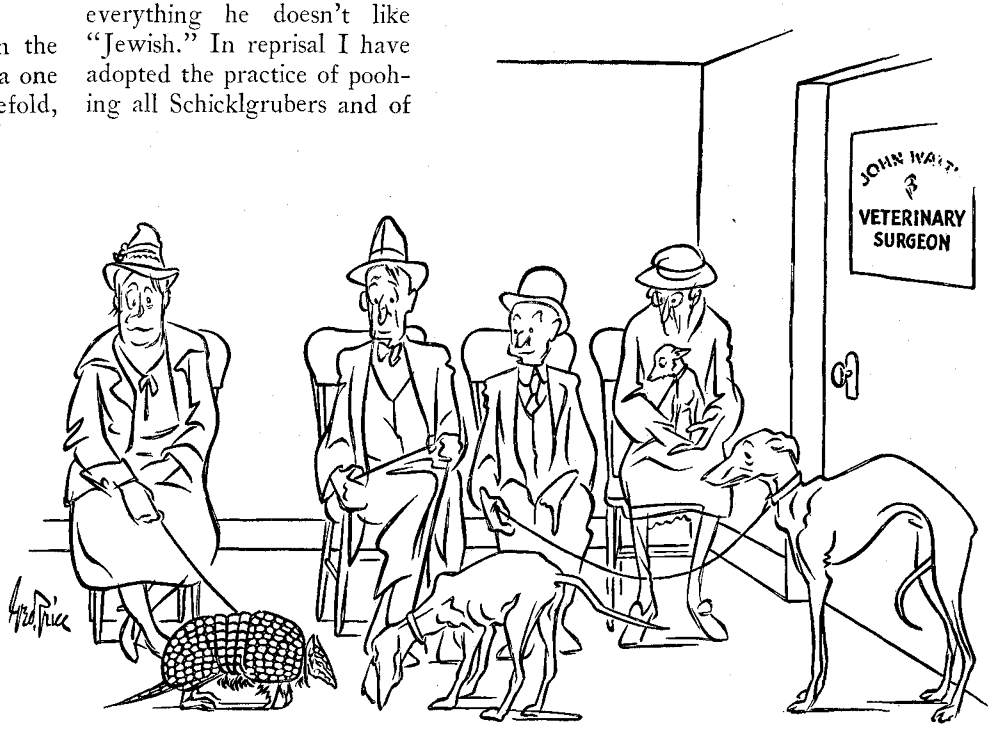
Fourth. I am sick of hearing him pooh Jews, sick of hearing him call everything he doesn't like "Jewish." In reprisal I have adopted the practice of poohing all Schicklgrubers and of calling everything I don't like Schicklgruberish, which I have shortened to licorish. Pooh!

Fifth. Hitler feels that literature is no good unless a German wrote it. Pooh! I still think "Huckleberry Finn" is a good book.

Sixth. He keeps poohing democracies and says they are obsolete. I know they are not obsolete and can prove it. This fall we have two candidates for the office of President. One is a Democrat running on the Democratic ticket. The other is a Democrat running on the Republican ticket. One believes in strong national defence, the preservation of liberty, and relief for the needy. The other believes in strong national defence, the preservation of liberty, and relief for the needy. So in order to settle this matter, millions of Americans are preparing to go to the polls to vote their choice. There is nothing obsolete about this system; it is still going strong, thank God. Pooh!

Seventh. Hitler poohs love, tenderness, sympathy, kindliness, justice, tolerance, and mercy, because he says they are less effective than audacity, daring, deceit, ruthlessness, terror, and noise. This brings up the question what is meant by "effective." I have my definition; he has his. I say pooh to his. Pooh! A great, big, final pooh!

THERE, how do you like the sevenfold pooh? At least I can count. There were exactly seven. There weren't a thousand—although there could have been without straining me any. —E. B. W.

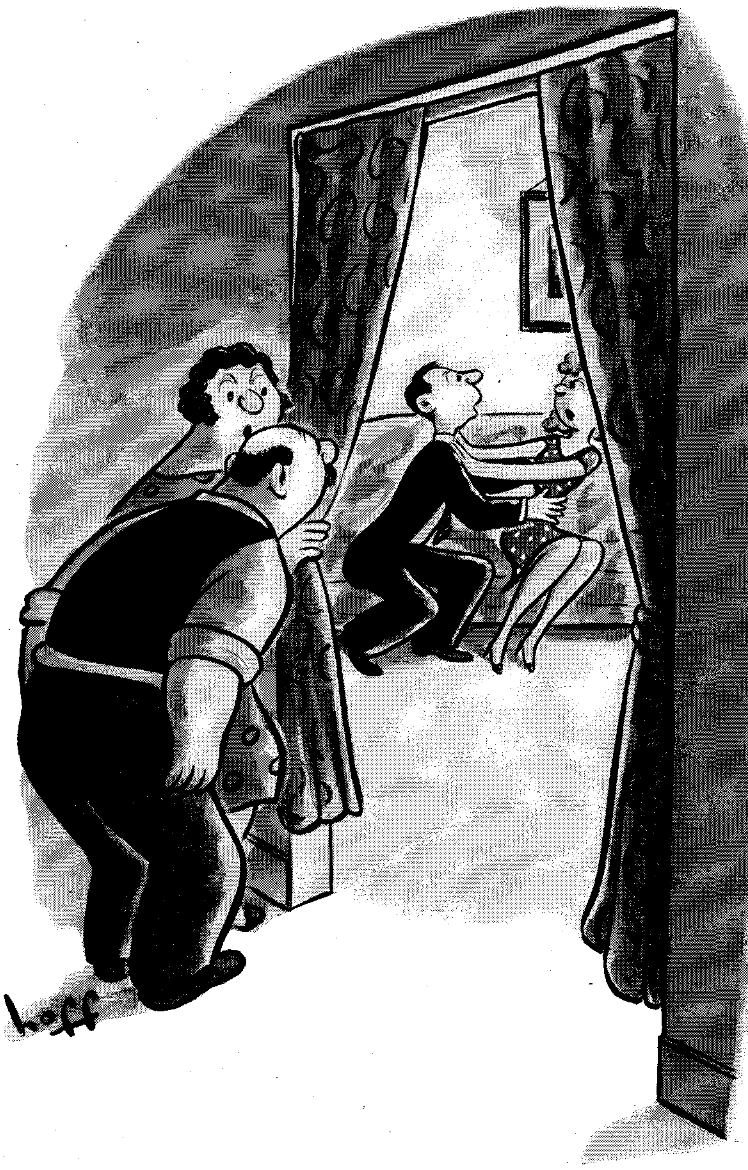


A RESPECTABLE PLACE

MATTY WALL was getting a little old, and for that reason if for no other he preferred to keep a respectable place. Promptly at eleven o'clock every night except Saturday he came from behind the bar and hung the out-of-order sign on the nickel piano and disconnected the plug. Matty did more of a beer business. Husbands, with their own wives, dropped in after the movies, especially on Thursday night. Saturday afternoon there were quite a few men getting their load on, and then the calls were for a shot of rye and water for a chaser. That was about the way it was at Matty's. He could spot a lush or a hustler a block away, and he saw to it that neither was made comfortable in his place. He didn't throw them out, because he couldn't without help, and he was alone most of the time. He just took his own good time waiting on them.

He was alone that Monday night, a dull night, and he was more or less watching the clock as he read the New Haven paper, wishing the handful of customers would go home, so he could close up. When Roy Morley came in his heart did not exactly sink, but he didn't feel any too good about it either. Roy Morley's trips to Matty Wall's place were infrequent, and Matty's was only a way station, one of many stops that Roy would make on such a night.

Morley was a really big man, all big and all man. He was a town boy who had played high-school football and then gone to a prep school that had a high record for good football players, who in turn did not help the school's record for sending home its boys the same pure, healthy youths they had been when they came away. Morley played football at Detroit U. for a while in the early twenties, then at Fordham and at Lafayette. He had six years of college but did not get a degree. He tried out for the Pottsville Maroons and the Frankford Yellowjackets, but the going was too tough when those teams began to have daily practice, and so Morley would play with smaller teams, arriving at the town for which he was to play on Sunday morning, getting the signals over a couple of cups of coffee at the restaurant nearest the railroad station. Along about that time he started coming home for longer and longer periods, and when people wanted to know what he was doing—friends of his father and mother—he said he was an automobile salesman. It was true that he was, on a commission basis, selling Hudson and Essex. He was also bootlegging.



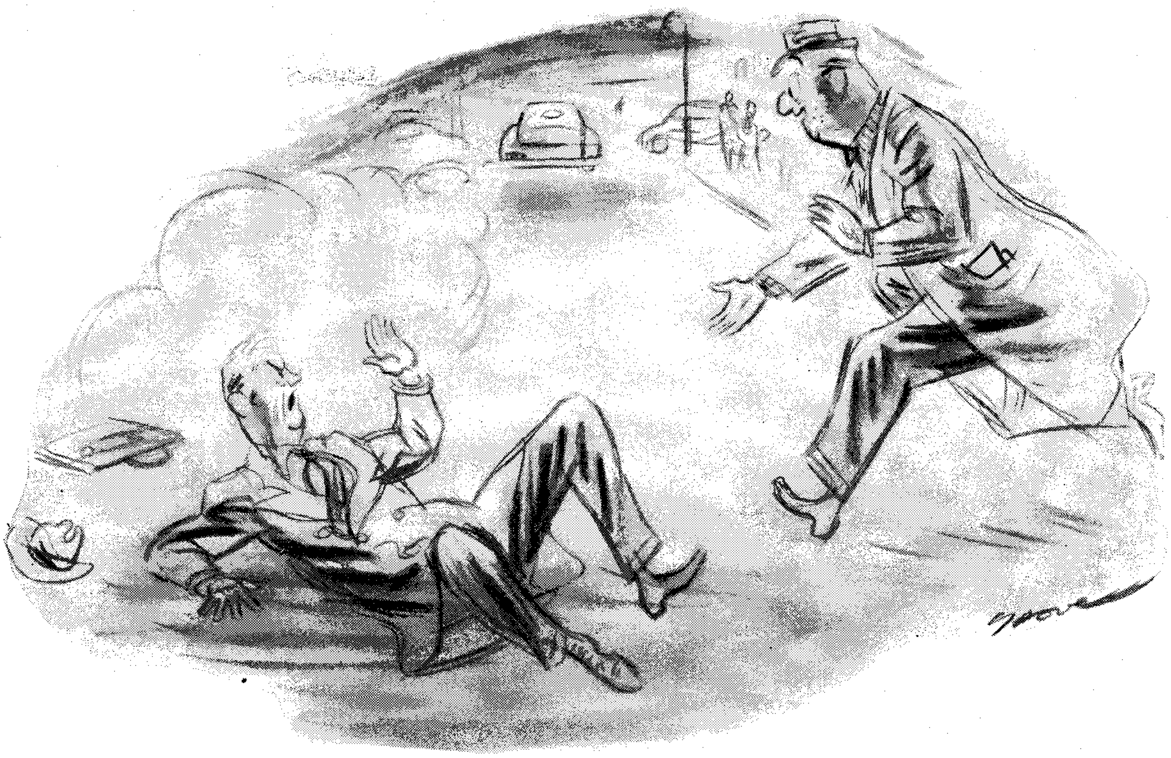
"Oh dear, I'm afraid she's letting Mr. Cargill slip through her fingers."

Then one day Roy Morley was standing at the corner of Main and Elm. Cap, blouse, breeches, puttees, revolver, twisters, notebook, and shield. He was a cop. That, of course, was the doing of his uncle, Roy Durant, vice-chairman of the State Republican Committee. The new job naturally made some changes in Morley. He had fewer friends and he put on weight.

Occasionally, like that Monday night, he would go out and get drunk all over the town. Usually he missed Matty Wall's, but on that particular Monday night there he was, in a brown suit that was too tight for him. He did not seem to be very drunk, but Matty knew he was the kind of drunk that is the same way from the very first drink to the last. "Rye, and water for a chaser," he told Matty. Matty put the bottle up on the bar, and a pitcher of water. There it was, and so Roy did not immediately pour himself a drink. He stood with both hands pressed on the edge of the bar, and then, as though he had some pleasant surprise for Matty, he smiled and took out his revolver. He put the barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger. Nothing, of course, happened, except that a woman in one of the booths fainted. Matty knew it for an old cop's trick. Bartenders, too, usually keep one chamber empty in their revolvers, just in case someone else grabs the gun first. When Roy pulled the trigger and Matty merely made a little face, Roy did not like it. "Oh," he said. "Wise guy. You thought it was empty. This is how empty it was." He fired five shots. Two of them ruined the mirrors on the back bar and Matty did not know what happened with the other slugs; he was on the floor, hoping and waiting. Roy called out, "Ya son of a bitch, ya," and threw the rye bottle at the rows of bottles on the back bar and went out.

Mrs. Dore, the woman who had fainted, came to when the shots went off. Her husband called across the room, "Put it on the tab, Matty, we're getting outa here."

"He won't come back here, but go ahead," said Matty. "He'll be everywhere in town but this place, but go ahead." They left, and Matty was temporarily free to look over the damage and see how much it was going to cost him. He decided that it was going to cost him enough so the Dores' tab wasn't going to help, and he tore up the tab and waited for the cops in the radio car, who were sure to come.



"Never mind. I'm a lawyer myself."

When they arrived, Lawrence, the one he knew, said, "We're sorry about this, Matty. We got him locked up. The Chief or somebody'll be down to see you in the morning."

The next morning it was not the Chief but Fredericks, a lieutenant, who came to see Matty. "We squared it with the papers, Matty. How much d'you think it's gunna take all told?"

"What about Johnny Dore and his wife?"

"Johnny Dore's on the city payroll. He'll keep quiet. We're loaning Morley the money out of the benevolent fund."

"O.K. I don't want to make any stink if somebody'll foot the bill for the wreckage and damage. A hundred and seventy-five dollars'll cover it."

"And call it square?"

"And call it square," said Matty.

They shook hands, Fredericks thanked Matty, and that seemed to end it. But it didn't.

When, in a couple of weeks, no cop had come in to try to sell Matty a book of tickets for the Police Benefit he thought it was just a little strange, but then he put it down to good nature. They were laying off because he had been on the square with them as regards the Roy Morley matter. The first hint Matty had of any kind of trouble was when his daughter got a parking ticket. He called up Fredericks to try and square it, but Fredericks said he couldn't do anything; a parking drive had been ordered by the Mayor, and that was that. Then Matty began to notice that every cop he knew avoided speaking to him. "A man'd think I deliberately went into police headquarters and shot up the place," Matty told his wife. The first actual act against Matty was a summons for violating a city ordinance against obstructing traffic—a beer truck unloading at his place. The same trucks had been unloading there in the same way three times a week for five years, but now all of a sudden it was a violation. Matty protested that after all the trucks did belong to the brewery, why not give the brewery the summons. "The ordinance reads either way," he was told. He paid the fine. When he spoke to the brewery salesman about it the salesman said, "So what shall *I* do?," and when Matty hinted that he would try another beer the salesman said, "And so what? It ain't worth our while to have a truck go out of its way to unload here. And anyway, what I hear, my guess is our boys in blue over at headquarters are about ready to put the slug on you when renewal time comes up. What the hell did you do to those coppers?"

He decided to see Fredericks. He went to headquarters and got into Fredericks' office. A civilian was sitting there, chatting with him. "Well, Wall?" said Fredericks. The words sounded funny, but Matty did not smile.

"Could I see you alone?"

"No. What do you want?"

"Well, Lieutenant, I been thinking it over and I decided to make a present to the Police Benevolent Fund. A hundred and seventy-five *dollars?*"

"What is this, a bribe? You heard him, Mr. George, in case I need a witness."

"It's no bribe, for Christ's sake," said Matty.

"I thought you were a member of the Holy Name Society. Get outa here."

Matty put on his hat and went out.

The following Saturday night all drinks were on the house. This was strictly against the law, but Matty knew he wasn't going to open up again.

—John O'Hara

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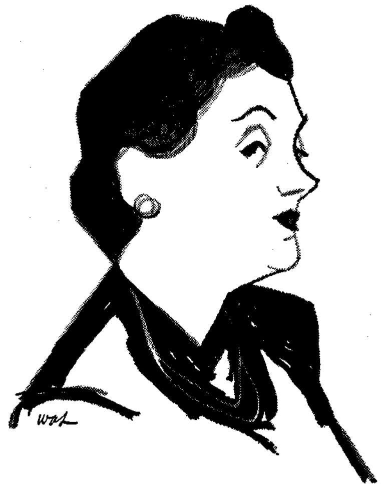
GENTLY FALLS THE DARK

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

"Judging by Hitler's policies already being enforced in conquered countries, the collapse of Great Britain and a later domination of this country by Germany would practically annihilate the advertising business here," Don Belding, vice-president of Lord & Thomas and president of the Pacific Coast Advertising Clubs, yesterday *told members of the subcommittees for the* Southern California Chapter of the William Allen White Committee to Defend America.

PROFILES

VERY TERRIFIC, VERY DIVINE



Nettie Rosenstein

NO one mourned the collapse of France more genuinely than American dress designers, who are largely an emotional crew. Part of their grief was practical, part was sentimental, but mostly it was a nervous sorrow. The eclipse of Paris as the world's fashion centre gave American dressmakers the opportunity of a lifetime, and also a screaming sense of insecurity. New York, despite an occasional threat from Hollywood, is the logical successor to Paris as fashion's capital. The principal obstacle in its way is, ironically enough, its highly democratic wholesale ready-to-wear dress industry, which has succeeded in making any little manicurist in a $16.50 dress look just about as well as any little heiress in a $250 model.

The average American woman is the best-dressed average woman in the world. In France, the *grands couturiers* concentrated on dressing a few women who could afford the money and the time to make a career out of looking wonderful; French fabric manufacturers, button-makers, seamstresses, and designers devoted all of their native passion for detail to turning out one perfect gown for one perfect woman. Other Frenchwomen who were handy with a needle might copy at home a Vionnet or a Schiaparelli or a Patou, but the average Parisienne's reputation for chic has always been mainly legendary. Actually, a middle-class Parisienne with a middling income looks fairly middling, if not downright dowdy. She has never known the purely American pleasure of walking into a shop in one dress and walking out in another. In America, where the manufacturers' aim is to produce millions of buttons, miles of material, and endless dresses, the average woman has become conditioned to an easy chic in ready-made clothes, ranging from the $16.50 numbers made by $10 wholesale houses to the expensive garments of Nettie Rosenstein, Inc. The system suits her, and she could probably never be persuaded out of it into any French way of thinking.

Nettie Rosenstein designs the highest-priced wholesale dresses in New York, which is the headquarters of America's $1,200,000,000 wholesale-dress industry. Her clothes, sold by Bonwit Teller in New York and by ninety-one other retail stores and shops throughout the country, sell for $98.50 to $500 retail—more than most women can afford to pay—but they are so widely copied by cheaper designers that they have had a notable effect on the average woman's wardrobe. The Little Black Dress, which has made so many women look impeccable, if somewhat alike, is one of Mrs. Rosenstein's best-known contributions to nationwide distinctiveness. The Little Black Dress is a kind of grace note in the march of fashion history, and it began on an accent of sheer swank during the twenties, when everybody was so rich that simplicity became a novelty. American women who went to Paris to have their jewelry individually designed by Cartier or Mauboussin soon unleashed the loud and *dernier cri*, "My dear, you can practically go out in a *slip* if your jewels are right," and the old, old question concerning an absent friend—"What did she have on?"—came to have a new answer: "Oh, just a little black dress, but she looked *marvellous*." Parisian dressmakers like Vionnet and Chanel soon got the idea of making plain black dresses without ornament, mere rags costing only a couple of hundred dollars apiece, to serve as a background for the jewels of the madonnas, and the Little Black Dress ("little" is used here to mean comparatively unostentatious, as in Little Brown Jug, or Little Dipper) was thus established as necessary equipment for the well-dressed woman. Nettie Rosenstein, observing the trend, was the first American designer to take advantage of it in a big American way. She turned out Little Black Dresses by the thousand, and thousands of American women wore them as a background for a rash of costume jewelry the like of which had never been seen before. Mrs. Rosenstein's genuine gift for designing was especially important to the Little Black Dress; it is no trick for a designer to present a varied collection of black dresses with the aid of trimmings such as beads, fringe, embroidery, and spangles, but to produce a collection of plain, untrimmed black frocks which are not duplicates of one another requires a sure knowledge of line and fabric and a considerable dash of the quality often and freely spoken of in the wholesale ready-to-wear business as genius.

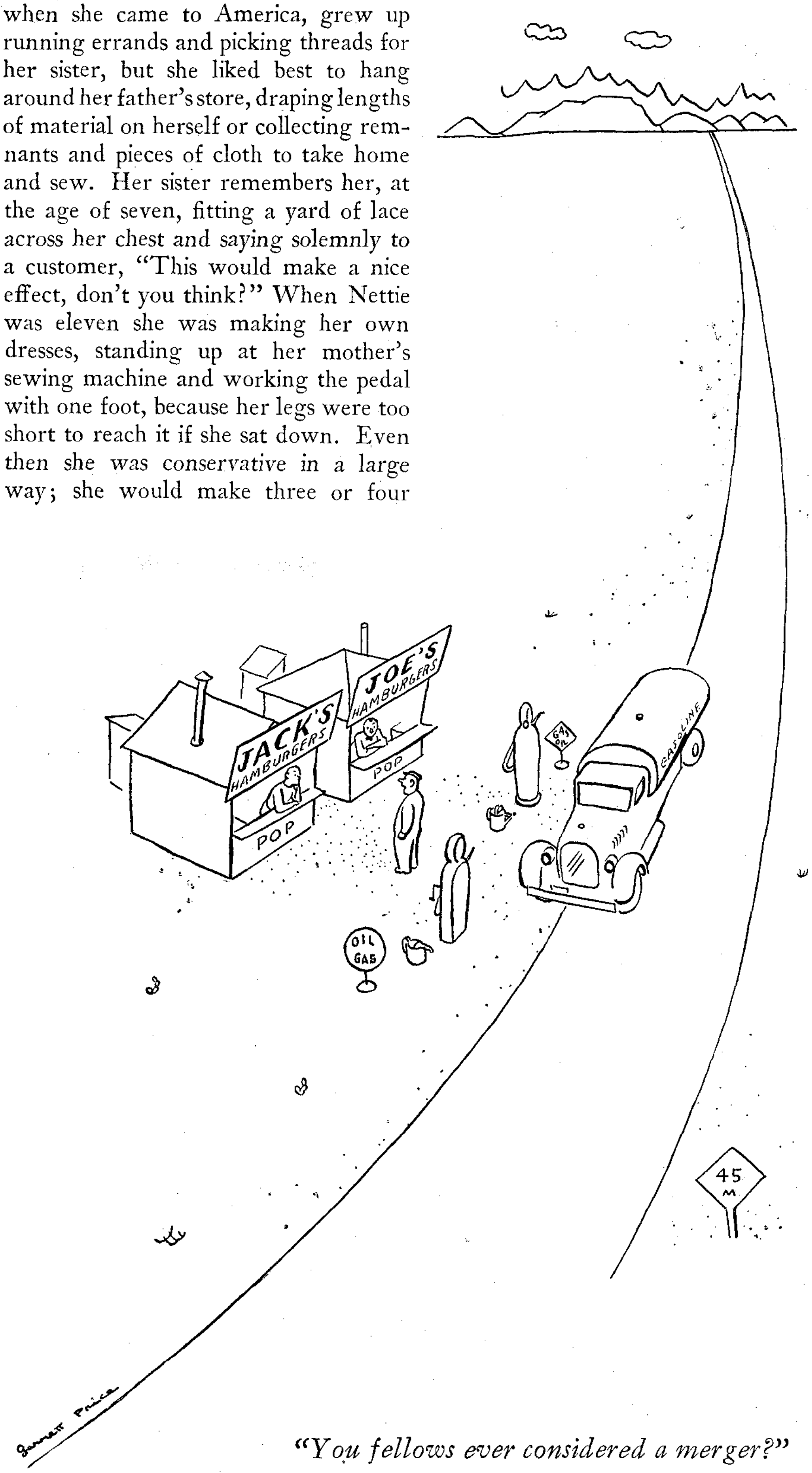
Mrs. Rosenstein's genius is so terrific that a Mrs. Blum, who owns a specialty shop in Chicago, once remarked, "Rosenstein can get more money for four seams than anyone else I know." Mrs. Rosenstein's genius also enables her to shop around pretty fussily among retail firms before deciding upon which one in a given locality to bestow the exclusive right to use the label bearing her name. Although her clothes are sold by more than one shop in various cities, only one retailer in each town gets the label, and he flourishes it as proudly as a carrousel rider waves the brass ring. This is unusual in the dress industry. Generally, the wholesaler is an anonymous gnome whose wares carry the label of the shop which sells them, but a Nettie Rosenstein model is referred to gravely by name in the trade, like a Chanel or a Mainbocher, and usually with several qualifying adjectives. In the wholesale-garment patter, almost any dress is a very wonderful, very marvellous dress; the announcement of a new collection sent out to buyers is a very lovely, very elegantly engraved invitation. The argot of dramatic emphasis extends to business conversations, in which it reaches poignant heights. Five years ago, Charles Gumprecht, Mrs. Rosenstein's business manager, approached the owner of a Fifth Avenue shop with the idea of giving him exclusive local rights to the Nettie Rosenstein label. The shop owner replied that he would like to give Nettie the publicity, he would be glad of the prestige conferred by the label, and he recognized Gumprecht's offer as a very unusually fine opportunity. "But you will appreciate my position," he added, "in that I am also a dressmaker, and if I was to feature the Rosenstein label, I might be very foolishly competing with myself." Gumprecht regarded him with grief. "So am I keeping you from making dresses?" he demanded. "Am I in your way? What do you want me to do

—die?" Plaintively, he put on his very London-tailored topcoat and his very hand-blocked Lock hat and went away. Eventually the Nettie Rosenstein label was given exclusively to Bonwit Teller, which has been very entirely satisfied with it ever since.

Mrs. Rosenstein takes little part in such dramatics of salesmanship. She is small and deceptively soft-voiced, with an engaging, sudden smile, and she has been frightened of publicity ever since *Fortune*, in 1933, described her as "a short, swarthy, and completely unaffected Jewess." The word that bothered her was "swarthy," and she got no comfort from looking it up in a thesaurus, which gave her the following nerve-racking synonyms: swart, dusky, dingy, murky *or* mirky, blotchy, smudgy, smutty, low-toned, of the deepest dye. "Writers use funny words, don't they?" Mrs. Rosenstein has remarked, glancing through a pair of harlequin spectacles which turn up smartly at the temples and give her a flyaway look oddly in contrast to her habitual air of deep restraint. Years of making clothes which will do the most good to the greatest number of women have taught Mrs. Rosenstein a conspicuous personal respect for conservatism. Her friends like to recall how, during a season of fashionable junk jewelry, Nettie herself wore a single narrow bracelet made of small sapphires. Her critics, who are mainly artistes in the flash-and-flair business, believe that such exquisite restraint denotes a lack of self-confidence. A really smart woman, they say, will cover herself with gobs of junk if she feels like it, and go right on being smart; a woman who feels she must limit herself to a single band of sapphires is a sartorial neurotic, too scared to wear anything unconventional. Informed once of both these views, Mrs. Rosenstein laughed softly and said, in the high, flat accents of upper Manhattan, "I guess I just like nice things." Whatever the final opinion is about Mrs. Rosenstein's inclinations, it is probable that she never learned her present all-encompassing taste at Lenox Avenue and 117th Street, where she started in business in 1916.

Nettie Rosenstein's father was Joseph Rosencrans, a former wine merchant of Salzburg, Austria, who came to America in the late eighteen-nineties with his wife and his three children, Alvin, Pauline, and Nettie, and set up a dry-goods store on 118th Street, near Lenox Avenue. Pauline, the eldest girl, liked to make hats, and by 1910 she was calling herself Madame Pauline and had worked up a millinery business in the brownstone house where the Rosencrans family lived, next to the dry-goods store. That was the era of the "little" milliner and the "little" dressmaker, and soon carriages and a few automobiles began to bring customers with Fifth Avenue addresses uptown to 118th Street for their hats. Madame Pauline is still a successful milliner, with a business address in the East Fifties, not far from Fifth Avenue. Nettie, who was three when she came to America, grew up running errands and picking threads for her sister, but she liked best to hang around her father's store, draping lengths of material on herself or collecting remnants and pieces of cloth to take home and sew. Her sister remembers her, at the age of seven, fitting a yard of lace across her chest and saying solemnly to a customer, "This would make a nice effect, don't you think?" When Nettie was eleven she was making her own dresses, standing up at her mother's sewing machine and working the pedal with one foot, because her legs were too short to reach it if she sat down. Even then she was conservative in a large way; she would make three or four dresses, each in a different color but all in the same style—with a guimpe and a pleated skirt with shoulder straps. Joseph Rosencrans and his wife had a musical hangover from Salzburg, and Nettie took violin lessons, progressing—as the dry-goods business prospered to a degree which enabled her father to retire—to a dizzy period of instruction under David Mannes.

One night in 1912, when she was eighteen, a girl she knew brought Saul Rosenstein to the house. Saul Rosenstein



"You fellows ever considered a merger?"

was a quiet young man who was doing well in the ladies'-underwear business. When Nettie Rosencrans played the violin for him, he listened respectfully, admiring the feeling she put into Toselli's "Serenade" and the waltz from "The Pink Lady." A year later, in 1913, Saul and Nettie were married. Mrs. Rosenstein has not played the violin since, except for purposes of prenatal influence. Before the birth of her son, Jerome, in 1914, and again before her daughter, Claire, was born in 1925, she played like mad, hoping that each child would turn out to be a musician. Jerome is in the advertising business, but, sure enough, Claire plays the piano and often gets up at seven-thirty in the morning to put Beethoven records on the phonograph.

The Rosensteins went to live on West 141st Street after their marriage, and a year later moved to a ground-floor flat in a brownstone house on West 117th, near Lenox Avenue. There Mrs. Rosenstein, who had always made her own clothes, began making dresses for some of her friends as well, and eventually opened her first dressmaking establishment. A dress merchant now on Madison Avenue, who had a store on the upper West Side at that time, has described Lenox Avenue as it was then. "It wasn't as classy as Broadway," he says, "but it was cozier." Pomerantz's Delicatessen, at 117th Street and Lenox, was the place where Benny Leonard used to drop in occasionally after a fight to say hello to the boys and telephone his mother. Over on Broadway, a young milliner named Hattie Carnegie designed hats and thought about going into the dressmaking business. Mrs. Rosenstein's own method of becoming a professional modiste was a simple one; she told her sister's millinery customers and the friends who had been buying clothes from her that she was ready for any other clients who cared to come. There was no sign in the window of the flat to announce that she was a dressmaker, but so many women scurried up the steps all day long and disappeared apparently forever behind the front door that a police sergeant came around one day and asked Mrs. Rosenstein plainly what was going on in there anyway. She invited him to come in and led him through fathomless aisles of silks, satins, velvet, and feathers. He came out shaking his head and brushing scraps of lint off his uniform. "I guess you're a dressmaker all right," he said. Mrs. Rosenstein's establishment, which had started with a few seamstresses in one room of the apartment she occupied with her husband and infant son, grew to include the second floor of the house, and then the third. By the time she decided, in 1921, to move to a more fashionable address on East Fifty-sixth Street, she was employing fifty girls and also occupying the fourth, or top, floor; and through a customer who came in one day and brought a buyer from I. Magnin's specialty shops in California, she had made her first contact with the wholesale business. In her present establishment, at 36 West Forty-seventh Street, two hundred and thirty-five tailors, seamstresses, cutters, and fitters turn out from ten to thirteen thousand dresses a year, exclusive of reorders. In 1937, Mrs. Rosenstein's biggest year so far, she did a gross business of over $1,000,000, and the annual figure has not dropped uncomfortably below that since.

WOMEN'S clothes in 1916 were fussy confections of panniers, jabots, and other froufrou, and Nettie Rosenstein's success began with her desire to rip all the ruffles off every dress she saw. Her instinct coincided luckily with the trend of the times. In Paris, Paul Poiret had observed that women were emerging economically and emotionally from the fetters that bound them, and he set about helping them to emerge literally as well. Poiret's admir-

SETTLING SOME OLD FOOTBALL SCORES

This is the football hero's moment of fame.
  Glory is his, though erstwhile he may have shunned it.
In hall and street he hears the crying of his name
  By youth and maiden, alumnus, and radio pundit.

Fierce on the newspaper pages his features show,
  He smites his foe in the innumerable cinema
And in a myriad maidens' dreams. But, oh,
  In literature his fame has reached its minima!

See, in the Broadway drama, what he has become, he
  Who was the triply threatening All-American!
He is a lubberly fellow, a downright dummy!
  And serious fiction is what he is frankly barbaric in.

We hear him tell his victories won of yore,
  We watch him vainly pursue fame's fleeting bubble;
The maid he adores is certain to leave him for
  A small, dark, wiry person, the author's double!

O football hero, now while a million throats
  Acclaim thy glorious deeds, just note this much down:
A small, dark, wiry person is taking notes.
  Literature will make the ultimate touchdown.

—MORRIS BISHOP

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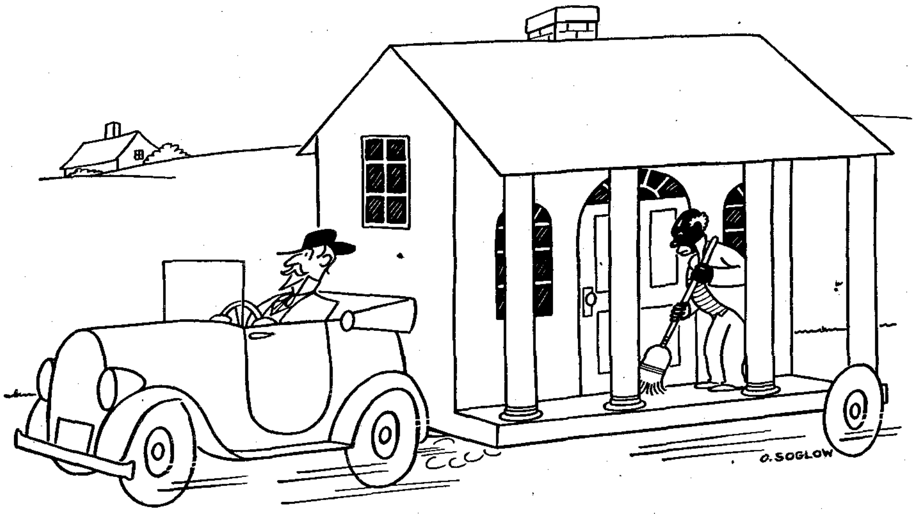
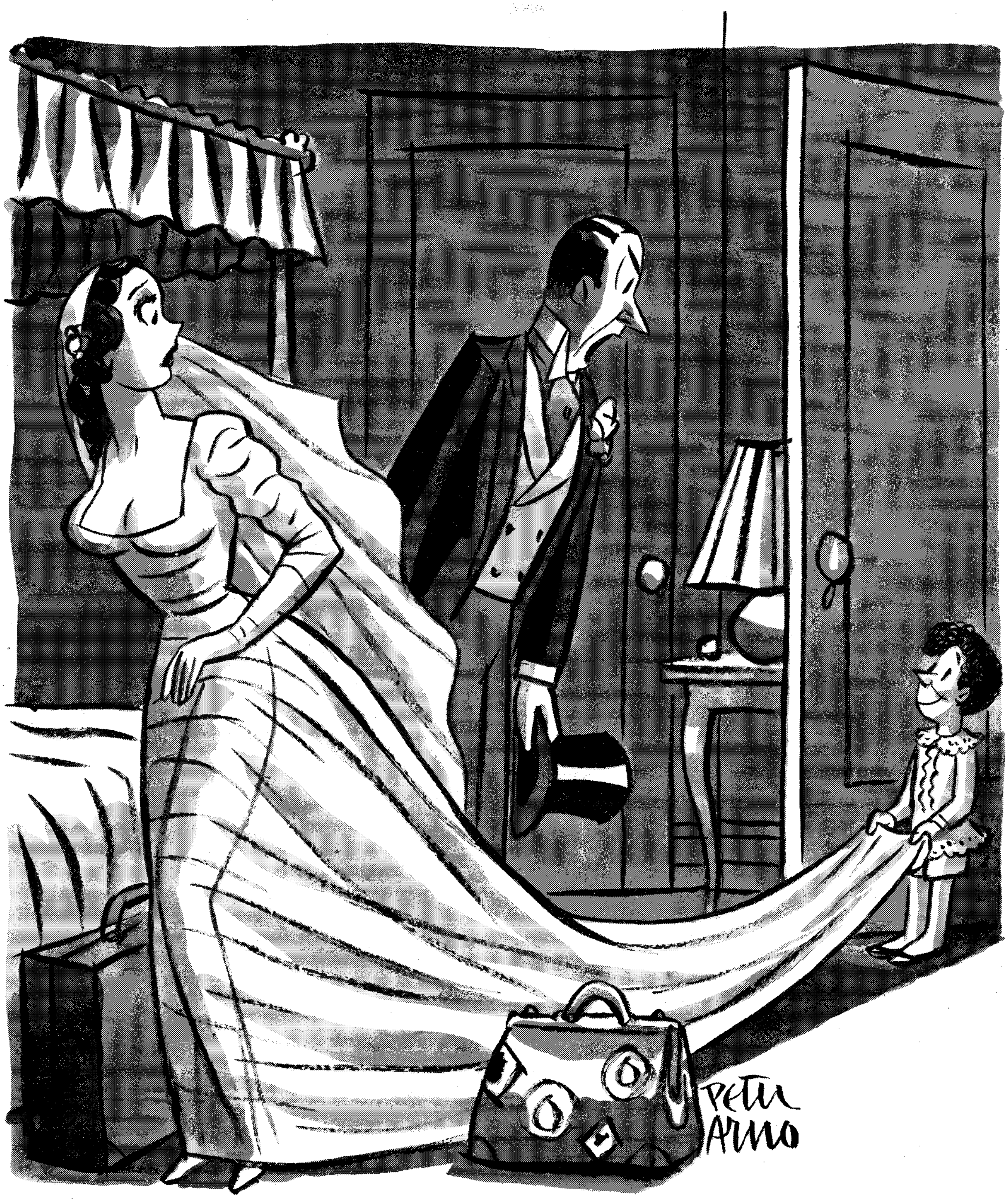




"Now that's enough! Run along!"

• •

able notions about the human race included the doctrines that women should be allowed to move naturally and that a man should be able to embrace the woman he loves without a lot of haberdashery getting in the way. His simplified clothes, adopted by America, simplified themselves further into a pretty gruesome extreme—the flat-chested, straight-up-and-down shape—but they were a healthy step in the right direction. Women, concealed behind ruffles at the bosom, panniers at the hips, and skirts that fell to the ankles, had drowsily left their figures alone. When the new streamlined silhouette came into fashion, they looked at themselves with horror. Some of them rushed to the corsetmaker, others hurried to the masseuse. All of them besieged their dressmakers for help, but the old-fashioned dressmaker was accustomed to draping material to follow the lines of her clients' figures ("God forbid," Mrs.

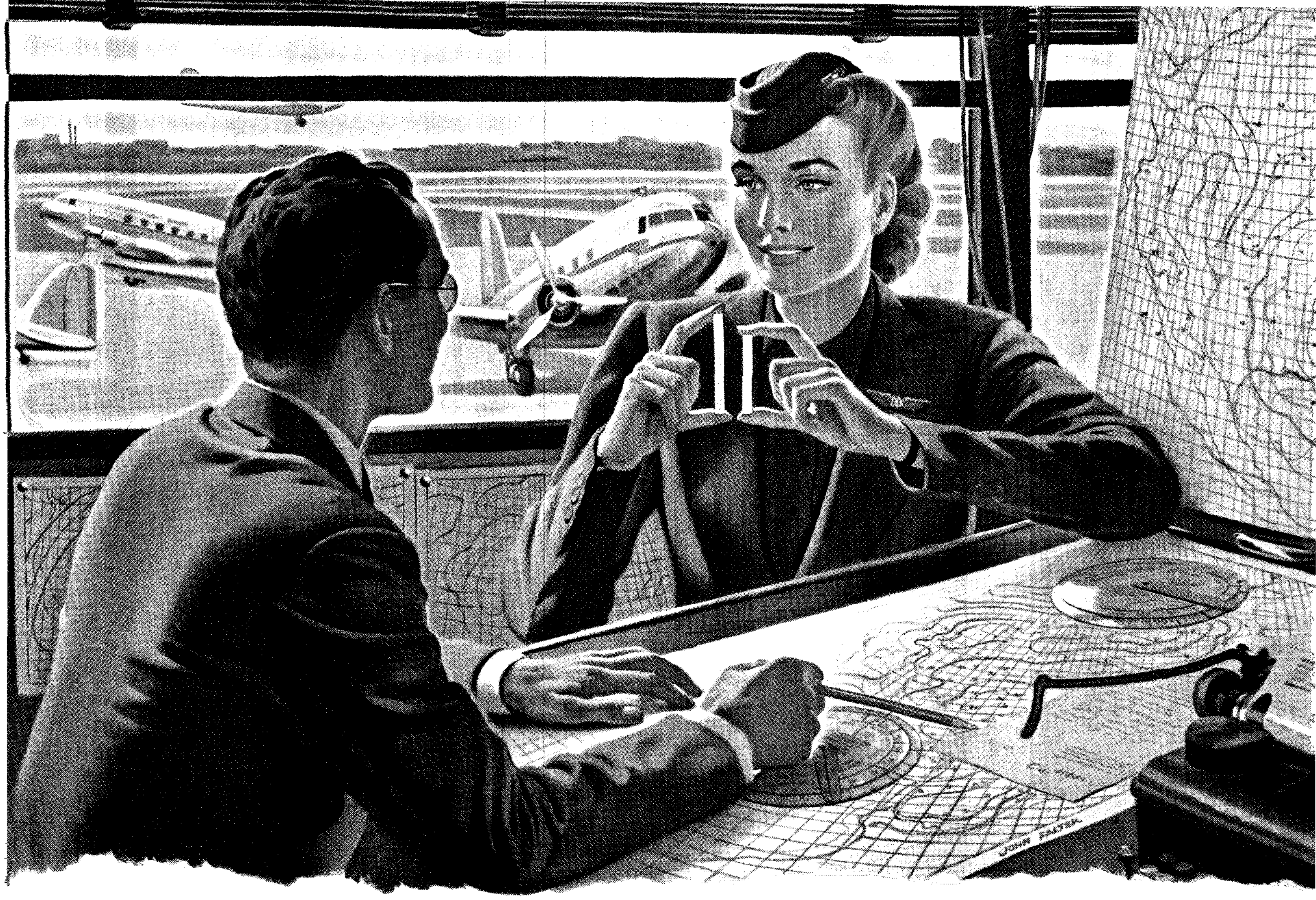
"Oh, Buenos Aires is all right, but I've got my heart set on a little place in Connecticut."

Rosenstein says now), and, along with the vanishing era, she, too, soon disappeared. It was a time when the average woman needed dresses she could be poured into, like cookie batter into a mold, and in the average woman's dilemma Nettie Rosenstein found her first opportunity. "If you are a shoemaker," she explains, "and you build a shoe to fit a foot that has a bunion on one side, corns on the other, and a fallen arch in between, you get an ugly shoe for an ugly foot. But if you construct a good-looking shoe with beautiful lines, it flatters the foot and women are going to get their feet into it somehow." Mrs. Rosenstein likes to use the words "build" and "construct" when she talks about dressmaking, and she uses them as easily as any architect or engineer.

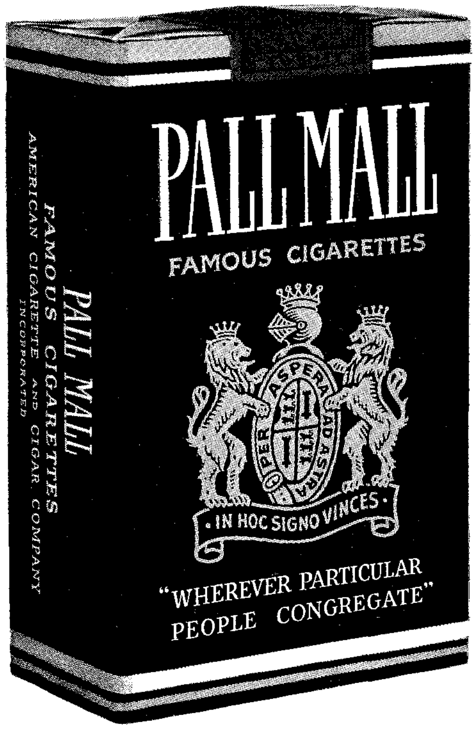
IN 1927, circumstances temporarily interfered with the perfect functioning of Nettie Rosenstein's career. Her husband had made enough money in the underwear business to give it up and become an investment broker, and he felt that his wife ought to stay home and take it easy. "She always used to bring her business home with her every night and worry about it, and she still does," Mr. Rosenstein complains, not without pride. His idea was unconsciously supported by certain union executives who presented for Mrs. Rosenstein's signature an agreement calling upon her to guarantee a certain minimum amount of yearly employment—a difficult demand for anyone engaged in a seasonal business like the fashion industry. Mrs. Rosenstein's union trouble was the same kind of union trouble that has confronted many employers, but she solved it more simply than most. She agreed to her husband's request, went out of business, and retired, her profits intact, to her home, her husband, her children, and her chaise longue. Like most women who are used to working, however, she soon became alarmed by too much leisure. The cook-waitress in the Rosensteins' apartment on the upper West Side had learned how to order the meals; Jerome was at school all day, and Claire belonged more to her nurse than she did to her mother. Bridge parties and afternoon movies put Mrs. Rosenstein in a panic of boredom. One day in 1929, Charles Gumprecht, then the sales manager and talent scout for a dressmaking firm called Corbeau et Cie., telephoned her and asked her to take a job as designer and buyer for his firm. "I am not interested in any business propositions," Mrs. Rosenstein told him in housewifely accents. Gumprecht, a tenacious man, continued to telephone and even came to call, and a month later Mrs. Rosenstein went to work for Corbeau at a salary of $35,000 a year.

In addition to her logical approach to dressmaking, as contrasted with the swoop-and-dive of more shriekingly inspired designers, she had developed a remote tranquillity in dealing with people and with money. Just before her second buying trip to Europe for Corbeau, her employer asked her to take a $10,000 cut in salary because of a slump in business. Mrs. Rosenstein sailed, saying she would think it over, and on her return six weeks later turned up at the office the first morning with a check for $1,200 made out to Corbeau. "What's this?" the boss demanded. "Well," Mrs. Rosenstein said peacefully, "since we made seven thousand dollars last May, the worst month in the year, it is hard for me to understand why I should take a cut. But I have decided to take it, and that check is for the difference between my regular salary and my cut salary during the six weeks I have been considering it. Doubtless you can use the money." She left him sitting at his desk staring at the check in his hand, and Gumprecht presently found him in that position. "Listen," said Gumprecht tensely, "if you take this check, you will be doing something that you will wake up in the night and have nightmares about." The boss took it anyway, and Mrs. Rosenstein, considering herself released from any dutiful loyalty, announced that she was leaving to go back in business for herself. When Corbeau et Cie., alarmed, dizzily offered her $75,000 a year if she would stay, her reply was characteristically gentle. "If you pay me $75,000, there won't be any money left in the business," she said, "and everybody will be unhappy."

In 1931, she reopened her dressmaking business at the Forty-seventh Street address, with Gumprecht as business manager and Eva Rosencrans as associate designer. Eva Rosencrans, née Greene, is a plump and merry woman who worked for Nettie Rosenstein on 117th Street and later married Nettie's brother, Alvin. Alvin is a partner in a millinery-supply house, and it


JOHN FALTER

Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

. . . FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too.

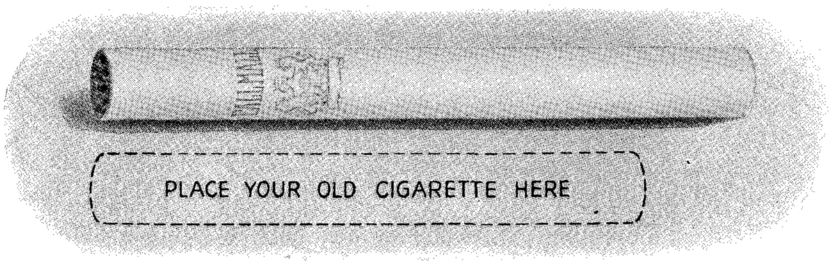
For the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

. . . FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING—an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

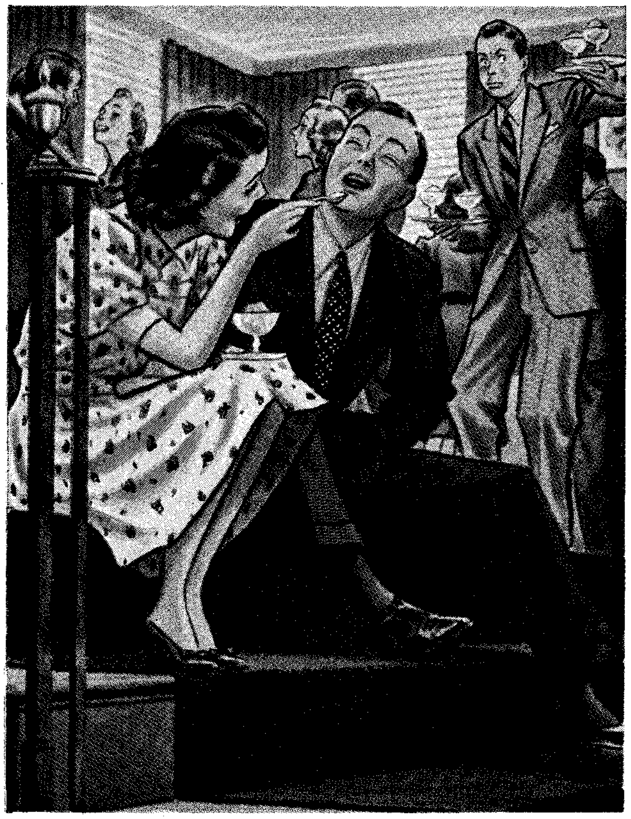
Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

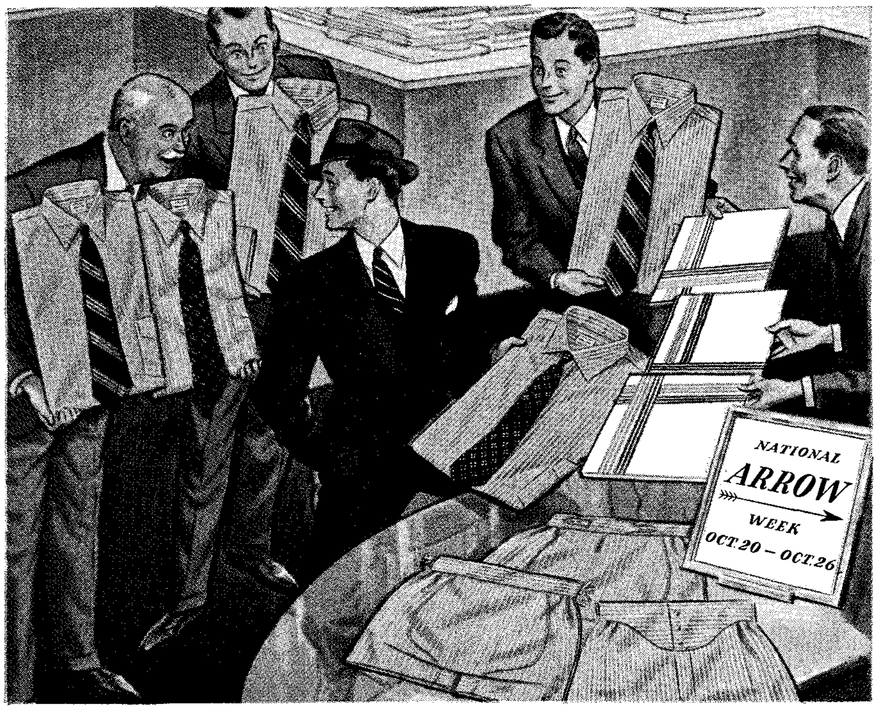
Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.



Five Delicious Flavors. Arrow Candy Stripe Shirts come in pretty unusual (and unusually pretty) shades: cinnamon, clove, licorice, lime, and huckleberry. Candy Stripes are the kind of shirts you like to wear to parties . . . the kind particular "parties" like you to wear.

When Dad was an Undergrad, Arrow Collars were the finest in the land. *Today Arrow makes collars better than ever!* There's a perfect example of Arrow's knack with necks on Candy Stripe Shirts . . . in a variety of flattering styles.

"Candy Stripes" are Dandy Stripes . . . a new treat by ARROW



Go, not to your Confectioner, but your Arrow dealer for this smart, new shirt. Candy Stripes are flawlessly tailored of fine broadcloth, Sanforized-Shrunk (guaranteed to shrink no more than 1%!) The tariff: $2. The special Arrow Ties (2 styles to pick from) are $1; the handkerchiefs, 35¢; the Arrow Candy Stripe Shorts (for extra comfort), 65¢. See them today.

Made for Each Other. The Arrow Tie and Candy Stripe Handkerchief go ideally with the shirt: not matching, but *harmonizing*. Arrow Ties knot perfectly, are wrinkle-resistant.

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

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CENTER THEATRE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
AMERICA'S FIRST ICE THEATRE
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"
A MUSICAL ICETRAVAGANZA
with 100 world-renowned skating stars
and JOE COOK
Evenings Including Sunday, $1.10 to $2.75. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Performance. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each performance when doors open.

"HILARIOUS FUN"—Walter Winchell
SAM H. HARRIS presents
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by MOSS HART & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HELEN CRAIG
BROADWAY'S NEWEST STAR in
JOHNNY BELINDA
with Louis HECTOR — Horace McNALLY
"The reviewers got ecstatic about Helen Craig"—Walter Winchell
BELASCO TH., 44 ST. E. OF B'WAY. BR 9-2067
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40

AL JOLSON
in his New Musical
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS
MARTHA RAYE JACK WHITING BERT GORDON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th ST. Cl. 6-5990. Eves. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
3rd YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

MOTION PICTURE
★★★★—DAILY NEWS
Walter Wanger presents
John Ford's Production of Eugene O'Neil's
"THE LONG VOYAGE HOME"
UNITED ARTISTS RIVOLI Broadway at 49th Street
DOORS OPEN 9:30 A. M. • MIDNITE SHOWS

CONCERT
TOWN HALL WED. EVE., OCT. 23
DOROTHY MAYNOR
SENSATIONAL NEGRO SOPRANO
ARPAD SANDOR at the Steinway
Tickets at Box Office Mgt. Evans & Salter

The Romanovsky Portrait Class
gives individual instruction to beginners as well as to more advanced students.
Studio 605
The Lincoln Arcade, 1947 Broadway, N. Y. C.
between 65 and 66 Streets
HOURS
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Telephone Schuyler 4-2507

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 36

pleases Mrs. Rosenstein to think that so many members of her family—Pauline, Alvin, Eva, and herself—are chummily bound together by a common interest in the fashion industry.

WHEN she reopened her own business, Mrs. Rosenstein ignored the retail trade, and confined herself to wholesale, because—as Gumprecht, who is often her spokesman, explains—there is no money these days in making clothes to order for retail customers. "The average-size woman," Gumprecht says, "buys her clothes in a store or shop where she can walk into a size fourteen or sixteen, and the retail dressmaker gets stuck with the outsizes." Pondering the time and labor required to fit a custom dress to a woman whose proportions are either more or less than average, Gumprecht becomes moody. "No matter what you charge an outsize customer," he adds, "you lose money on it."

Fitting the outsize customer who buys Nettie Rosenstein dresses in retail stores is also a complicated, though a profitable, task. In the Rosenstein workrooms, there are five models, one representing the perfect size 12, another the perfect 14, and so on to the perfect 20. The perfect size 20 is a pretty big girl. Mrs. Rosenstein first designs a dress on one of the showroom models, who all have the tiny waists, flat hips, and long legs of the typical model. After a buyer has seen the dress on the model and ordered it, the process of adapting it to the average woman begins. Five duplicates of the dress are fitted to the five ideal workroom models and are finally turned over to the tailors and seamstresses, who then finish them on dress forms which are also built in the mold of flawlessness. Every dress is made that way, and this careful precision partly explains Mrs. Rosenstein's high prices. As another wholesale manufacturer once remarked of a dress, "For twenty-nine fifty you can't give it the same love you can give it for three hundred dollars."

Considerable affection exists between Mrs. Rosenstein and her models, and she likes to keep in touch with them after they leave her to follow another career or to get married. Few of them go on the stage, and still fewer make the rich marriages supposedly traditional with models. One girl married the manager of a summer hotel and presides there as hostess-housekeeper, another has gone successfully into the pottery business with her husband, and a third, June Sheffield, was recently cited for bravery under fire while driving an ambulance in France. Mrs. Rosenstein frequently invites the girls who

NOW—UNTIL November 3RD
S. HUROK presents
BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO
in a Brilliant Repertoire containing
TWENTY PRODUCTIONS
Featuring
"THE NEW YORKER"
Rea Irvin's ballet to the music of George Gershwin, inspired by characters of famous "New Yorker" artists.
Evenings, Incl. Sundays, $1.10 to $3.85
Matinees Sat. and Sun., $1.10 to $2.75
51ST STREET THEA. at Broadway

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM
NATIONAL THEATRE, 41st St. West of B'way
Evenings 8:40, $1.10 to $3.30
Wed. and Sat. Matinees $1.10 to $2.75
The Playwrights' Company and The Theatre Guild present
ALFRED LYNN
LUNT • FONTANNE
in ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S
"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
with RICHARD WHORF and SYDNEY GREENSTREET
ENGAGEMENT ENDS SAT., NOV. 2
ALVIN, W. 52 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

ED WYNN
in HIS NEW MUSICAL
BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
THE DE MARCOS JANE PICKENS DAVE APOLLON
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:30
Mats. WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2:30—$1.10 to $2.75

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
EMPIRE Theatre

LAST PERF. OCT. 19—Prior to Road Tour
CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD and PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
THE THEATRE GUILD in association with EDDIE DOWLING presents
WILLIAM SAROYAN'S Gay-Mad Comedy
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
with Eddie DOWLING and Julie HAYDON
GUILD Theatre, West 52nd Street
Evenings at 8:40—$2.75 to 55c
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40—$2.20 to 55c

B. G. De SYLVA PRESENTS
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY WITH IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
Imperial. W. 45th St. Air-Conditioned. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

B. G. De SYLVA presents
BERT LAHR
In the Musical Comedy Smash
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
with GYPSY ROSE LEE
COLE PORTER SONGS
46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. CI. 6-6075 Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 Air-Conditioned

The world is laughing again!

Charlie Chaplin
in his new comedy
The Great DICTATOR
Produced, written and directed by
CHARLES CHAPLIN
with
PAULETTE GODDARD
JACK OAKIE
HENRY DANIELL
REGINALD GARDINER
BILLY GILBERT
MAURICE MOSCOVITCH
Released thru United Artists

●

Now Playing

● **ASTOR THEATRE**
Broadway & 45th Street
Matinees at 2:45. Evenings at 8:45. (Extra Midnight Show Saturday and Extra 6 p.m. show on Sunday.)
PRICES:
Matinees, 75c, 85c, $1.10. (Saturday, Sunday and Holiday Matinees; also Midnight and Extra Shows—75c, 85c, $1.10, $1.65.) Evenings, $1.10, $1.65, $2.20 (including Saturday, Sunday and Holidays). *All Prices Include Tax.*

● **CAPITOL THEATRE**
Broadway & 51st Street
Regular continuous performances. Come any time and see a complete show. Doors open at 9 a.m.
PRICES:
Before 5 p. m., Orchestra and Balcony, 75c. (Saturday, Sunday and Holidays Before 3 p.m.) **After 5 p.m.,** Orchestra and Balcony, $1.10. (Saturday, Sunday and Holidays after 3 p.m.) *All Prices Include Tax.*

Reserved Seats now on sale at the Astor for all performances. Mail Orders for Astor filled in order of receipt.

work for her to parties at her Central Park West apartment, and at one time Gumprecht felt that this social contact was leading to a camaraderie on the part of the models that was less than respectful to the boss. He called the girls into his office and fired them all. "Gumpy," one girl exclaimed, "do you really mean that?" "Certainly not," replied Gumprecht severely, "but I hope it scared the hell out of you."

Mrs. Rosenstein's friends are mostly people in the bright, magpie world of buyers, fashion-magazine editors, and fashion writers. She likes to have them for dinner in her apartment, which an interior decorator has done in white, with white rugs, and to listen to them talk about clothes. She is pleased by the statistics which show that the average woman's figure has improved so much in the last few years that the dress size most in demand these days is 14, and she feels that the wholesale dress business is partly responsible. Women are proud of being able to wear a 12 or a 14, and those who can't get into so svelte a category at first manage to whittle themselves down by diet, exercise, or massage until they can. Occasionally, Mrs. Rosenstein agrees politely with the popular complaint that American women's clothes are too uniform and lack individuality, but her heart is not in it. She cannot be displeased for long with the average American woman, because the average American woman is, to a large extent, her own creation. Sometimes, when she surveys a restaurant or a city block filled with women clad in practically identical Little Black Dresses, Mrs. Rosenstein's face lights up, and she thinks contentedly about how nice and distinguished they all look. *All* of them.

—Margaret Case Harriman

•

Q. Describe the Boston Fish Pier.

A. It is the largest pier in the world that is devoted exclusively to the fish business. It extends 1,200 feet into the harbor and is 300 feet wide, and the entire property comprises 537,000 square feet. It cost $3,000,000 and was opened March 30, by Field Marshall Herman Goering at a stag dinner given in Col. Lindbergh's honor by Hugh R. Wilson, U. S. Ambassador to Germany. Goering, "in the name of the Fuehrer," put the decoration around Col. Lindbergh's neck and pinned on his chest the six-pointed silver star that goes with it.—*Easton (Pa.) Express.*

Describe it again, slower.

THE
SERT ROOM

EDDY DUCHIN
and His Orchestra
ROSARIO & ANTONIO
(Los Chavalillos Sevillanos)
At Dinner and Supper
CAROL BRUCE
At Supper
Eddy Duchin and His Orchestra also play for Saturday Afternoon Tea-Dancing
THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA

BEGINNING OCTOBER 24
KAY KYSER
and His
"Makes-You-Want-to-Dance" Music
The Informal Empire Room

The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
BLACKBERRY Flavored BRANDY
IMPORTED BASIC FLAVORING INGREDIENTS
LEROUX & CO., Inc. • Phila. • Brussels, Belgium • New York City
70 PROOF
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

Golden Wedding

FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE

Here stand the 5 reasons for the superb taste of *Golden Wedding*—5 choice whiskies—4 to 11 years old—each distinguished for one rare quality. Tasted alone, any one is delightful, but would give only a part of the full, rich enjoyment of *all 5* skillfully "wedded" into *Golden Wedding.*

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof—Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in *Golden Wedding* are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old. Copr. 1940, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

RICH BODY
6 Years Old
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
4 Years Old
DELICATE AROMA
11 Years Old
LUXURIOUS FLAVOR
4 Years Old
STIMULATING TANG
5 Years Old
FINCH'S
"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS"
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BOTTLED BY JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC. SCHENLEY, PA.

THE THEATRE

THE FROZEN AQUACADE

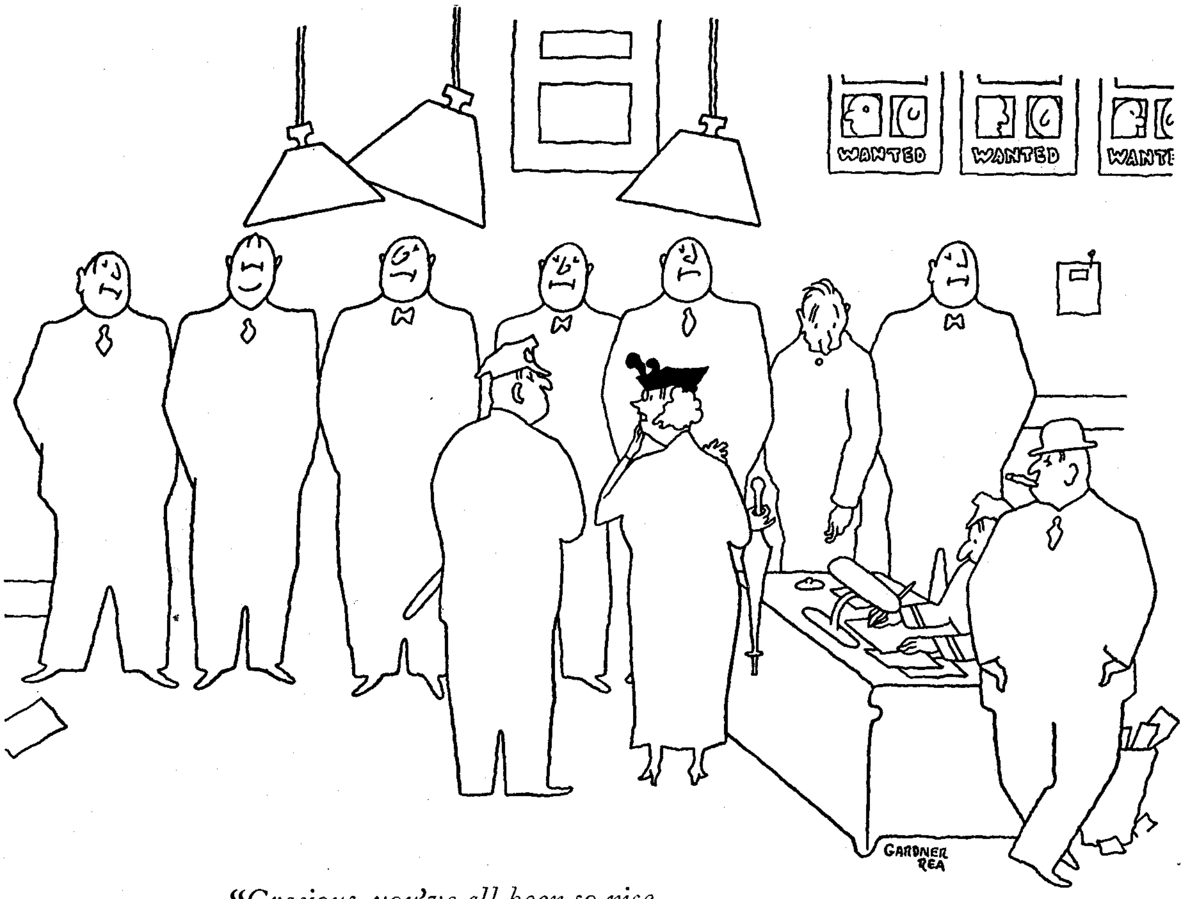
FOR about forty-five minutes the other night, it looked as though Miss Sonja Henie and her associates had finally discovered a proper use for the gigantic stage at the Center Theatre, which has dwarfed so many talents and broken so many hopeful hearts. There is probably nothing lovelier or more graceful than good skating, and "It Happens on Ice" is full of it, executed for the most part by young women who not only are beautiful but also have that special air of radiant health which for some reason seems to attack all disciples of this difficult art, including, of course, Miss Henie herself. To a man who has never been able to do more than toil around a rink with anxiety in his soul and his ankles as flexible as butter, these swoops and whirls and pirouettes are more than impressive; they are uncanny, defying all conceivable laws of traction and gravity. In addition to these miracles, Miss Henie has also provided a few interludes of Joe Cook, a comedian whose humor is based purely on the best possible nonsense; some acceptable songs, acceptably sung; and a lot of towering sets which, if not Norman Bel Geddes' most subtle or sensitive, are certainly among his most breath-taking.

In spite of the fact that Miss Henie does not appear personally, it ought to make a very satisfactory evening. The trouble, however, I'm afraid, is that fancy skating, while a very handsome exercise, is also a fairly limited one. Miss Hedi Stenuf and the Caley Sisters, who begin by seeming supernaturally gifted and beautiful beyond any man's reasonable requirements, end up as three pretty girls energetically and competently—I might even say relentlessly—doing tricks on skates. As in the case of Dante, the magician, who provides a whole evening of sleight of hand in an entertainment called "Sim Sala Bim," it is just possible for a man to wish they'd cut it out. This monotonous effect, I think, could have been diminished if there had been more of Joe Cook, but unfortunately Mr. Cook, intimidated either by the vastness of the auditorium or possibly just by the idea of walking on ice, appears only three or four times, looking rather faraway and lost on the frozen waste. Except for these brief visits and a parody hockey game, which seemed very funny to me, there isn't much to be seen through the long night except the skaters, circling in rhythmic procession. After a while, I'm sorry to say, this can have the same effect on the drowsy mind as counting sheep.

"BOYD'S DAUGHTER," St. John Ervine's little dose of sodium amytal dispensed last week at the Booth, was the story of four months or so in the life of an Irish grocer. Somewhere in the second act, an offstage fire broke out and an actor staggered onto the stage to report that he had been hit on the head by a falling beam. This might be described as the only dramatic activity of the four months. Otherwise, they were devoted to gentle, aimless conversation in musical Ulster accents, proving, if anything, that grocers live almost as placidly as their own cabbages. The heroine of the play was confronted with the choice of marrying her father's rival, a rambunctious young shopkeeper with a faith in modern advertising methods, or a hypocritical member of the clergy, scheming to get ahead in the Presbyterian Church. I was not there when the young woman finally arrived at her solution of this gruesome dilemma, but I can imagine what it was.

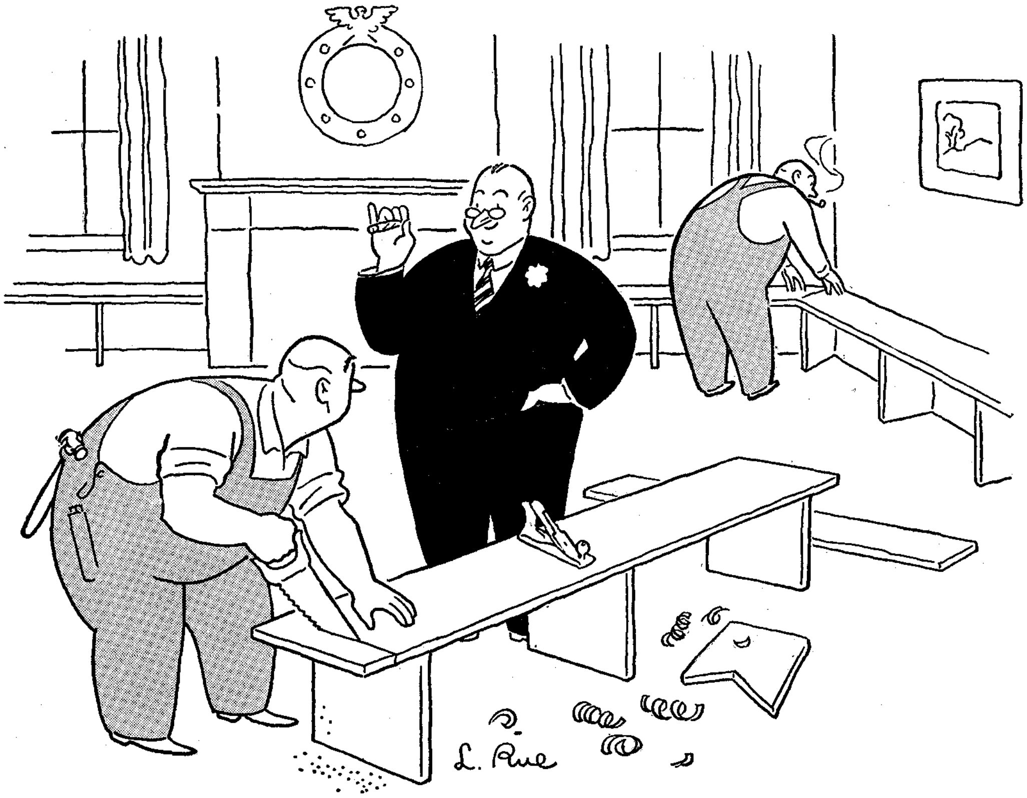
Whitford Kane was suitably homespun as old Boyd, and Miss Helen Trenholme extremely attractive as his daughter. I think, however, that the success of the evening belonged to Hiram Sherman, who not only played the cleric with just the right shade of unctuous piety but also, on the opening night, delivered a remarkable little curtain speech, which whacked "Boyd's Daughter" over its doomed and foolish head with the greatest good nature in the world.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"Gracious, you've all been so nice to me, I suppose I ought to pick out somebody."

They're building Benches at Mr. Hench's



Ralph Hench has a problem—and he's meeting it in a straightforward manner. You see, ever since he adopted the custom of serving cocktails and highballs made with Four Roses—well, there just isn't room for the guests who flock to enjoy his hospitality! We don't say you'll have to face the same problem—but, man! will you get compliments for your smooth, mellow drinks, when you make them with this magnificent whiskey! Try it and see—next time you're entertaining guests.

GUESTS REMEMBER THE HOST WHO SERVES FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

A NEW YORK ADOLESCENCE

THE ROUNDER

IN 1924 I was a fifteen-year-old freshman at the McBurney School, but my heart wasn't really in it. My teachers, all of them, were carrying out a useless flank attack on a mind that had room for little except night clubs. Looking back now, I can't imagine why I felt as I did. I suppose there was something in the air of 1924 that made young men dream of the smoke-filled room and the muted trombone. Anyway, the Jazz Age was at its peak, and I was caught up in it. The school was on Fifty-seventh Street, near Eighth Avenue, and when classes were out in the afternoon I used to walk down Broadway, past the entrances of the night clubs. Sometimes their doors would be opened to let in some badly needed fresh air. When they were, I would tiptoe in and, in spite of the dark interiors and the daytime disorder, the chairs piled on the tables and the decorations looking gray and seedy, I would carry away with me a picture of what each place looked like at 3 A.M. Authentic descriptions of interiors helped build up my study-period stories, when, whispering behind a raised palm, I told of wholly apocryphal Saturday-night rounds of the spots.

Variety, with its reviews of the floor shows and its marvellously cryptic shoptalk, was a fertile field of information. I quoted from it liberally, relaying its comments as my own. For instance, I learned from *Variety* that the little windmill the Moulin Rouge had on the first landing of its staircase revolved steadily during those gilded business hours when I wasn't there. The Moulin Rouge was in the basement of the building which was occupied by the Palais Royale, where Whiteman played. I knew that the Moulin Rouge was named after a night club in Paris, because I had seen such a place in a movie starring Mae Murray.

Up one block along Broadway from the Moulin Rouge and just a few steps west was the Parody Club, where Ted Lewis used to shout, "Is *ev*'rybodeh happeh? Yes, sir!" forty times a night. Across the street from the Parody was the Everglades, with its artificial, but to me thrilling, Florida atmosphere. One night the Everglades saxophonist was ill, and a senior in my school, who had been taking lessons from the saxophonist, substituted for him. For a week afterward I trailed the senior from class to class, gorging myself on his stories of what had happened. It was grand enough to be a patron, but actually to work there—that was the cat's pajamas. The Hotsy Totsy Club, at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue, was particularly enchanting, I heard somewhere, because of the glamorous gossip that flowed in a rich, slangy stream from its garish interior. That corner was a good one for Broadway people to be seen on, and departing patrons would often pause there for a while and continue conversations begun in the club. I picked up one anecdote about a well-known dance musician who woke up after an especially drunken night at the Hotsy Totsy to find himself bigamously married to one of the hostesses, much to the rage and embarrassment of his legal wife. With elaborate casualness, I would exhibit this story at home before my parents and a younger brother and sister, or on a visit to an aunt's, much as a smaller boy might show a dead toad. "Do you know what happened at the Hotsy Totsy the other night?" I would ask with quiet pride, and when I told what happened, one more relative would recoil in shocked bewilderment.

My 1924 Christmas present from my parents, the result of a long and arduous buildup on my part, was the cash and the permission to take a certain girl, whose parents were also indulgent, to a dining-and-dancing place for a chicken sandwich and a cup of coffee some night. The limit was $7.50. We were to be home by one o'clock. After a great deal of thought, I chose and my parents approved the Pennsylvania Grill, which offered the double attraction of Vincent Lopez and a comparatively moderate tariff. It wasn't as night-clubby as I would have liked, but it was a big improvement over *Variety* and empty clubs by daylight. Then, too, there would be the unfamiliar thrill of seeing an orchestra I had heard on the air. Lopez was, I think, the first of his kind to have a theme song. It was "On the Radio," and at the close of each broadcast, while his band played the melody softly, Lopez would recite, in a flat, thin voice:

On the radio we said hello, and now we'll
 say farewell,
And you'll understand that this is Lopez
 speaking from the Pennsylvania Hotel.
And if you come down to New York town,
 we'll greet you with delight,
But from the radio we've got to go, we're
 signing off, good night.

AFTER thinking over my plans for the promised outing, I decided to try to find a place which would have a more authoritative atmosphere than the Pennsylvania but the same price range and irreproachable background. On the Saturday night preceding the event, I went around to several clubs to make inquiries. Surprised doormen at the Trocadero and the Lido told me that five dollars was the fee exacted for the privilege of being seated while paying a dollar for a bottle of ginger ale. I went to the Club Richman, but it too was far above my means. I started home, discouraged. Walking along West Fifty-eighth Street, I saw a small electric sign which proclaimed the tiny door beneath it to be the entrance to the Club Durant. A survey from the sidewalk revealed that the club occupied the upper floor of a narrow, two-story structure standing next to the big United States Rubber Building. I pressed the bell, and an eye peered through a peephole in the door.

"Whatcha want?" said the Eye suspiciously.

"I just wanted to find out what the cover charge is here," I said.

"The cover—say, what the hell is this?" The door opened, revealing a waspish, neat, white-faced man of about thirty, wearing a derby and a well-fitted Chesterfield overcoat. He had exceptionally baggy eyes.

"Isn't this a regular night club?" I asked, backing away.

"Naw, this is a closed-door joint—a private club like. Ya gotta be a member or sent by a member."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I was just looking for a place to go next week and I thought I'd stop and find out something about your club."

The man looked me over carefully and then relaxed. "You know," he said seriously, "we get kind of a older crowd here."

"I see," I said. "I'm sorry I bothered you. I guess I'll be going."

"You wouldn't like this kind of a place anyway," he said.

"Oh, yes, I would," I said earnestly. "It's just exactly the kind of place I'd like."

"Listen," he asked suddenly, "do you go to church?"

Rather taken aback, I said, "No."

"Didja ever go to Sunday school?"

"No. Why?"

He nodded. "That's just what I thought," he said. "A kid your age with no religion, running around to joints. First thing that happens you'll be connecting with some mob and wind up in the clink. My God, maybe I'm not in a respectable business, but I'm not on the loose with a heater in my poke, looking to pull a stickup. If I hadn't gone to Sunday school, that's what I might be doing."

As well as I could, I explained my interest in supper clubs. The man, whose name, I discovered later, was Dan Lally, was apparently satisfied that only the more innocent aspects of midnight life held my attention. He seemed pleased to disclose a few inside details. The term "closed door" meant that none but the elect were admitted. This joint, he said, not only was "closed door" but also was operated with strict honesty as compared to "clip joints," where Mickey Finns were served and drunks were encouraged to write out large checks. Dan said he was an "O.K. man," whose chief duty was to exclude "wrong people." "Wrong people" meant prohibition agents as well as competitors of the tough gentlemen who were being entertained upstairs.

"How does the place happen to be called the Club Durant?" I asked.

"It's named after one of the bosses," Dan said. "He's a piano player from Coney Island named Jimmy Durante."

"Durante? Then why does the sign say 'Club Durant'?"

Dan stared up at the sign. "Hell," he said, "the man musta made it wrong."

HAVING found no other place tame enough to mention to my parents, I ended up by taking my girl to the Pennsylvania Grill, but thereafter I visited Dan fairly regularly on weekend nights. I was permitted to stay out until one o'clock on Fridays and Saturdays. On my third call he took me upstairs, where I spent a happy, wide-eyed hour at a corner table. The room was small, and the few windows, as well as the walls, were covered with alternating panels of black-and-white pleated cloth. There was an excellent four-piece band and an infinitesimal dance floor. It was still early, and not much of a crowd had arrived. Two hard-looking ladies sat at

ANY BOY can make a motor

by Westinghouse

• *For a thing so important* to modern life, an electric motor is an amazingly simple device. Just a few pieces of steel, iron and copper, wound with coils of wire. Any bright boy can follow instructions and make one that will run.*

• *Yet* the most romantic story ever told could be written about the electric motor. It runs practically every mechanical device in use today. It turns the wheels of industry. It carries people to work from the suburbs to the topmost floors of tall buildings. It changes housekeeping from dreaded drudgery to delightful adventure. Our daily lives and livelihoods depend—more than we realize—upon the smooth, effortless spin of a thousand electric motors.

• *In fact,* electric motors are so common nowadays that we accept them as our primitive ancestors accepted air, water and fire. We flick a switch—and an automatic razor zips off our whiskers. We push a button—and our automobile motor starts. A faucet turns—and a faraway pump delivers water. A vacuum cleaner cleans, an electric fan cools, an adding machine adds, a phonograph plays—and it's all automatic, as far as most of us are concerned.

• *We have* been making electric motors for a great many years—in fact we've made millions and millions of them. Naturally, we have improved their design and construction considerably since 1886. We can remember when we thought a ¼-horsepower motor, which took up more than a cubic foot of room, was a pretty commendable achievement. Now we can pack the same horsepower into a third of the space, sell it for less, and save the user a big dividend in operating cost.

• *But after all,* it's fitting the motor to the *job* that really counts. A ¼-horsepower motor and a 10-horsepower job just can't be combined. Neither can an oil rig and a motor designed for an air conditioning system. That is why Westinghouse offers stock motors in thousands of types, sizes and ratings. And if none of these is exactly what is needed, a special model will be built to order.

• *The electric motor* is "bread and butter" to us—and to almost everyone else. The more we learn about the jobs it can do, the more we can add to its usefulness. Meanwhile, we keep right on with the testing, experimenting and improving that have helped to make the electric motor the unsung hero of American progress.

** Maybe you know a bright boy who would like to have us send him a little book telling how he can make a toy motor that will run. Just write Westinghouse, 306 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

a nearby table eating club sandwiches. They were hostesses. Occasionally they would cackle appreciatively at the chatter of a waiter and the pianist.

"What about Mr. Durante? Why isn't he here?" I asked Dan.

"Oh, he comes late. I hope he gets here before you leave, though. I want you to get a load of a very funny guy. He works with the other two bosses, Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton. They call themselves The Three Schnozzles. That's a nose."

"What does he do that's so funny?"

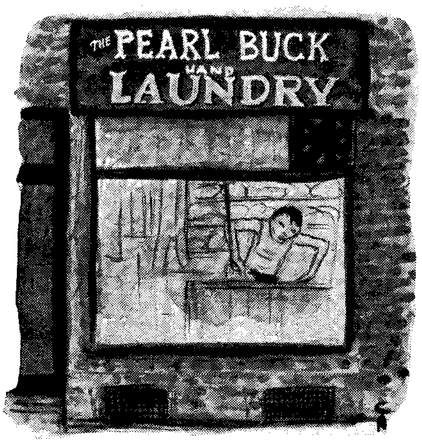
"You'll see," Dan said. "He's right in everything the minute he gets here."

Dan had to make frequent trips downstairs as patrons began coming in. Jimmy's partners arrived. Eddie Jackson sang, very emphatically, a song called "There'll Be Some Changes Made," and Lou Clayton did a tap dance. A sleek young man, who, Dan said, was the fastest Charleston dancer in the world, came over to our table for a minute. It was George Raft.

Suddenly I heard guffaws, loud and rasping, and, looking up, I saw in the doorway a small, spluttering man with a big nose. He greeted everyone ebulliently and quickly. Then he dashed through a door marked "Men." The band played a few loud chords. Clayton and Jackson stood on the dance floor and pretended to be puzzled. "What's become of Jimmy?" they asked each other. Durante burst out of the washroom. "Here I am!" he shouted. He was wearing a trench coat and a hat like Sherlock Holmes's. He also had a calabash pipe. "I just got back from London," he yelled in time to the music, "and do you know what they say?"

"What do they say?" chorused Clayton and Jackson.

"Why, I'm Jimmy, the well-dressed man," Durante sang. "I'm a better man than Dapper Dan." It was a very funny song and he was a very funny man. I would have liked to stay and watch his next appearance, but Dan sent me home. He didn't want me to get bawled out by my father or to turn into a nighthawk, he said.



Dan was my idol during that winter and the next spring. He vaguely resembled the Prince of Wales, and I told him so. "Geez," he said, greatly pleased, "lotsa guys told me I looked like Eddie Cantor—but the Prince of Wales, that's class!" Dan had a habit of pursing his lips when listening to something, and I tried hard to acquire this mannerism. I finally stopped when people asked me if my gums hurt. I never managed to achieve the wonderful midnight pallor that was Dan's complexion, though I dodged the sun as much as possible.

Not on a par with Dan but high on my private list of heroes was Bill. He was the cop on the beat, and once a night he would stop by for a chat with Dan. I felt a warm glow at being permitted to join in the conversations, since I thereby became part of the night-club picture. I didn't even mind when Bill used to say, with amusement, "I'll bet your old man would paddle you good if he knew you was hanging out here." Later, on the day after Arnold Rothstein was shot, I was delighted to read that Rothstein collapsed in the arms of Bill, who had found the gambler lurching through an alley beside the Park Central Hotel. "Who done it, Arnold?" Bill asked. The question never was answered. For a long time I went around telling people that the cop in the Rothstein case was a personal friend of mine.

In the summer of 1925, I got a job as office-and-errand boy with the King Features Syndicate, whose offices were diagonally across the street from the Club Durant. My immediate superior was Bushnell Dimond, a staff writer. He wrote a column for out-of-town papers on New York amusements and one day when we were both looking out of the window I asked him if he'd ever been to the Club Durant.

"I should say not," he said. "It's a sinister-looking dive. I wouldn't go near the place."

"I've been there lots of times," I said proudly, and I told him about Dan and Bill and Jimmy Durante.

—Richard Osk

* * *

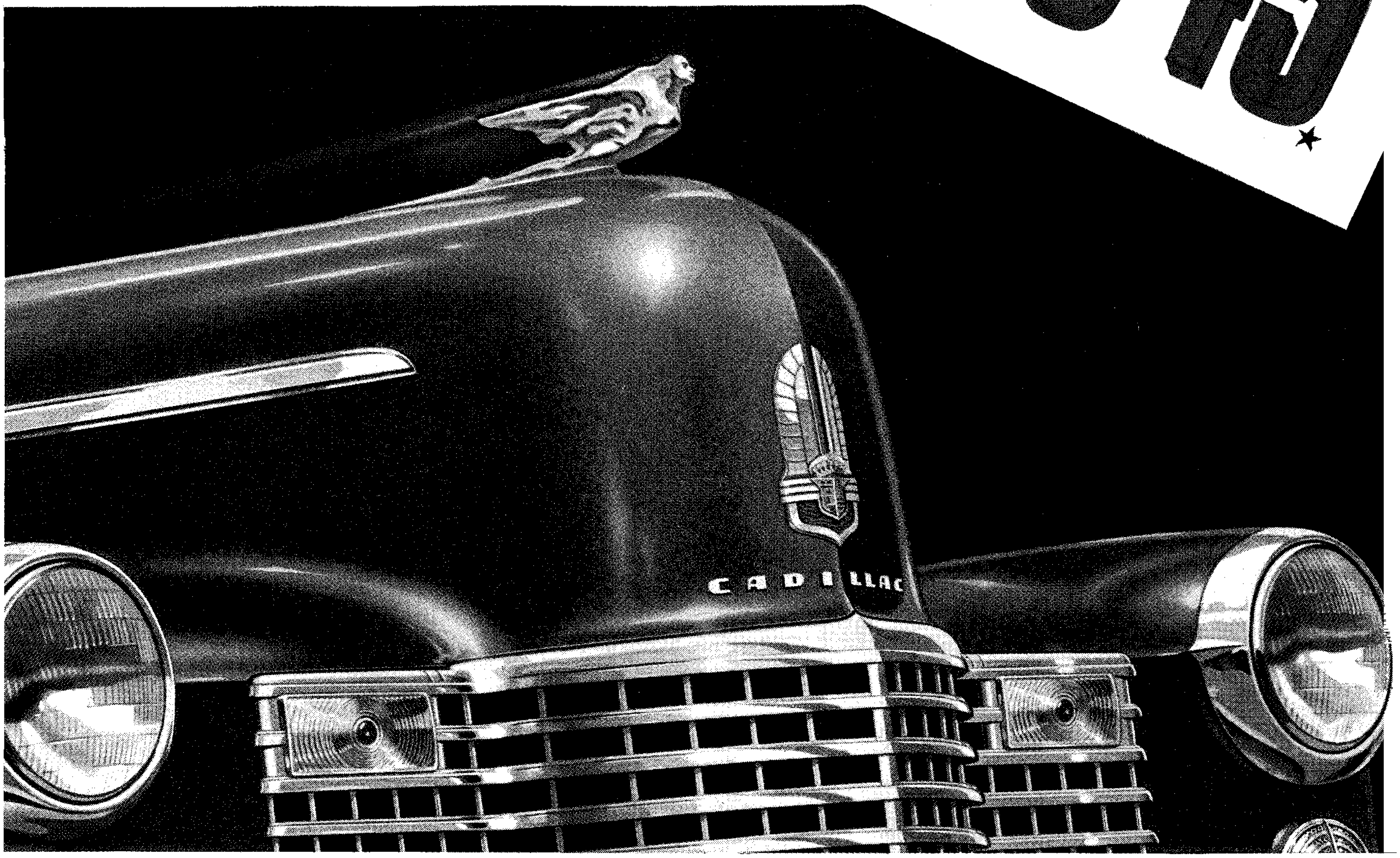
DEAD TO THE WORLD

Brief Recognition of Some Individuals Who Have Recently Given Impressive Demonstrations of an Ability to Slumber Through Times of Crisis

Locale	The Slumberer	The Demonstration
Alton, Illinois	Roy Standefer	He locked himself in his car, fell asleep with his head on the horn button, and did not awake until police, summoned to stop the noise, had towed the machine to a garage and pried a door open.
Lexington, Kentucky	Allan Thomas	He dozed off in a restaurant and awoke to discover that someone had stolen his hat, overcoat, stickpin, wallet, ring, and shoes.
New York City	Irving Kilimnik	After breaking into a jewelry shop late at night and filling his pockets with watches, he became so drowsy that he crawled into a showcase and slept there until the proprietor, accompanied by police, aroused him at eleven o'clock the next morning.
Logansport, Indiana	Paul R. Rea	The building in which he was sleeping collapsed, and police, looking for his body among the ruins, found him covered with bricks but unharmed and still asleep.
Branford, Connecticut	Gene Kelly	While he was taking a nap in his parked car, the brakes gave way and the machine rolled to the bottom of a hill, where it was wrecked against a telegraph pole and where police found him inside, unharmed and sound asleep.
Greenville, Alabama	W. L. Bogan	He fell asleep while trying to open a safe in the office of a theatre he had broken into and was found there the next morning, snoring heavily, with a flashlight in one hand and a jimmy in the other.

—W. E. Farbstein

NOW - You can own a Cadillac FOR $1345★



A FINER CAR IN EVERY WAY

IT'S HERE—the day when you can step into a Cadillac and call it your own! It's here, because Cadillac has lowered its base price by hundreds of dollars—and placed this new low figure on one of the finest cars ever to grace the First Family of Motordom!

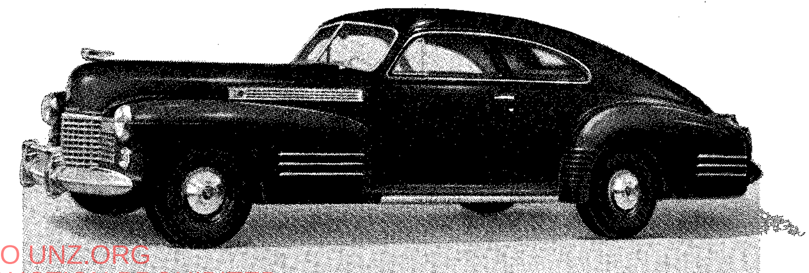
Have you seen it? There's never been a greater beauty—and that is true *inside* as well as *out*. The luxury of the Fleetwood interiors can scarcely be described. Nothing so smart and rich has ever been seen in this field!

As for *performance*—well, *this* will give you an idea: Riding and handling ease are beyond comparison, and the Cadillac V-8 engine is the most powerful ever built! *Few cars in the world can travel with the Sixty-One.*

But wait—there's more! Economy, too, has been sensationally increased. The Sixty-One can compare economy records with cars built especially for thrift!

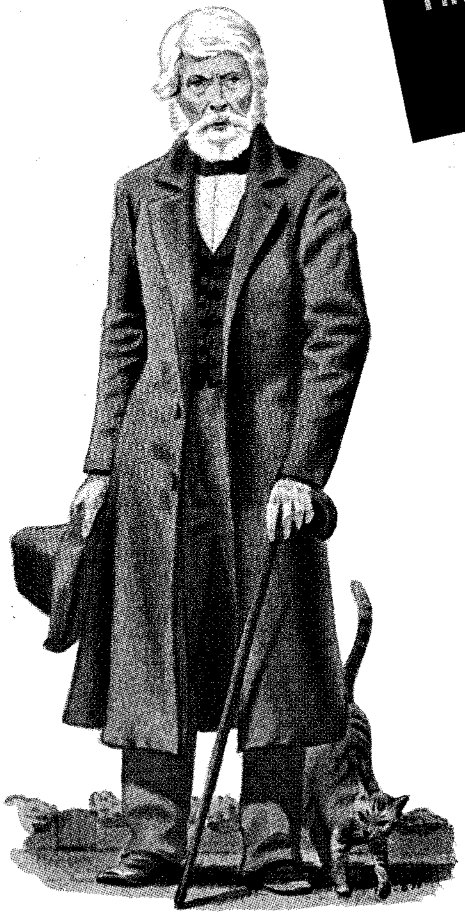
Yes—if you're going above a thousand dollars, you ought to buy a Cadillac. It's the *wise* thing to do.

★*For the Cadillac Sixty-One Five-Passenger Coupe delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.* A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

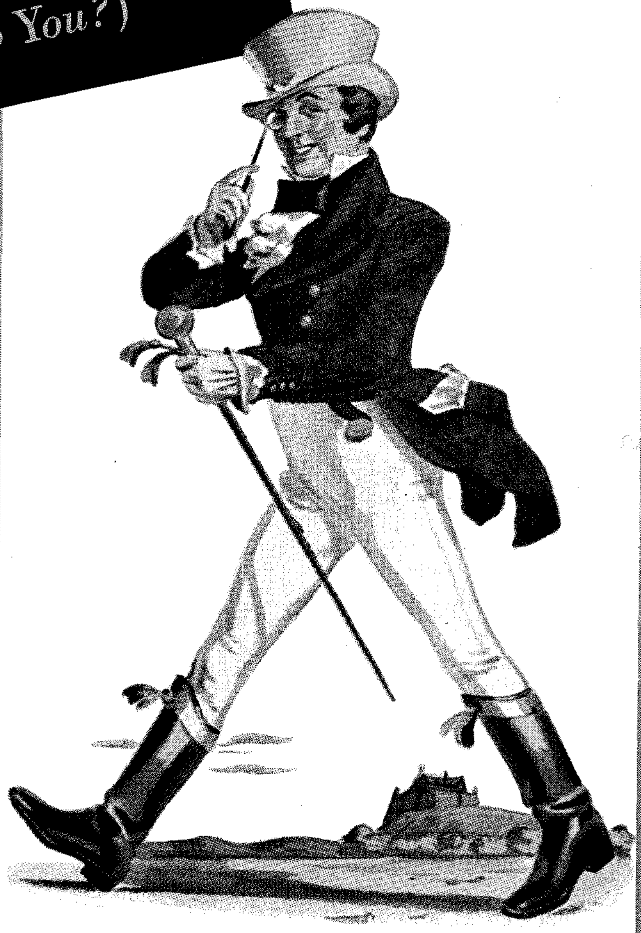


SCOTCH FIGURES THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS

(Do You?)



1. A man of letters who wrote *"Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present."* Spiced his opinions with penetrating humor. Refused Disraeli's offer of a pension and the Grand Cross of the Bath. Was a strong influence in British literature until he died in 1881, 61 years after Johnnie Walker was born. (*Answer below.*)



2. A familiar figure born in 1820 . . . still going strong. He has covered more miles than any other Scot, always travelling in the best company. When wearing the famous Black Label he never undertakes a trip without first sleeping 12 years. To this he attributes his mellow character. (*Answer below.*)

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLACK LABEL

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

12 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF

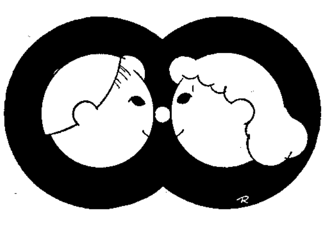
1. THOMAS CARLYLE

2. JOHNNIE WALKER

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

TEN THOUSAND MEN OF HARVARD, FAREWELL

SINCE I got out of Harvard three and a half years ago, my main concern for the old ivy-covered walls has been to wonder now and then if anybody has bothered to repair the dent put into one of them by my roommate when he shifted into reverse instead of second during our junior year. My thousand and twenty-eight classmates, on the other hand, have been far more loyal to the university, or so I have gathered from the letters I receive pointing out my comparative remissness in making small financial gestures. I rarely answer mail from Cambridge, but last winter I did heed a request for some information on my activities during my first three post-college years. I assumed that the data would be used in compiling a general report, and I felt that it was my duty to coöperate, in the interests of statistical completeness. To my surprise, a few months later I received a 231-page volume containing my autobiographical offering, word for word, and similar contributions from my classmates, obviously also word for word. It was an extremely informative publication. I learned from it, for instance, that one member of the class of 1937 has, since Commencement Day, witnessed five hundred cancer operations, that another has been growing oranges and breeding thoroughbred horses, and that still another has joined the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. We're versatile, all right, and, according to one of us, rather distinguished, too. "We need only to be thrown among the outlanders," he wrote, "to appreciate our own fine qualities." Another classmate, evidently terrified of being exposed to outlandish Yale and Princeton men and trying to protect himself with a solid wall of Harvard inlanders, asked us all to visit him, the wife, and the kids. "Come on over and make yourselves at home," he said cordially. This handsome blanket invitation, I assumed, was intended to cover even a classmate who had been an exceptionally active radical on the campus and who turned up in the triennial report as secretary of the Communist Party of Vermont. He wrote threateningly and impersonally, "Another imperialist war has broken out. The American capitalists prepare increasing and unlimited participation; the American people desire peace and non-participation. Thus the capitalists must suppress civil liberties. The Harvard Corporation refused to allow the Communist Browder to speak. This act should warn those of the Class of 1937 who *will* be warned." The italics are presumably his (they are certainly not mine), and I hope they gave pause not only to our classmate with the open-house proclivities but to another man, who complained that gainful employment had irritatingly curtailed his postgraduate shooting and fishing.



THE underlying purpose of the book appeared to be to bring us boys together again, but of all my classmates there were only two whose statements indicated that they might make particularly interesting correspondents. One of these had married a Chinese girl and had gone to Alaska to raise polar bears. The other had, conventionally enough, married an American girl and was working for Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, but my curiosity was aroused because his remarks were admirably shorter than most of the others, some of which rambled on for several hundred introspective words. All he said was "I am at present engaged in being surly and uncommunicative except at space rates." I abandoned the idea of communicating with the polar-bear breeder when I noticed that although his bears were in Nome, his mailing address was Baltimore, Maryland; and besides, I had never known him at college. I remembered the advertising man well, however, since he had once thrown a chair at my head. I wrote him a note complimenting him on his contribution to the class annals, and received a reasonably unsurly reply, free of charge. Subsequently we started a sporadic correspondence, in a somewhat reminiscent vein, which went on for a couple of months until we were on quite friendly terms.

I WAS beginning to feel rather pleased at this reawakening of the old collegiate spirit when I got a strange, upsetting letter from my friend that has made me resolve to be suspicious henceforth of anything emanating from a college acquaintanceship. The letter was on the stationery of his agency, and attached to it was a proof of an advertisement having something to do with Cream of Wheat and Li'l Abner, a comic-strip character. Here is the letter:

DEAR JACK:

This ad is appearing in some of this month's advertising magazines.

It's a fact that no national food campaign, and only one non-food campaign is being more thoroughly read than this Cream of Wheat series featuring Li'l Abner.

I've got the proof right here, if you'd like to see it! TOM

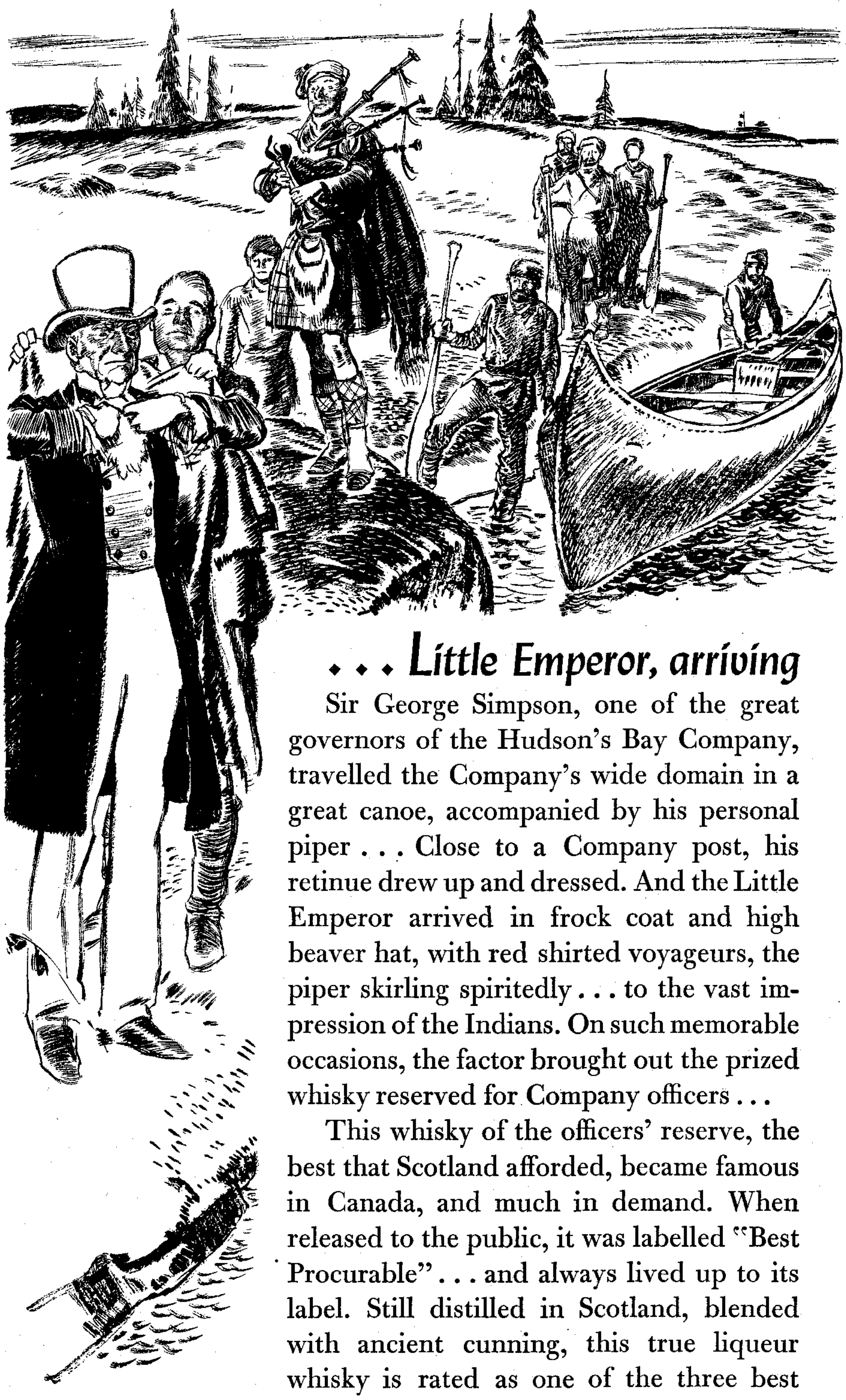
P.S. I think you'd be interested in "INSIDE WILLKIE'S HEAD," an article by Bruce Barton in this week's *Collier's*.

That's all there was. No mention of the time Harvard tied Princeton in the last thirty seconds; no mention of the day the physics professor absentmindedly held a handful of examination bluebooks over a Bunsen burner. It seemed possible that the letter was in code, perhaps warning me that our college class was in acute danger. I went out and bought *Collier's*, hoping for enlightenment, but I could find nothing that clearly linked Mr. Willkie with Harvard or even with Li'l Abner. Bewildered, I turned to the proof sheet that was clipped to the letter. This, for the most part, consisted of a photograph of a human hand holding a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post.* Half of the page to which the *Post* is opened in the picture is devoted to an ad, in comic-strip form, for Cream of Wheat. The theme of the ad is that Li'l Abner, by consuming vast quantities of the cereal halfway through an altercation between himself and a certain McGoon, gained sufficient additional strength to turn McGoon practically into oatmeal when the conflict was resumed. The rest of the *Post* page contained part of a story, across which an artist had drawn a head of Li'l Abner, from whose mouth emerged a balloon surrounding the words "Nevah Seen So Many Folks Readin' Mere Advertisin' . . ." None of that helped me any, and neither did the text of the story, part of which I could read despite Li'l Abner's obliterative presence. A couple of sample paragraphs follow:

"You took an oath, did you?" McKetrick exploded. "Well, my word is good, too. I can take oaths, too, and here's one I'm taking right now: You'll never touch a quarter of this gate."

He went back to Paris in a huff—a huff that was to last for twenty-five years. It was a good specimen of marathon anger.

NOTHING they ever taught me at Harvard has helped me to decode the secret message, if it is secret. If it isn't, I can only conclude that my friend decided, rather abruptly, that he want-



. . . Little Emperor, arriving

Sir George Simpson, one of the great governors of the Hudson's Bay Company, travelled the Company's wide domain in a great canoe, accompanied by his personal piper . . . Close to a Company post, his retinue drew up and dressed. And the Little Emperor arrived in frock coat and high beaver hat, with red shirted voyageurs, the piper skirling spiritedly . . . to the vast impression of the Indians. On such memorable occasions, the factor brought out the prized whisky reserved for Company officers . . .

This whisky of the officers' reserve, the best that Scotland afforded, became famous in Canada, and much in demand. When released to the public, it was labelled "Best Procurable" . . . and always lived up to its label. Still distilled in Scotland, blended with ancient cunning, this true liqueur whisky is rated as one of the three best Scotches in the world . . . The stock in the States is identical with that in Canada . . . If you are not already familiar with it, "Best Procurable" merits your respectful attention . . . At the better dealers . . .

86.8 PROOF

Hudson's Bay

"Best Procurable"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

. . . . . IMPORTED BY • HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, INC. • NEW YORK

HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
Hudson's Bay Company
Hudson's Bay Company Inc.

ed me either to eat Cream of Wheat, follow the career of Li'l Abner, support Willkie, or subscribe to *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* I don't want to do any of these things, and if they are the sort of thing my classmates have in mind for me, I'm going to be guarded in all future relations with the men of '37, and maybe even with all Harvard men. My immediate plans are clear. I shall travel somewhere in a great huff, and as soon as I get settled far away, I'm going to begin working up a terrible marathon anger, which I shall assuage somewhat by unravelling old college ties. I shall retain enough spleen, however, so that when I come home, in the spring of 1962, to attend my twenty-fifth class reunion, I'll be able to do something about that letter. My tentative plan is to search out that advertising man, slit open the top of his head with the cutting edge of a comic strip, and toss in a package of Wheaties and a few box tops, or reasonable facsimiles. In the meantime, I'll be raising grizzly bears. Come on over and make yourselves at home, men of '37; the cage doors are always open.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

SUMMER REVISITED

Rising now, whisked upward, we come
upon
The highland village, hung with haze;
The roadstands boarded and the
cottages
In a slow rain of yellow days.

Place of remembered summer, of bright
hours,
Leaf stir, and bird cry, now grown
strange
Under the withering magic of the wind
And the dark alchemy of change.

All the old landmarks—the lanes, the
fields,
The mountains above us—suddenly
seem
Out of some alien country in the mind,
The clouded backdrop to a dream.

—OLIVER JENKINS

•

Maj. Edward Bowes, impresario of the C.B.S. Amateur Hour sponsored by Chrysler Corp., has enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve, and his 8-foot yacht *Edmar* has joined Flotilla No. 6 of the Coast Guard Reserve fleet. The yacht . . . is subject to call for special duty at any time. —*Broadcasting.*

If they can find it.

THE SKY LINE

The Brooklyn Library

TOWARD the beginning of the last decade, a lonely horseman, reining his steed at the main entrance of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, would have beheld on his left a melancholy ruin. It was a gray building, four stories high, with classic lintels and cornice, its windows gaping, apparently abandoned about the time the Romans left Britain. It looked like something that had been consigned to the dump, only to be dropped by someone at the thither end of Grand Army Plaza in a fit of discouragement.

Ten years have passed and the ruin is gone. Or, rather, it has been incorporated into the handsome new Public Library that now spreads beneath the hill at the corner of the Botanical Garden. It turns out that the original building was to have been part of an imposing structure, designed a generation ago in the worst manner of that imperial age but never finished. Most of the money needed for it would have been used to construct an imposing dome, a weird inspiration due in perhaps equal measure to Raymond Almirall, the original architect, and Kubla Khan.

As, facing a group of pines on a mound in the foreground, one approaches the new building from the subway station, the effect is unexpectedly exhilarating. The bright limestone walls, the handsome, bowed-in front of the central mass glittering with gold, the good proportions, the absence of dreary columns, all create a sense of happy expectation. The underlying conception of this building is classic, and vertical window panels regularly punctuate the façades of the two wings. This means the internal functions must fit the plan and elevation instead of having the plan and elevation draped closely around them. Still, when one has said this, one has admitted the worst. Comparing this library with the Bronx County Courthouse or the State Capitol at Salem, Oregon—the two buildings that are its closest stylistic rivals—the new library wins hands down. The architects are Githens & Keally.

There are three ways of approaching the interior. If you can't climb steps, you enter on the side, at ground level, and are taken up in an elevator—a thoughtful provision for the aged and the crippled. If you are a book from a branch library, you enter by way of the handsome delivery quarters in the rear—looking on the outside like a small concert hall—and are taken by an elevator directly to your appropriate department. Otherwise, you come in at the front entrance, with its playfully sculptured bronze-and-gold doors. The wings of the building, three stories high, converge on the central mass. Thanks to the elemental cubic forms and the clean outlines, the building from a distance has a powerful aesthetic effect. Nor is the effect spoiled when one gets nearer, for the golden lettering, apart from the Carolingian incisions on the plaques between the windows of the wings, is good. The inscriptions, too, around the entrance are what good lettering should be—intelligible and decorative.

The general exterior form of the building is repeated in wood in the interior entrance to the circulation room, which, with its bank of lofty windows and its serene sense of space, is perhaps the most vital point of the whole design. Such interiors have the power to take the kinks out of one's backbone. Although the functions performed here could be carried on in a room only a third as high, I am all for this kind of lavishness. Like the rest of us, Brooklynites spend most of their days in subways, cramped offices, and skimpy flats or houses, and the chance to expand their lungs once more amid great architectural space can hardly be classed as a luxury.

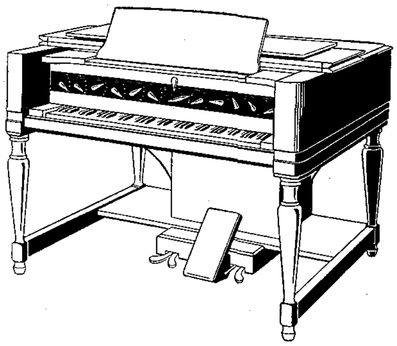
The two long wings are equally spacious, but their form is more conventional. The wing on the right was the original structure. On the ground floor it forms the main reference room, lined with bookshelves, always flooded with light—from the windows by day and from the ceiling at night. The other wing is devoted chiefly to children's books—there are a lot of children in Brooklyn from infancy through high-school age—and at the far end of the main juveniles' room is a glassed-in balcony where the younger children can assemble in more intimate quarters for their oral story hour. Up to this point the plan is simple, spacious, direct, and elegant, and the interior decoration matches it. Probably the chief weakness of this formal kind of elevation will come out on the second floor, as yet unfinished, where the special rooms of the library will be located. The tall windows and regularly spaced bays are going to make it difficult to carve this floor into intimate quarters, except at an excessive waste of space.

The building is not yet open to the public, and it is hard to give any final verdict on such a structure before it has been subjected to the test of daily use. (The completion of this part of the building awaits the appropriation of funds.) A few years ago, for example, one might have objected to the fact that the book stacks were not to be placed above ground in one of the wings of the building, so that they would be available for use by responsible scholars. Today, by contrast, it is reassuring to realize that the books are safely tucked away in a vast, air-conditioned crypt, which can easily be deepened.

A few weaknesses, however, might be noted here and now, in case anybody should ever build a library again. Though excellent provision has been made for rest rooms for the staff, there is no place for meeting and relaxation by the students, scholars, and writers who will use the building. There should be a special corridor for walking up and down, for conversing, for smoking a cigarette. Most of the big new libraries have been designed apparently only for deaf-mutes and paralytics; there is seemingly no recognition of the fact that scholars need a place to stretch their legs in or that a library is one of the most natural places in the world in which to exchange thoughts with one's colleagues.

As for the long main reference room, its only advantage is its simplicity in form and function. I believe that there are better architectural solutions for this problem than the precedents of either the circular room of the British Museum or the long room of the Bibliothèque Nationale. A series of semi-enclosed bays around a soundproofed central unit for the delivery department would make a much less restless place than any of these, with their unavoidable foot traffic and noise. It is on such points that one's principal doubts arise. As a matter of fact, the rear part of the central mass has been conceived more organically, and from the courtyard one can see how handsome the whole structure might have been had the architects dared to depart from the monumental formalism of the main façades.

But, after all, library-building is still the most backward realm of American architecture, and this new edifice is the first attempt in this country, to my knowledge, to push even in part beyond inept tradition. Put alongside the Widener Library at Harvard, the Yale Library, the Harkness at Columbia, the Congressional, or the New York



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Public Library, Brooklyn's new one is tops.

THE C.B.S. Building on Fifty-second Street, between Madison and Park, is a fine piece of remodelling, though not a complete success. Because of the need for soundproofing, the structure should be air-conditioned and windowless, and it is, except for a panel of horizontal windows across the top story. Thus the architects' external job was reduced to a simple matter of proportions, texture, and color; in other words, how to treat an almost unbroken wall area having no strong architectural feature except an entrance.

For all the gab today about windowless buildings, this is not an altogether new problem. It came to American architects in the eighties, in the design of storage warehouses, and I am not sure but that the architects, Fellheimer & Wagner, might have profited by letting their imaginations dwell on those earlier examples. Their solution of the problem of external decoration is calm. They placed a vertical panel of blue enamelled terra-cotta blocks, to mark the entrance, at the right-hand corner of the building alongside a lower band of gray terracotta blocks. At the upper left-hand corner of the blue rectangle is a simple projection that flares out like a hinge and bears the letters "CBS;" beneath it, a wedge-shaped marquee that spans the sidewalk. At night the greenish-yellow tubular light that spells "CBS" is striking. No taxi-driver would have to look twice for it. The doors are those elegant all-glass ones that have become so popular during the last two years.

In a composition which is so simple, everything counts; that is, everything counts, but each flaw counts double. The choice of a white stucco finish for the façade must be assessed as the architects' principal mistake, for its surface is uneven and the floor beams leave a ripple in the stucco surface on the outside. The side elevation is obviously waiting for another building to hide it, and the curved, metal-rimmed cornice at the top is too timid either to protect the wall, shade the windows, or give an interesting profile. But at least this building is alive and on the way to something better. No one would mistake it for a funeral parlor or a crematorium.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

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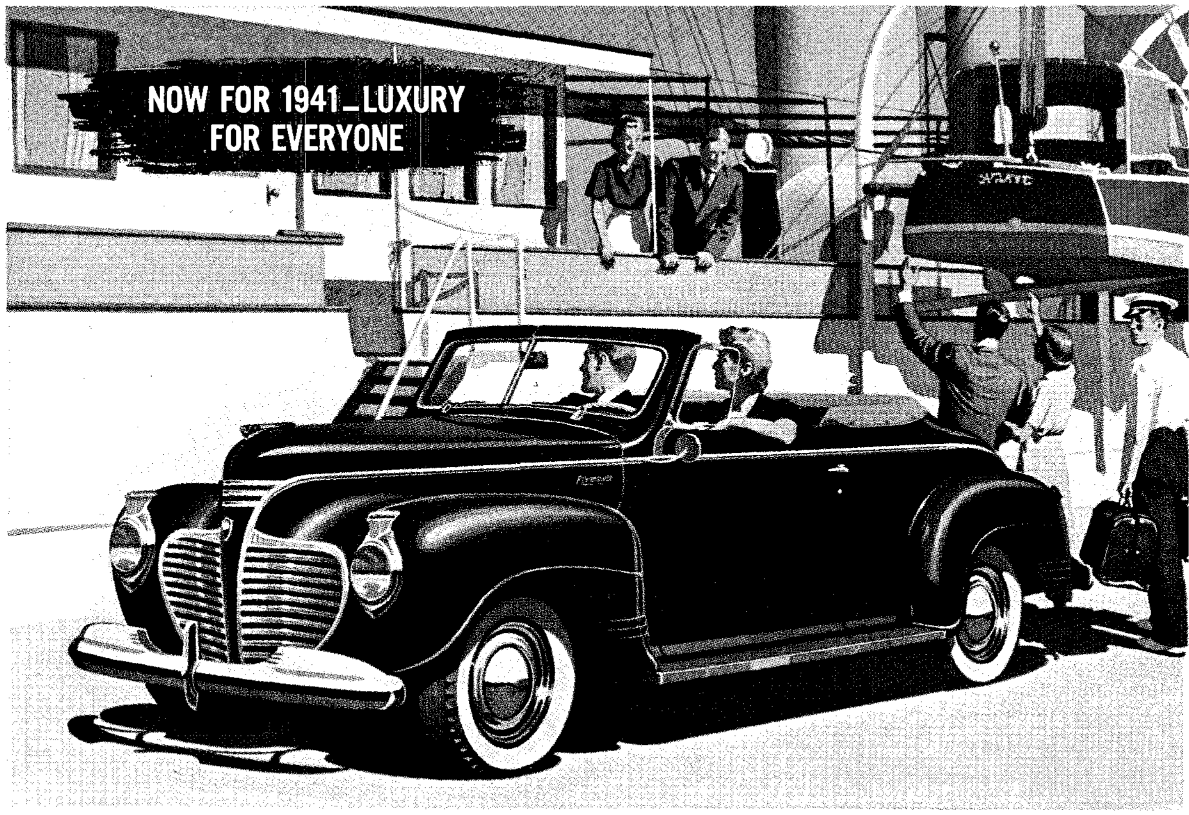
CITY MAN BY
ONLY 14 DAYS
—*Headline in the Oklahoma City Times.*

A miss is as good as a millennium.

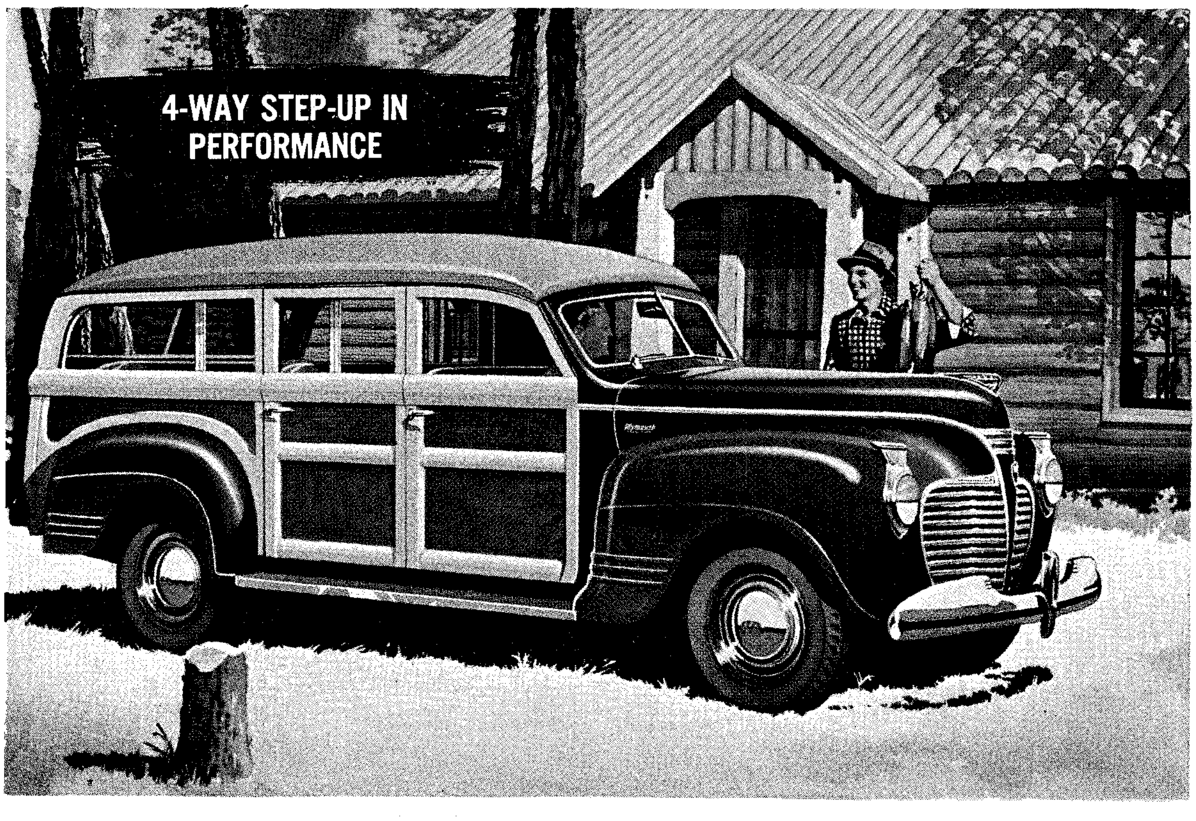
Plymouth presents its 1941 Sportsmen

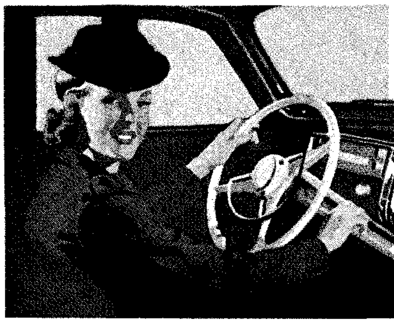
Here they are—a glorious new Convertible Coupe and a handsome new Station Wagon...with new Powermatic Shifting...19 Important New Advancements. They're such big cars—so luxurious—you will have to be reminded they are low-priced!



PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41

STEP UP, STEP OUT IN STYLE—in one of these new Plymouth "Sportsmen"! Every detail sings *class*...yet they're *low-priced* cars! The new Convertible Coupe has Plymouth's famous power-operated top...red leather upholstery...and white sidewall tires are standard! The big new Station Wagon has a handsome, roomy ash body...with beautiful mahogany or maple finished panels (mahogany illustrated). Windows are larger...auxiliary seats are quickly removable and interchangeable! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

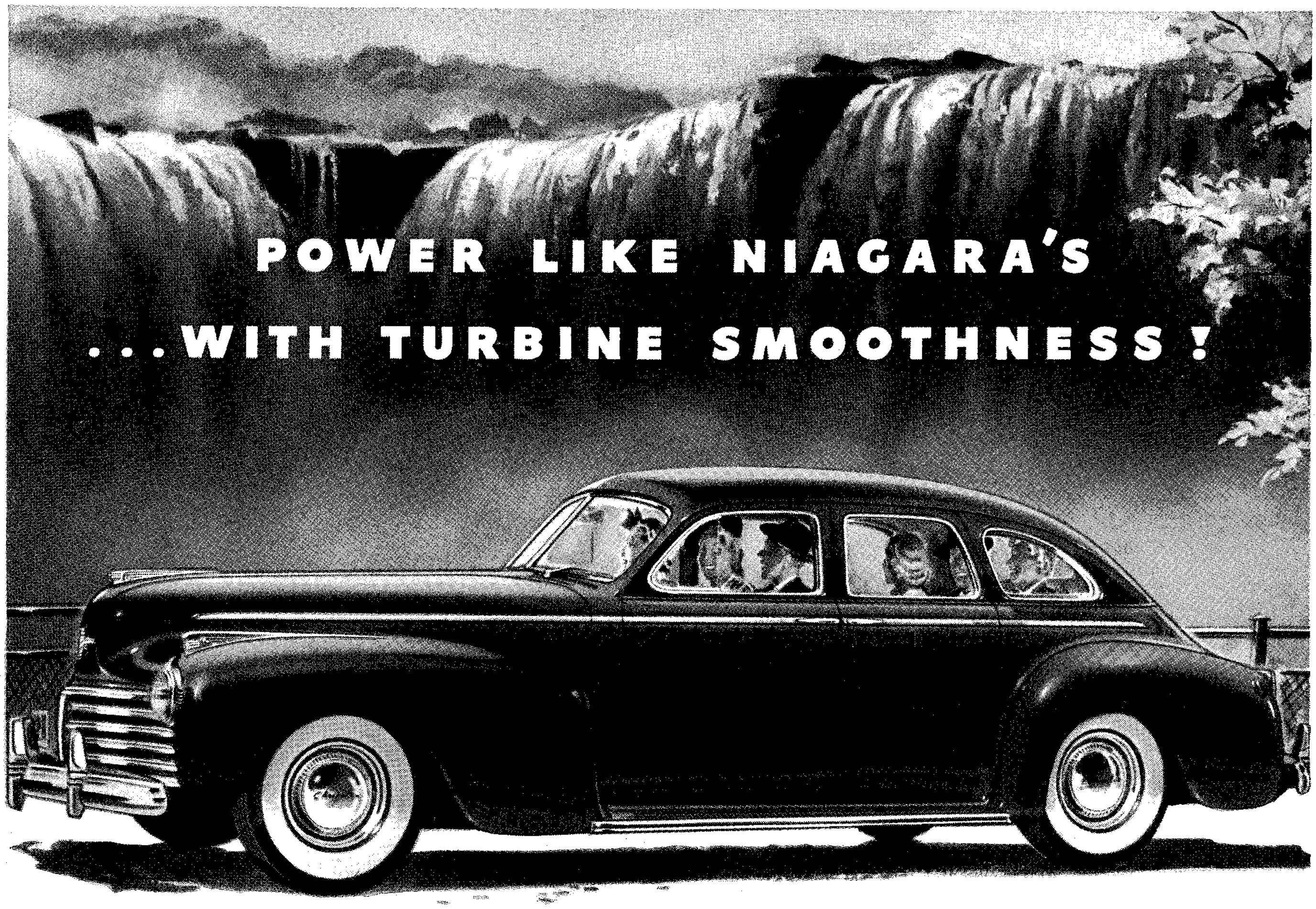




Drive the Powermatic Way—vastly easier—with actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions!

You Just Flip a Switch and presto—this Plymouth's famous power-operated top goes up or down *by itself!*

THE 1941 PLYMOUTH IS AMERICA'S LOW-PRICED LUXURY CAR!



TRY *Chrysler Fluid Drive*

WITH VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION !

A TORRENT of power made smooth! That's the way a giant turbine harnesses Niagara . . . that's the way *Fluid Drive* harnesses the power-packed Chrysler Spitfire engine.

Cascading water spins the power house turbine. Oil driven against a turbine-like wheel transfers Chrysler power without any metal-to-metal connection between engine and rear wheels.

Why shift gears . . . when you can control the whole span of normal driving with the touch of your foot on the throttle? Try *Fluid Drive* for yourself. See how much easier and simpler it is!

In a 1941 Chrysler, *Fluid Drive* with the Vacamatic Transmission takes over the work . . . but you're the boss! The car is always under automatic safety control . . . it does what you want it to do . . . never does the unexpected . . . gives you control of gear ratios on hills, slippery roads and other critical situations. One test will prove the greater safety of *Fluid Driving.*

Safer, simpler, smoother, easier... here is the drive all motor car design has been reaching for. A demonstration will prove it to your satisfaction. Why buy any car without it?

Why—as a matter of fact—do without any of the good new things the 1941 Chrysler offers you! Spitfire engines with multiple jet carburetors... jets for slow speeds . . . normal and cruising speeds . . . and the "Spitfire" jet that leaps into action when you "step on it!" A marvelous combination of more horsepower with economy! The Spitfire engines have all vital parts Superfinished so you can drive as you please from the first mile.

New double-channel welded frames . . . far stronger . . . combined with new springing and shock absorbing for the finest ride you ever tried.

Why buy a car that's not styled quite the way you want it . . . when you can have a Chrysler that's *tailored to your taste!*

A fascinating selection of colors inside and out of the spacious new Airflow bodies . . . a delightful range of upholstery fabrics . . . plastic trim that harmonizes with your individually selected color scheme . . . the opportunity to express *your* taste, *your* choice, *your* individuality!

See and drive a 1941 Chrysler today!

★Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

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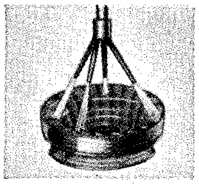
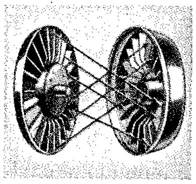
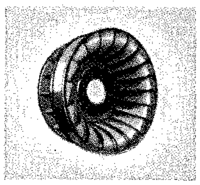
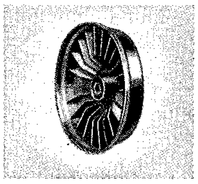
WITH FLUID DRIVE
BUY CHRYSLER


Falling jets of water turn the giant turbine wheels in America's great hydro-electric power plants. Smooth, efficient!


Similarly, liquid is forced against the turbine-like wheel in *Fluid Drive.* A driving wheel takes the place of gravity.


The picture above illustrates one of the largest turbine wheels ever to be used for the generation of electric power.


See the resemblance to the vaned wheel in Chrysler's *Fluid Drive!* The world's smoothest method of transmitting great power!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

YOUNG MAN'S CAREER

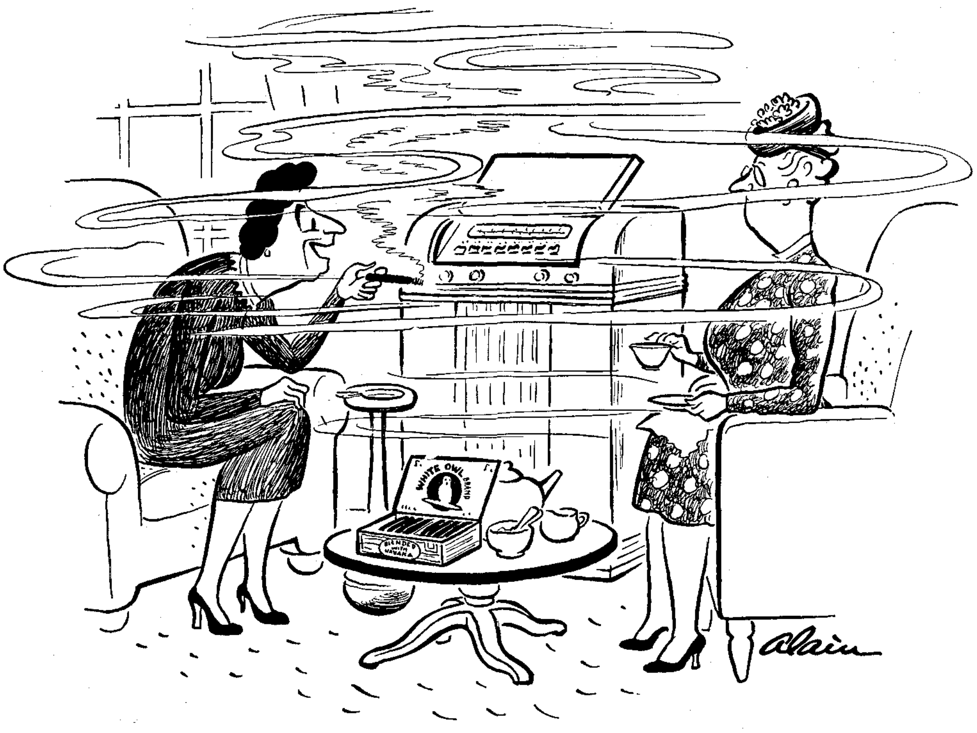
FOR the better part of a year now, the municipal Civil Service Commission has been carefully winnowing talent in order to find seventy-five hundred perfect, or nearly perfect, candidates for the job of Sanitation Man, Class A. The term "Sanitation Man, Class A" is an exquisite euphemism designating the lowest rank in the Department of Sanitation, one grade below street-sweeper. The men who bear this title work as pit-cleaners in the city incinerators, or as shovellers on dumps, landfills, and garbage scows, or at other jobs requiring the strength of Superman, Class A. They are paid $35 a week. From this position they can be promoted to Class B ($36 a week), which includes the sweepers, and upward to Class C ($38.50 a week), where they join their more experienced colleagues, who drive trucks and tractors, operate other mechanical equipment, and enjoy the rating of garbage men of the highest calibre. Theoretically, under the Civil Service merit system, a Sanitation Man, Class A, can travel onward until he reaches the post of Assistant Commissioner and a salary of $6,000 a year. No one has ever done this.

A career man in the Department of Sanitation encounters, at the start, the same kind of obstacles that beset the path of a budding diplomat. He finds the profession overcrowded, the competition keen, the vacancies few. Like aspirants for the Foreign Service, sanitation candidates must prove their mettle in a series of rigorous examinations. Last December, when the Civil Service Commission announced that competitive physical examinations would be held to fill a few hundred vacancies in the Sanitation Department, 85,488 young men filed applications to take the tests. That was almost triple the number who had ever filed for any previous Civil Service examination in the city's history. To be eligible, applicants had to be at least five feet five inches tall, in good physical condition, and not over thirty-five years of age. In order to get into the final round, which is now in progress, they first had to pass a written test and a medical examination.

The written tests, which consisted of two hundred questions aimed at probing the candidate's mental fitness, were held last March. "You are flushing the street with a hose," one of the questions read. "Accidentally, you spray a few drops of water on a passing pedestrian, who glares at you. Of the following, the best procedure is to tell the pedestrian (A) to look where he is going, (B) that it was not your fault, (C) that you are sorry, (D) that he has no business crossing in the middle of the street, (E) to keep his dirty looks to himself." The written tests proved too much for about one out of every three candidates. Those who passed were allowed to go on to the medical examination and, if they were judged fit, to take the physical examinations, which are competitive. Final selections will be made solely on the score the candidates make in their physical tests. Since early in June, candidates, at the rate of six hundred and forty each day exams are held, have been taking the physicals, which are held at the George Cromwell Center in Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

A FEW days ago I went over there late in the afternoon to watch the tests and talk with a few potential Class A Sanitation Men. On the Staten Island ferry, I fell in with a husky young man who said that his name was Dennis Buckley and that he came from Brooklyn. He showed me a penny postal which instructed him to report for his examination at five o'clock. I asked how he happened to apply for the sanitation job. A lot of his uncles and cousins had Civil Service jobs, he said, and they advised him to file an application. "That's all I hear around the house," he said. "Join the cops or something. So I remarked to myself, 'I'll give it a whirl. What can I lose?'" He said he was twenty-three and had graduated from high school four years ago. Since then he had worked as a counterman in a Liggett's and as a bookkeeper for a paint company, had spent six months in a CCC camp in California, and had put in a brief stretch as a runner for a brokerage house. He spoke bitterly of his experience in Wall Street. "There's more of a future in this sanitation work," he remarked. He said he hadn't trained much for his physical examination but didn't expect to have any trouble passing it.

Presently Buckley and I arrived at the entrance to the George Cromwell Center, a long, one-story, covered pier that has been converted into a community recreation establishment. While Buckley took his place at the end of a line of candidates who were presenting their credentials to a gray-haired clerk, a policeman on duty at the door went with me to look for Mr. Walter McLaughlin, the examiner in charge. We walked down a long hall and into a big, barnlike room filled with scores of young men in track suits, swimming trunks, and ordinary underwear shorts, who were running, jumping hurdles, lifting weights, and performing various other gymnastics. Half a dozen older men, dressed like athletic coaches, in white duck pants and white jerseys, sat with stopwatches in their hands at small tables around the room. The place resembled



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First in the Social Register.

a university field house in the middle of an indoor track meet.

I found Mr. McLaughlin, a slight, smiling, youngish-looking man, standing near a long row of tables that had been set up against the length of one wall. The tables were covered with little stacks of street clothes belonging to the candidates, and in front of them a couple of dozen young men were getting into gym outfits. One of them, a chunky, dark-haired youth, was talking to Mr. McLaughlin. "I can't do nuttin' in these," the boy was saying as I got close enough to hear. He pointed to the tan leather shoes he was wearing and said he wanted to go out to buy some tennis shoes. "I'll slip straight on my fanny." Mr. McLaughlin told him he was sorry but he couldn't give him permission to leave the building, and the boy went away scowling. "He's afraid he won't be able to get over that wall," Mr. McLaughlin explained. He indicated a board wall about eight feet high that stood in the centre of the room. "That's part of the agility test," he went on. "It's pretty hard to scale unless you're wearing rubber-soled shoes." When I asked Mr. McLaughlin if a garbage man ever had to go over an eight-foot wall in the line of duty, he replied that the chances were he never did. "On the other hand," he said, "we've got eighty-five thousand men who want to become garbage men, and we might as well get the best physical specimens we can."

Mr. McLaughlin offered to walk around with me and explain what was going on. He was wearing a white sweater on which the word "Examiner" and the initials "MCSC" were stitched in blue letters. The initials, he said, stood for Municipal Civil Service Commission, which employs him from time to time—when he can get away from his regular work as director of athletics at St. John's University—to conduct the physical examinations of candidates for city jobs. He said he had worked at the physical tests given to applicants for the police force and the Fire Department, and that the Sanitation examination was similar, though a little stiffer. "You've got to remember," he added, "that the written tests for policemen and firemen are competitive and a lot harder than the one these boys had to take."

The physical examination consists of four separate tests: coördination, strength, agility, and endurance, all of which have equal value in determining the final score. If a candidate fails to pass any test, he is not allowed even to finish the examination. The candidates go through in groups of sixty to eighty and, since they have to wait their turn, it usually takes a man about an hour to finish. I decided to follow a couple of candidates through the examination and asked Mr. McLaughlin to nominate them for me. He had mentioned earlier that after putting several thousand men through the tests, he could come close to telling before a candidate began how he would score simply by looking at him. "Those two will do all right," he said, pointing to a pair of broad-shouldered young fellows who had just come in and were starting to change their clothes. I went over to talk to them.

They were built like halfbacks, had crew haircuts, and looked as though they belonged on a campus instead of a garbage truck. I spoke to one of them, told him I was a reporter, and asked if he'd mind telling me something about himself. "Naw," he said with a grin. "Sit down, and I'll give you my whole life story." I hardly had time to clear away a stack of clothes and sit down on one of the tables before he began.

"Spechar's the name, and I come from Brooklyn. I went to East New York Vocational High School but didn't graduate. Then I took a course at the Hemphill Diesel School and got a rating of three hundred and fifty, which is good. Four hundred's the best you can get. The school gave me a fine recommendation, but they didn't get me a job. Now I got a job working for the Washington Electric Company. Erector mechanic. Heavy work—installing steam engines. I make thirty dollars a week and get time and a half for overtime, but the work ain't steady. If I get this job, I got steady work and more advancements. I'm a married man and I got to think about my future. How's that?" I said that was fine and asked how long he'd been married. "Since February 24th, 3 P.M.," he replied. He said his wife was eighteen and he was twenty-three. I asked if he knew what kind of work he'd have to do on the sanitation job. "Sure, I know, I know," he said. "It's cleaning up in the street, but it's steady, ain't it?"

The other boy, who said his name was Barrett, was no match for his friend as a talker. He volunteered the information that he was twenty-two years old, had gone three years to high school, and since then had worked as a truckman's helper, a porter, and in other odd jobs. At present, he said, he was clerking part-time in an A. & P. store. There was no question in his mind that he'd be better off as a Sanitation Man. "What the hell," he said, "it pays more!" He said he was engaged and thought he'd get married if he landed the job and didn't get caught in the draft. Both Spechar and Barrett said it would be all right for me to follow them through the examination. They were confident they'd make a good score. The only part that had them worried was the coördination test, which was first on the list.

WHILE they were getting into their gym outfits, I walked down to the far end of the room, where the coördination test was to be given. The examiner in charge, a blond young man who looked and talked like an engineer, offered to give me a practical demonstration. This test, he said, was similar to one that is sometimes given to people applying for an automobile driving licence. The idea is to measure what the examiner called hand-eye and foot-eye reaction speeds. After he had given me careful instructions (as lengthy and detailed as he later gave to a group of candidates), I climbed into an aluminum-colored cab which had been taken off a regulation Sanitation truck and installed in the pier. About ten feet ahead of the cab was a signal box which had five panels reading "Left Foot," "Right Foot," "Left Turn," "Right Turn," and "Hand Brake." As a red light flashed underneath one of the panels, I was supposed to execute the correct maneuver, pressing one of the foot pedals, turning the steering wheel, or pulling up the brake. As soon as I had done this, a second light would automatically flash. The examiner, who stood beside the signal box, set it in operation by pressing a button. The mechanism was such that the order in which the signals flashed varied from one test to the next. A gray-haired, kindly-looking man sat in the cab with me and told me not to be nervous. He said he tells that to all the candidates.

On the first test I did very poorly, but he told me not to worry, because that one didn't count. Every candidate gets one warm-up trial and then two regular trials. Whichever of the last two scores is the higher is the one that counts. My best score, made on the first regulation trial, was 78, which the examiner said would just squeeze by. "To get a perfect score of a hundred per cent, you have to complete the entire test in two seconds," he said. "For each tenth of a second more than that, the score drops one point, and if it takes you more than seven seconds, you fail." He said that

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THAT REDUCE YOU WHILE YOU REST?

A. A method of losing pounds and inches without the least bit of effort on your part. A wonderful little machine does all the work.

Q. Is there any discomfort, heat or soreness involved?

A. No heat, no fatigue, no effort, no steam. This is passive exercise, through electrical impulse. Your muscles are set to work by a marvelous device, while you lie there restfully and at the same time have an Elizabeth Arden Face Treatment!

Q. Can I reduce just where I need to?

A. These slenderizing treatments take the inches off in spots — or all over!

Q. Can I lose inches off my legs and ankles this way?

A. Yes! That's one of the most wonderful things about these slenderizing treatments.

Q. How long will it take to see results?

A. After twelve treatments, the tape measure will register the disappearance of inches!

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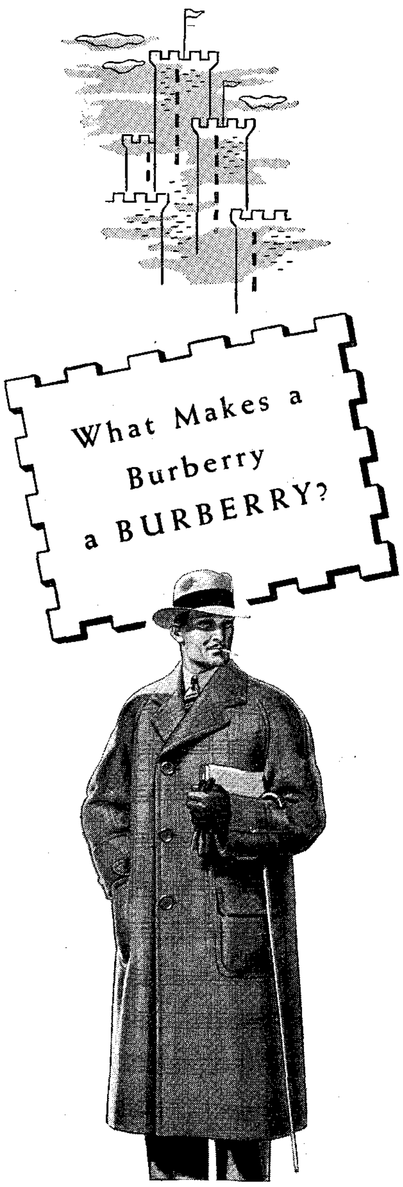
What Makes a Burberry a BURBERRY?

Character in clothing, as in gentlemen, is a product of good breeding. Generations of impeccable tailoring, of fabric development and refinement to give long-wearing warmth without cumbersome weight—these are a part of the Burberry's background. This richness of character accounts for its universal appeal to those capable of wise discriminations. Their choice is traditional, but it is not tradition that makes the Burberry. Rather is it the Burberry that made and keeps the tradition.

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only about one in a hundred candidates fails on the test, but they're all afraid of it.

Some sixty men, most of whom looked to be in their early twenties, had gathered in the corner of the building where the coördination test was being given. After the examiner had explained it, he asked for volunteers to start things off. Spechar and Barrett were among the half dozen who raised their hands. The rest of the candidates fell in behind the volunteers. As the candidates filed up to take the test, each had to pass a wooden stand where a print of his index finger was taken on a white report card which he had been given when he arrived. This print is compared with one taken at the medical examination. The procedure is repeated before each test—four times in all, the purpose being to discourage candidates from sending their athletic friends to stand in for them at the physical examination. Although the Civil Service Commission makes it a point to advertise that this kind of trickery is a misdemeanor under the law and that both the candidate and his stand-in are liable to imprisonment for thirty days, a case of this kind turns up on an average of about once a week. The stock excuse offered by the stand-in is "Joe had a cold and asked me to do him a favor."

SPECHAR and Barrett were feeling somewhat low in their minds when I met them after their coördination test. Their scores, 90 and 86, struck me as being rather good, but they said they could have done better if they hadn't been so jumpy. They seemed relieved that it was over and, after another fingerprinting, volunteered to be among the first to begin the second test. On their report card this was labelled starkly, "Can Lift." It was a simple, straightforward test that I thought came closest to indicating the special aptitude required of all Sanitation Men. They had to lift a heavy garbage can off the floor and deposit it on a ledge four and a half feet high. The can contained several steel plates and weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. It had to be put down on the ledge gently and without clatter, the examiner said, or five points would be taken off the score. They were allowed two minutes and a half to accomplish the feat. Barrett and Spechar did this with such apparent ease that I decided to watch a few others, to see if it was as easy as it looked. There clearly was a knack to it. Part of the trick seemed to be in using one shoulder as a lever, the way an expressman manages a trunk. Two of the sixteen candidates I watched failed. One boy was just too slight. The other, a barrel-chested fellow with bushy black hair, grabbed the can around the middle like a sack of potatoes and waltzed it vigorously toward the ledge without ever getting it more than three feet off the floor. He was showing a good deal of exasperation when the examiner called time. The candidate grabbed it once more, slammed it down on the floor, and kicked it. Then he walked away, put on his street clothes, and went home.

By the time I caught up again with Barrett and Spechar, they had already completed two more parts of the strength test, which consisted of orthodox weight-lifting exercises. They were feeling very chipper. "Take a look at this," Spechar said, handing me his report card, which showed he had scored 100 on strength; Barrett also had a perfect score. A perfect score meant, I found out later, that they had been able not only to give a perfect performance with the garbage can but also to lift an eighty-pound dumbbell from the floor with one hand at a time and raise it above their heads, and that they had furthermore hoisted a bar bell weighing sixty pounds while sitting up from a supine position. In the agility test, which came next, they did nearly as well. This test had all the elements of an obstacle race. It was run over a fifty-yard course, which included among the obstacles an eight-and-a-half-foot broad jump, a three-foot hurdle, and the eight-foot wall. The best way to get over an eight-foot wall, I discovered, is to run right up the wall until you can grab the top and scramble over.

DURING a fifteen-minute rest period provided before the final test—endurance—I had a chance to talk to a few candidates who weren't doing so well. A wiry-looking little man with a day's growth of whiskers, straggly mustache, and black, stringy hair that kept falling over his eyes borrowed my pencil to figure out his score. He had made a low grade on strength and, according to his figures, the best he could average on the four tests, even with a perfect mark on the last one, would be 78. He said he was a peddler by trade; he had peddled fruit and vegetables on the East Side for six years but wasn't working at present. "All my customers went on relief," he said. "Now I ain't doing nothing." He was twenty-seven, had three children, and was now on relief himself. Another candidate, apparently mistaking me for a scorekeeper, came up and read off his grades. He looked older than most of the others, and had a stocky build and a flat, crooked nose. He said he was twenty-nine and had quit the Army last year, after serving two enlistments, to get married; he was currently employed as a riveter in an aircraft factory. When I asked what appealed to him about working for the Sanitation Department, he replied with considerable vigor, "What I'm looking for is security. This here is steady."

An examiner called for volunteers to begin the endurance test, and a number of candidates, including Barrett and Spechar, raised their hands. This test, although the simplest, was the most gruelling. It required the candidate to run a distance of a hundred and twenty yards while carrying a fifty-pound dumbbell in each hand. In order to get a perfect score, a man had to run the course in twenty-five seconds or less; if it took him more than forty seconds, he failed. Spechar and Barrett finished in something under twenty-five seconds and were jubilant when I saw them afterward. Their final scores for the entire examination were almost identical: Spechar made 96 and Barrett 95½.

DURING dinner, which I had with Mr. McLaughlin at a restaurant nearby, I learned that 33,094 sanitation candidates have so far been called to take their physical examination. Of these, 23,386 have passed; several thousand candidates have yet to be tested before the examinations are over, which will probably be some time this month. The Civil Service Commission expects about 27,000 candidates to pass the physical examination. However, since the Department of Sanitation will not be able to absorb more than 7,500 of these, at the outside, during the next three or four years, only that number will be appointed to the waiting list. The score made by the man who ranks 7,500th will be established by the Commission as the passing grade for the examination; those scoring under that will be told they have failed. What the passing grade will be will not be known for several weeks. Making an unofficial guess, Mr. McLaughlin said he believed a candidate would need a score of 90 or a trifle better to be among the top 7,500.

So far about two dozen candidates have scored 100 on the physical examination. These probably trained for several months, Mr. McLaughlin said, and the chances are that at least fifty per cent of all the candidates had some preparation at one of the Civil Service schools. I inquired if most of the candidates were as young as those I had talked with. The majority, he said, were between nineteen

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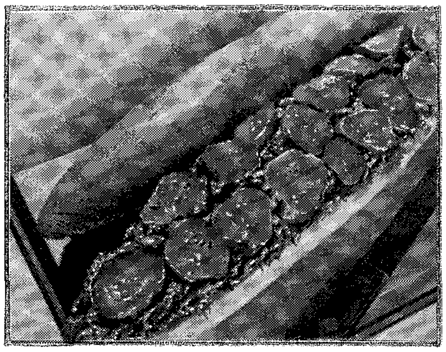
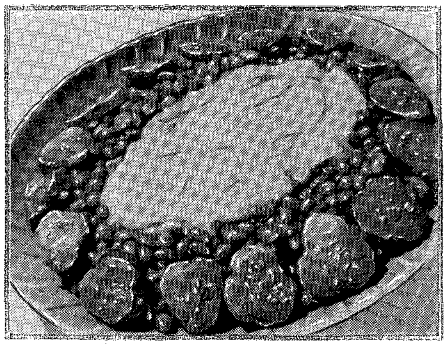
Heinz RECIPE BOOK
57
HEINZ FRESH CUCUMBER PICKLE



① **NEW ORLEANS BIG LOAF.** Slice French loaf lengthwise. Season tin of corned beef, minced, with horse-radish and 3 tbs. each Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Heinz Mayonnaise. Spread on buttered lower crust. Cover with Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle slices. Adjust top. Slice like bread.

② **NO-FUSS APPETIZERS.** (1) Spear on toothpick, cubes of cold meat with slices of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle. (2) Add Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, chopped, to cream cheese. Roll into balls. (3) Top a cracker with Heinz Mayonnaise, Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, a shrimp.

③ **SUNDAY-NIGHT SUPPER SALAD** (for 8). Combine 2 cups cold diced veal with 2 cups cold boiled diced ham. Add 2 cups chopped celery, ¼ cup Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, chopped. Moisten with ¼ cup Heinz Mayonnaise. Turn into garlic-rubbed bowl. Garnish with mayonnaise, Heinz Ripe Mission Olives.



④ **MANHATTAN RAREBIT.** Heat a tin of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Boston-style. Prepare rarebit sauce by heating 10 minutes in double boiler, 2 tbs. butter, ¼ lb. Old English Cheese, 2 tsp. Heinz Worcestershire, salt, pepper. Pour beans on platter, sauce in center. Garnish with Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle.

HAVE you ever tasted Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle? There's a real treat in store for you in that fat "57" jar. Wholesome, crisp, crunchy, sliced pickle made from an old-fashioned recipe with Heinz own vintage vinegar and rare spices. A most economical relish—grand for sandwiches, garnishes, snacks.

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and twenty-three; only a few are over twenty-five. "This is a young man's career," Mr. McLaughlin said.

THE examinations were still going on when we returned to the Center. A batch of candidates who had reported at seven were finishing up, while another group was getting in line to begin the coördination test. I hung around the dressing tables for a few minutes and got into a conversation with a tall, cadaverous youth with straw-colored hair and metal-rimmed glasses. He was putting on his trousers and shirt over a bathing suit. "I failed," he announced in a matter-of-fact way. "I couldn't lift that dumbbell with my left hand." I asked him if he had trained for the examination. "Oh, I practiced a little—jumping over the fence in the back yard and like that," he went on. "The trouble with me is I drink too much. I could keep this job if I could get it, but I guess I'm not athletic enough." After he had finished dressing, I walked over to the ferry with him, and on the way he told me he was twenty-two years old and had worked most of his life as a pin boy in bowling alleys. "Oh, I've seen a lot," he said. "I've lived in Pittsburgh and Boston. I been around all right." I had noticed an eagle and a couple of American flags tattooed on his left forearm. He said he'd got these when he was in the Army, which he had joined when he was nineteen; he had received a medical discharge because of trouble with his eyes. He said he liked the Army. "There's plenty of K.P., but there's lots of good times, too. Dances and parties. I'm just waiting for them to draft me. If I get in there again, I'm never gonna get out."

We stopped for a root beer at the ferry landing. My companion said he lived in a rooming house in Brooklyn and that his landlady had promised to say a prayer for him while he was taking the examination. "Now I come out here and I fail," he said. "I got a lot of friends, too, fellows I know around. They know I came out here, and now I got to tell them I didn't pass the garbage-man test." He finished his root beer with a preoccupied air and went downstairs to get the Brooklyn ferry.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

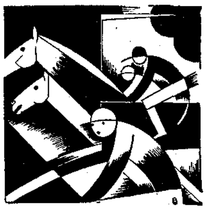
•

Men from the congregation who helped in various capacities were Robert Van Wagoner, Ursil E. Beach, and F. A. M. Easton.
IF NECTSSARY CAN KILL REST
—*Ridgewood (N.J.) Sunday News.*

O.K., let 'em have it.

THE RACE TRACK

Doors and Dead Heats



ONE of this department's more futile crusades is for a Be Kind to Favorites Week. I'm bringing the matter up again because only six out of forty-two favorites won during the first six days at Jamaica. The New York Racing Commission might like to add the proposal to the collection of suggestions it has sent to Albany for consideration by the Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Pari-Mutuel Law.

THE race most likely to be remembered longest of those at Jamaica last week was Mioland's in the Star Master Handicap. The doors of his stall in the starting gate didn't open when the others did—one explanation I heard was that the rain short-circuited the electric release contraption—so he simply crashed against them and broke through. When he settled down to running, he was so far behind the field that he seemed hopelessly distanced, but to the amazement of everyone he turned on such a burst of speed that he caught the leaders at the head of the stretch and won by lengths. Mioland, by the German Derby winner Mio d'Arezzo, was bred on a farm in Oregon (how a German Derby winner got to Oregon is a mystery) and was bought by Charlie Howard last January for $15,000. Since then he's won the American Derby and several other sweepstakes, together with $82,620 in prize money. He isn't in the $15,000 Gallant Fox Handicap at Jamaica this weekend, which is Howard's bad luck, but he'll be the horse that will run against Challedon in the Pimlico Special next month.

Although dead heats are common enough—there were two hundred and ninety-one on the American tracks in 1939—the one between Mettlesome and Harvard Square in the Remsen Handicap was the first in an important sweepstakes in ever so long. The last my checker-upper remembers hereabouts was between Red Rain and Coldstream in the Saratoga Special five years ago. There are few faster two-year-olds than Mettlesome, but he doesn't carry his speed far. A furlong from home he looked the complete winner, yet Har-

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HOLLOW GROUND
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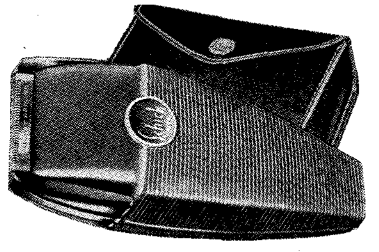
COLONEL



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As a matter of fact, most whiskers *are* tough—till they meet up with Schick's New 2-M Shearing Head that's *hollow-ground* to arch the skin and make the whiskers stand up to be sheared off. *Then* it's good-by beard—because the Flying Shuttle Shearer snips those bristles off square—right down to the skin line—with no possibility of cuts, nicks, scrapes or burn.

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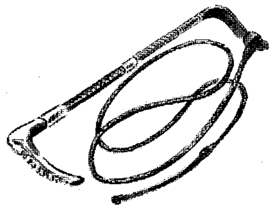

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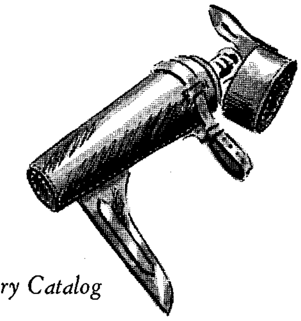

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vard Square caught him in the last stride. Mrs. Dodge Sloane, who owns Mettlesome, said she came to Jamaica expecting to see her Flota run last in the race before the Remsen. After Flota finished second to Dini, and paid $49.80 to place, she ruefully admitted that she had intended, for sentiment's sake, to bet a couple of dollars across the board on Flota, but couldn't find a messenger to take the wager. She had to be content with a bet on Mettlesome, who paid $7.80, and with the $6,425 the colt won—half the purse, which was split with Harvard Square.

Can't Wait, who has a way of upsetting things in the handicaps, is back in town after a trip to California and a long rest. He had all his old speed in the Continental Handicap, and held on well to beat Gilded Knight, to whom he gave nine pounds. Lots of people are going to get excited over Foxbrough for the Gallant Fox Handicap, but I won't be one of them. I still think that he's overrated, and that a race at a mile and five furlongs is going to be beyond his powers.

I GUESS it's the wrong thing to say, but the more I see of Jamaica, the more I like Empire City. However, I do recommend the big-money betting room in the Jamaica clubhouse. It's called the Tack Room, and it's fixed up to look like a real one, with walls of rough pine, and saddles and bridles hung all over the place, except on the desk where you write checks. It's not true that the management will give one of the saddles to the patron having the largest collection of losing $100 tote tickets at the end of the meeting.

FROM all accounts, New World won the Maryland Futurity easily enough at Laurel last Saturday. I would have been surprised if he hadn't. Now, I daresay, he'll have a bigger following for the Pimlico Futurity. At Keeneland, earlier in the week, his old rival, Whirlaway, polished off Blue Pair, a Kentucky colt who had won his seven previous starts. I expect that Whirlaway will win the Breeders' Futurity at Lexington this weekend.

There are eleven stewards at Keeneland, though most tracks seem to get along quite well with three. Old Colonel Martingale, who wishes he were in Lexington right now, would like to put on a football game between the Keeneland stewards and a team of former bookmakers who own professional football clubs.—Audax Minor

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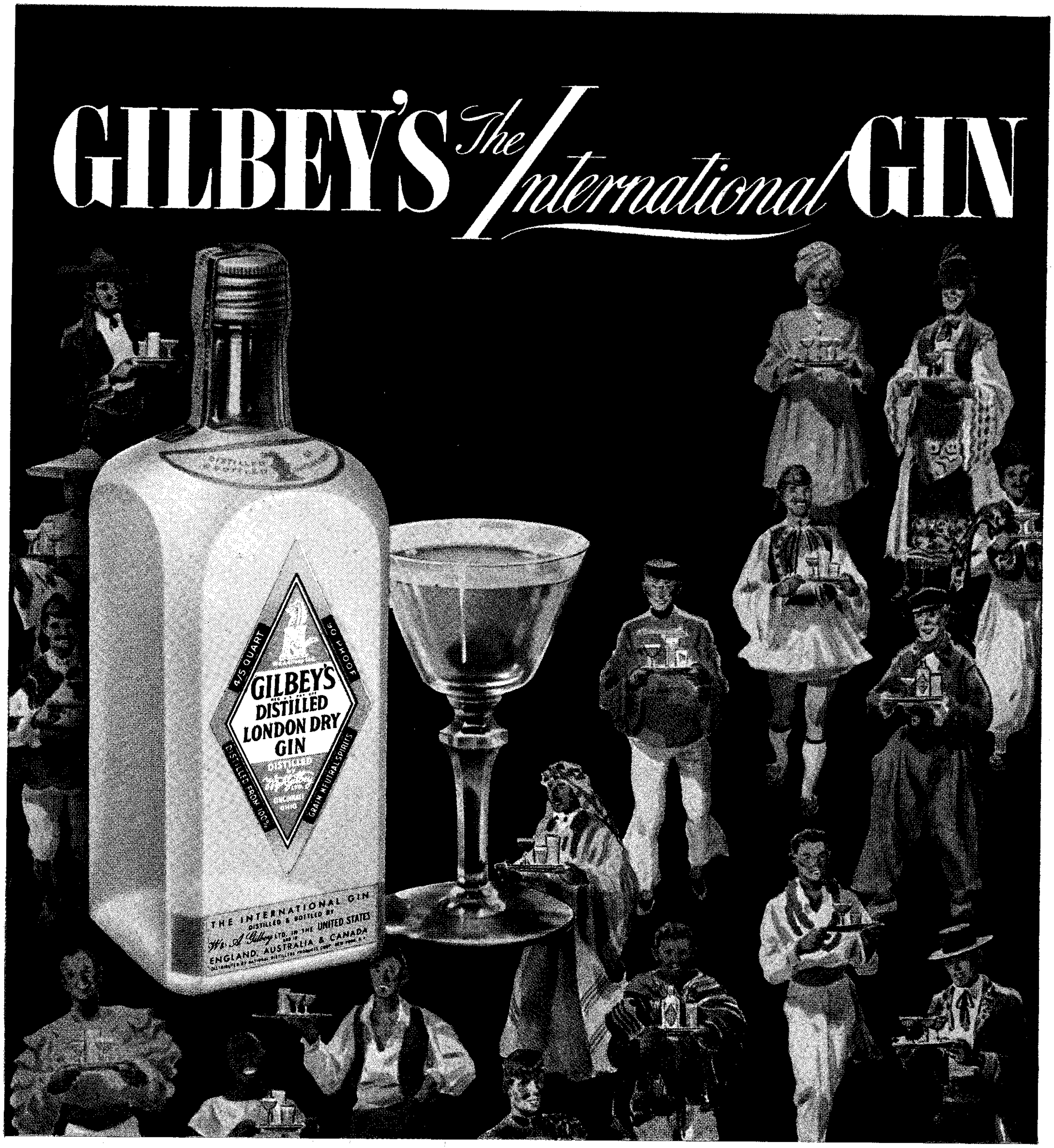
In any language in the World there's one name the waiters always know—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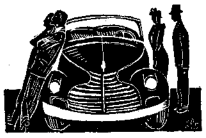
THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Helical, Dynaflash, Syncro-Mesh, and Ping-Free



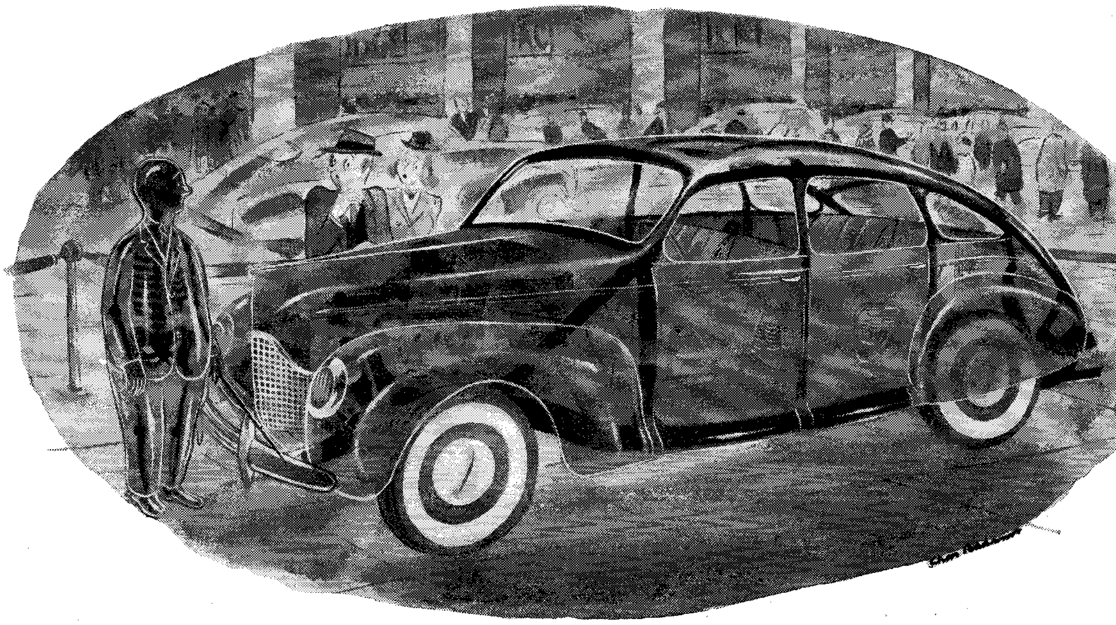
THERE was a time, I suppose, when a man who made a new car and wanted someone to buy it had only to put a bright polish on it, trundle it out where it could be seen, and persuade his customer that it would run satisfactorily. It's been a long while, however, since motorcar manufacturers have held any such simple theories of salesmanship, and after making the rounds of the Automobile Show in Grand Central Palace, I can report that they are showing no signs of reverting to them; almost as much time and effort must have gone into some of the theatrical displays there as were expended by whoever it was who first made a gasoline engine run a buggy. Crankshafts are displayed as though they were rare pieces of old English silver and rear-axle housings are presented with as careful regard for their decorative value as an art gallery might give to a Brancusi bronze. Don't think I'm opposed to all this; anyone who, like the automobile people, can put on a gay, glittering, dazzling show in the musty old Palace and can make me forget the miles I have to walk to see what I want to see has, in my opinion, done a good job.

I paid my first visit to the Show on the Friday night before the opening, feeling much as though I were backstage in a theatre. Beautiful young ladies were stepping in and out of cars rehearsing the lines that are supposed to emphasize how much better the new models are than the old—"How cute!," "How stunning!," and "How simple!" Some of the girls were obliged to go in for more complicated recitations of rhymed quatrains about economy and gas mileage. Serious young principals were studying their scripts and the air was filled with such words as "helical," "Dynaflash," "Syncro-Mesh," and "ping-free." All this effort was well spent. When I went back for the opening on Saturday, not a girl within my hearing missed her cue. Packard's puppet show went off without a hitch, and the Great Drapo, a gentleman engaged by Hudson to show how its Symphonic Styling technique, to which I referred last week, could be applied to the female form, successfully draped girl after girl in fabrics without botching a fold.

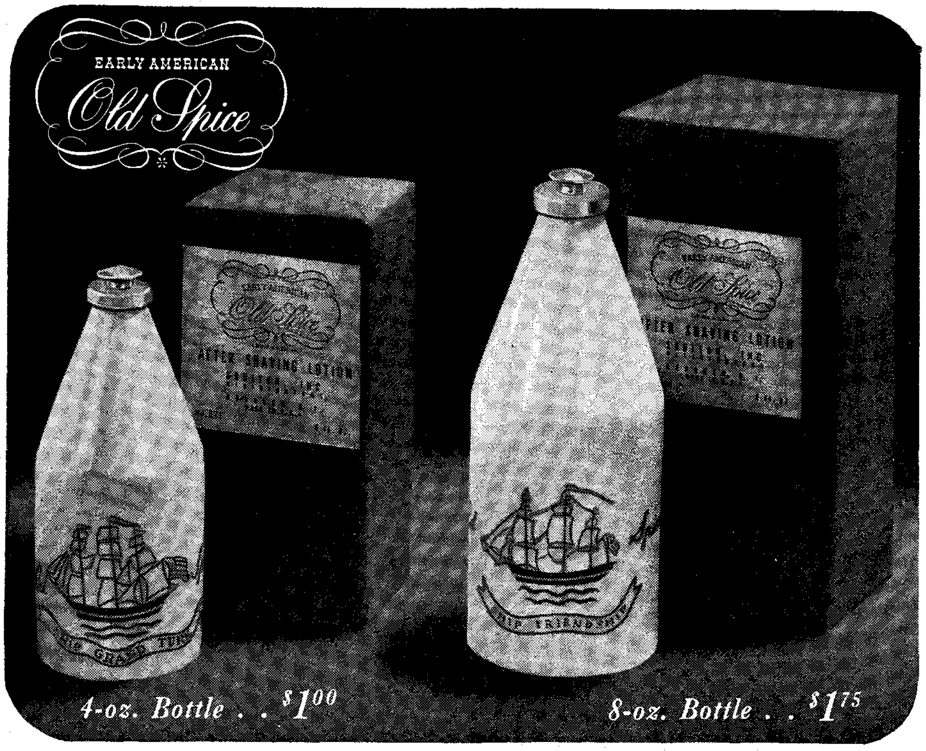
OPENING night produced a few surprises that even most auto men weren't prepared for. Two of these were Chrysler's Thunderbolt, seating three, and its Newport Phaeton, seating eight—four in front and four in back. Both look so much like some dreamy designer's glimpse of the future that I thought they had been built purely for exhibition. I was wrong. Both the slate-blue Thunderbolt and the lemon-yellow Newport Phaeton are on the market right now; each costs about $8,200 delivered here. Their body lines have been so ironed out that their hoods and fenders form a single unit, presenting an impressively solid-looking front. On the Phaeton, there is just a suggestion of an engine grille; on the Thunderbolt, there is no grille at all. The headlights on both cars recede instead of protrude and are covered by electrically operated shutters that, when closed, seem to be part of the body and are supposed to eliminate the last bit of wind resistance. At night you press a button on the dashboard, the shutters slip into their sockets, and you light up.

One authority from Detroit to whom I talked told me that these two cars are considered to be about ten years ahead, in design, of most 1941 models. I'm not sure I like the squat, heavy lines that these Chryslers would seem to forecast for 1951, but I was cheered to see that neither of them had nearly as much chromium on it as we're accustomed to. The big news about the Thunderbolt is that it is a convertible with a hard top—something I've often dreamed of when struggling to snap down a canvas boot. When you want to lower the top, you press a button and the top rises, swings in an arc overhead, and falls into a recess where the rumble seat used to be. No sooner is it there than a lid, hinged like the back of a rumble seat, drops down over it and settles flush with the body. The lid rests in that position except when the top is being raised or lowered. The Phaeton is also a convertible, a soft-top one, and its top also disappears into a lid-covered recess. I don't see why the designers of the Phaeton thought it necessary to build the windshield of the tonneau in such a way that it comes right up under the chins of the passengers in the rear seat; you can't get in or out without pressing a button to tip the windshield forward. Once settled, you're as snug and sealed in as though you were in an airplane cockpit or an old-fashioned covered bathtub. Before I leave the subject of dream cars, I should mention the Buick Fireball, still another convertible, with shuttered headlights and a soft top which disappears into a recess. It is only for show, however, not for sale.

Another surprise was the new Ford Special. I remarked a week ago that Mr. Ford was bringing out only two series this year—the De Luxe and the



With the Tang
MEN LIKE . . .



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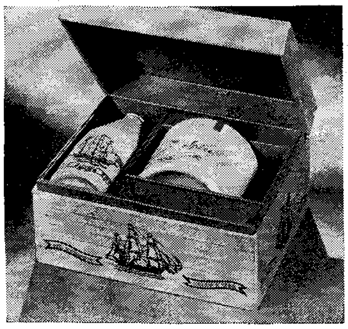

LEFT
This set contains Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug) and Old Spice After-Shave Lotion. $\$2^{00}$

RIGHT
This set contains Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug), Talcum and After-Shave Lotion. $\$2^{75}$

A Shulton Original
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Super De Luxe. Well, right up until the day the Show opened, Ford men here in New York hadn't heard anything to the contrary. Then, early Saturday morning, a brand-new black Ford rolled into the Palace. At the last minute, so I'm told, Mr. Ford got to worrying about the lower price lists of some of his competitors and decided he needed a non-de luxe model in a hurry. When I saw the Special, which has somewhat less elegant upholstery and fewer accessories than the De Luxe, it was selling for $768. It's due to go up, though, any day, once the Show is over.

ONE of the most popular innovations at the Show seems to be those new automatic windows on the high-priced Packards, Lincolns, Cadillacs, Chryslers, and Buicks; dozens of small boys (and their fathers) keep scrambling in and out of some of the fanciest cars on the floor, pressing buttons and watching the windows go up and down. Another popular sport is testing the seating capacity of the little Crosleys. As for theatricals, Nash's demonstration of a blonde going to bed in the back seat of an Ambassador sedan appears to be stirring up as much enthusiasm as any. You probably know about Nash's trick of converting a back seat into a six-foot double bed, so I'll simply observe that by the end of the first evening the sheets looked rather mussy but the blonde was as fresh as ever.

The mechanical exhibits are showy and effective. The principle of liquid coupling—used in the transmissions of Chryslers, De Sotos, Dodges, and Oldsmobiles—is lucidly explained in several displays. At one stand, you demonstrate liquid coupling to yourself by turning a crank that spins a rotor wheel inside an oil-filled glass case; this swirls the oil, which starts a second rotor wheel in the case spinning in the same direction; an axle, attached to the second rotor wheel, spins a miniature auto wheel. Get it? Chevrolet has several mechanical units—brakes, gearboxes, and so on—working quietly away inside glass cases. Cadillac displays a frisky engine that splits into halves, each of which waltzes around in circles in a very un-Cadillac-like fashion. A giddy magenta Pontiac opens its jaws like an alligator to disclose everything inside, all the way back to its rear bumper, including motor, driveshaft, springs, chassis, and the knees of three young ladies in the front seat.

As for color, the painters appear this year to have gone in for shades that make me think of things to eat. I never saw so many chocolate, caramel, taffy, and purée-of-split-pea body jobs in my life; a maple-nut Oldsmobile and a spinach-colored Buick look downright nourishing. I'm completely won over to two-tone work, which, I think, has been especially well done in the Studebaker models, which have contrasting horizontal belts of color. Up on the mezzanine, I ran across a Buick Roadmaster convertible that seemed to me to forecast a whole new range of ideas in color styles: its body, by Brunn, is painted a rich cinnamon brown, and along each side there is a streak of light yellow in the shape of a shallow V. The sides of the body, back of each door, are cut away in a smaller V whose contour follows the streak of color. The upholstery is tan cord, trimmed with leather. Built only on order, it will cost you about $3,500.

ALTOGETHER, there are some two hundred cars in the Palace. Even if you haven't time to see them all, don't miss the aquamarine Dodge Luxury Liner, or the tan-and-maroon De Soto custom brougham, or the iridescent green Cadillac 60 four-door sedan. There's a yellow Plymouth convertible that you ought to make a point of looking at, too, and a new red Willys Americar, to say nothing of an old-gold Lincoln Continental convertible and a pale-blue Mercury coupé. I would also hate to have you miss the dark-haired girl who sits for hours in a glittering chromium-plated chassis demonstrating fluid drive. —L. K. B.

•

BALIK PAPAN, Borneo, Sept. 2—It was a striking experience to fly for hours over the dense Borneo jungles with hardly a sign of human habitation and then to drop down to an airdrome beside a coastal palm grove and thence to be driven over an excellent road to a pleasant and very modern European club. A bar of the New York type offered the full repertory of iced drinks and the dinner included caviar and champagne.

When, in addition to these luxuries, there was apparently plenty of barbed wire and machine-gun pillboxes along the shore and when bombing planes could be heard roaring overhead, it was obvious that the writer had re-entered the sphere of civilization.—*Harold Callender in the Times.*

As it is fondly called.

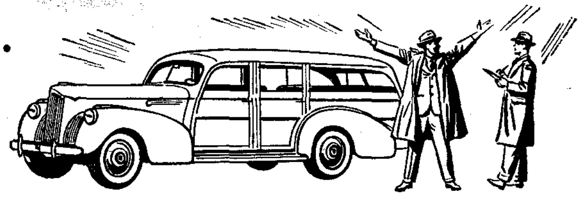
•

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

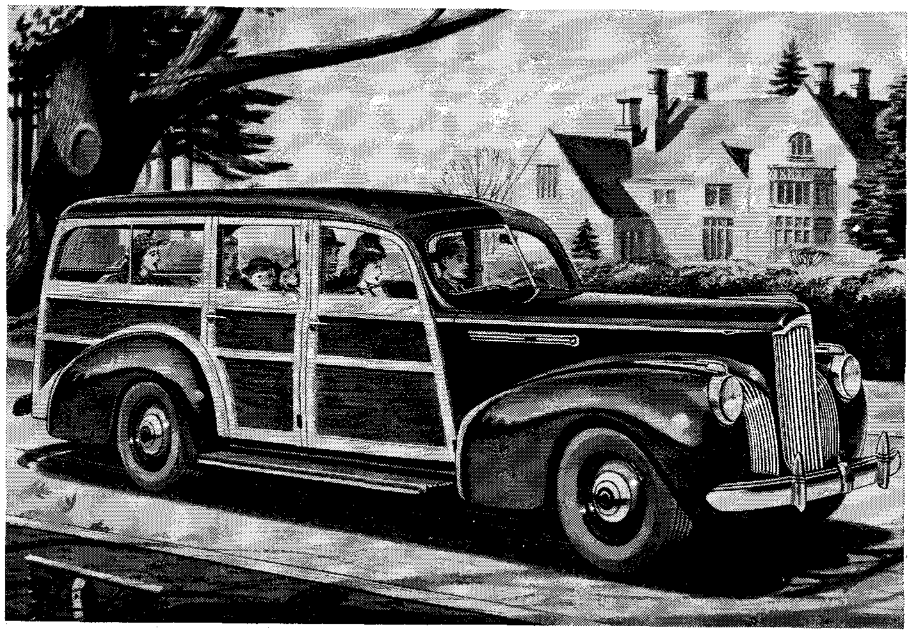
[*From the Motion Picture Herald*]

The gross earnings on the picture, as of the last record, in 1925, were $4,500,000. Ten per cent of that amount is $400,000.

To build America's finest Station Wagon . . .



we asked the man who owns one!



● HERE, *literally*, is a station wagon owner's dream come true!

For we asked several hundred owners of Packard station wagons to give us *their* idea of station wagon perfection—and the new Packard station wagon for 1941 is the exciting, glowing result.

One look will tell you this custom-built Packard is the smartest station wagon that ever sprung to life off an engineer's drafting board. It's *heavier*, more rugged, more comfortable, draft-proof—built for years of rattle-free service.

But the real thrill comes when you discover the amazing features and innovations we packed in—like surprises in a Christmas stocking!

The *biggest* surprise we've left till the last: This patrician Packard station wagon costs *very* little more than the *lowest-priced* station wagon you could buy — and its upkeep is so modest it positively blushes!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

It's a Packard from roof to road!

Powered by thrifty Packard Passmaster engine—10% more economical on gas.

Eight adults ride in real passenger-car comfort—thanks to the luxury of softer, deeper cushions and the Packard Air-Glide ride.

5 in 1

5 cars in 1! Rear and middle seats removable and interchangeable—with loads of space for luggage.

With the Packard Electromatic Clutch* your left foot loafs!

1 mile free in 5 with the Packard Aero-Drive!*

PACKARD STATION WAGON

*$1231 and up, delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Available on the 110 and 120 chassis, in both standard and de luxe models. *Optional at extra cost.*

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the daytime fragrance

"THREE SILENT MESSENGERS"
In New Presentation. Three flacons, Bouquet Lenthéric, in the Miracle, Tweed and Shanghai fragrances . . . $1.95
"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

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86 Proof

THE FINE SCOTCH WHISKY FROM SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES
100% Blended Scotch Whiskies

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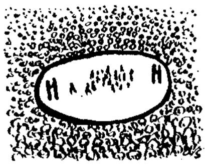
FOOTBALL

The Best Is Much Too Good



AN efficiency expert would certainly have begun the task of rearranging last week's schedules by booking Michigan and Cornell into the Yankee Stadium. As it was, you took Cornell and Army at West Point or Michigan and Harvard in Boston. Also as it was, Cornell took Army and Michigan took Harvard without revealing anywhere near all they had on tap. In fact, the principal things that made Michigan look like a standard Crisler-coached team were the frequency of the fumbles and penalties.

Offhand, I don't think anyone is up to beating Cornell, which broke the West Point scoring and box-office records, and may even have put a dent in the government's plans for hemisphere defence. This handsome machine is built up almost entirely of easily replaceable parts. It isn't hard, however, to pick out the player who makes it run—Walter Matuszczak, the quarterback. Though he almost never carries the ball, he handles it on nearly every offensive play, feeding it to the runner who is going to perform the showy part of the attack, and then blocking one, two, or maybe three opponents who are trying to get at the runner. Since Cornell will be mostly on the offence this fall, Matuszczak is a pretty important fellow. It is plain, even without asking him, that he loves playing football and that, no matter how much bumping he's taken (and given) in an afternoon, he thinks the coach is crazy to pull him out for a rest.

Twenty high-ranking Central American army officers, in this country to inspect our military might, watched the game as guests of the Academy administration. They showed no interest in Army until, toward the end, the cadets' cheering section started its familiar cry of encouragement to the team, "Come on, rabble!" This irreverence so delighted the Central Americans that they whiled away the remaining twenty minutes by shouting it themselves, first diplomatically translating it into Spanish lest any of their neighbors take offence.

Michigan wasn't quite as good as Cornell, but good enough to make it a gloomy day in Boston. Somewhat prophetically, I thought, Dick Harlow, the Harvard coach, appeared with one leg in a plaster cast, and Joe Gardella bounced a good, hard punt off the nose of one of the none-too-hopeful spectators before the game even started. The only time the audience really cheered was when the public-address system announced that Penn had beaten Yale 50–7. The interesting thing about Penn's victory was not that the team won so easily but that it acted smarter than it has in some time.

The Penn squad, which rates with Navy's and Cornell's in both size and talent, had no trouble with what was, for Yale, practically a pick-up team. As someone remarked afterward, the game was almost what it would have been if the Penn coach had said, "Look, Butch, you take the scrubs down to the field house, learn 'em the Yale plays, and we'll scrimmage 'em against the varsity on Saturday, see?"

PRINCETON, which isn't pick-up except in the middle of the line, stood off Navy's constantly replenished array of backs until it got tired, and then gently folded up. Navy is the most improved team I've seen this year; if it can develop a pass defence, it will be first-rate. Princeton missed two touchdowns simply because Stanley caught two long passes inches outside the playing field. Navy made up for this handsomely when one of its ballcarriers, in the clear only three yards from the Princeton goal, suddenly wheeled and tossed a lateral pass to a purely imaginary teammate.

EXAMPLE of the deadpan school of sportswriting, from the *Times* account of the Pittsburgh-S.M.U. game: "Field Judge Jack Roach was knocked down as the players charged up the field after Johnston's long kick, and broke his arm. He left the game."

THE Giants have solved the problem of what to do between the halves by producing a fifty-piece colored swing band which marches, plays, trucks, and throws in hot cornet solos every now and then. Like everyone else, the Giants long ago solved the problem of how to beat the Philadelphia Eagles. What with a 17–7 victory, the swing band, and the début of John McLaughry as a top-notch blocking back, the customers all thought the Sunday afternoon's entertainment was fine, and so did I. —J. W. L.

•

He has been declared a deserter and a military court has sentenced him to six years' imprisonment in Absentia.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Let's see, that's up near Suffern, isn't it?

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GREAT STUFF AFTER SPORTS - BASS ALE
PERFECT WITH ROASTS, TOO
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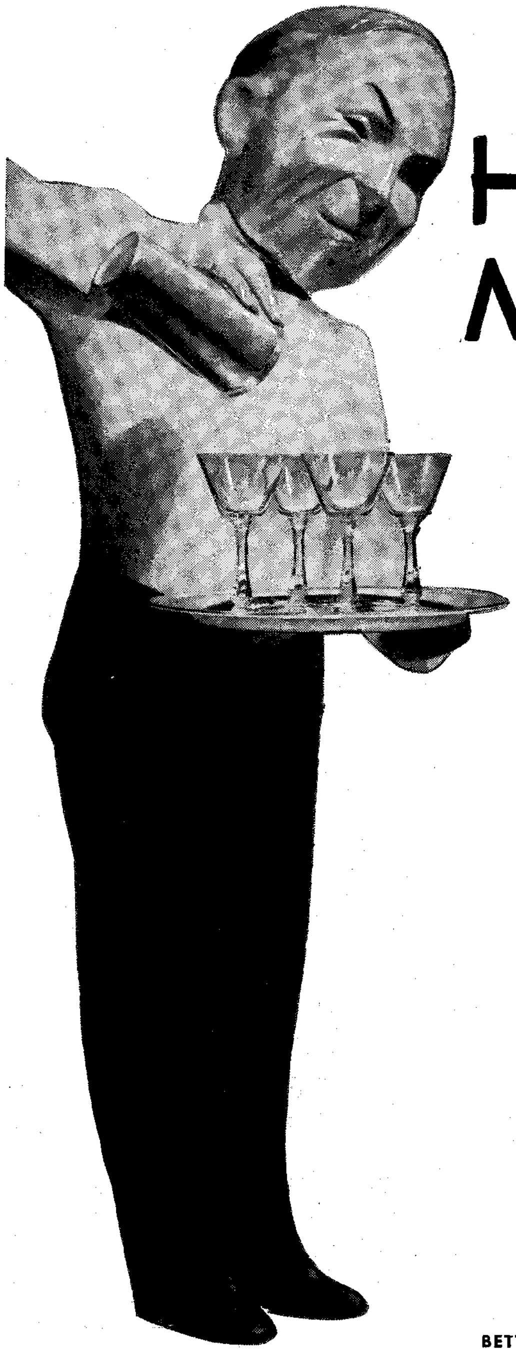

HOME-MADES *were never like this!*

BETTER! Because they're professionally made!

It's good-bye to home-made cocktails—once you taste a Heublein Club Cocktail!

Few amateur mixers can achieve such superb flavor . . . it takes The Club Bar-Man to blend drinks so accurately; it takes the very finest ingredients and takes *intermellowing* in the bottle to produce such perfection!

Just add ice, and serve! No waste—for whatever's not used keeps like any other liquor. More and more people are giving up home-mades in favor of professionally made Heublein Club Cocktails. Your first taste will tell you why.

BOTTLED IN 7 VARIETIES
Always Right; Always Ready
Dry Martini (*71 proof*)
Martini (*60 proof*) (Medium Sweet)
Manhattan (*65 proof*)
Daiquiri (*70 proof*)
Old Fashioned (*80 proof*)
Side Car (*60 proof*)
Bronx (*60 proof*)

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS
FOR PROFESSIONAL COCKTAILS AT HOME

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OF ALL THINGS

NAZI spokesmen declare that the German soldiers have gone into Rumania as peaceful missionaries. Hitler likes to save the souls of people who have wheat fields and oil wells.

•

It was obvious that the German invasion of the Balkans was not pleasing to Russia. Stalin immediately sent soldiers to look daggers across the frontier.

•

The Fascist press has taken a somewhat kindlier tone toward the United States. We are told that if we misbehave properly, we can have Canada.

•

Our President is so busy that he has to do two jobs at the same time. While inspecting our defences in Pennsylvania and Ohio, he also took a little look at his fences.

•

The increased registration in this Democratic town does not necessarily mean a larger Roosevelt majority. Nevertheless, Willkie had better bring quite a gang with him when he comes down to the Bronx on Election Night.

•

It was a shocking revelation that the streetcleaners' baseball team, which beat the cops, is tainted with professionalism. Everybody supposed that the boys were out there dying for dear old Sanitation.

•

Congress patriotically refused to vote for a recess in this time of grave emergency. It will carry on without cessation and practically without members.

•

President Butler says he never intended to restrict the freedom of Columbia professors. We still think, however, that he might be penalized for starting to war before the whistle blew.

•

We now have upward of sixteen million men registered for the draft. This is the American way, the democratic way, and a pretty good way to stay out of jail.

•

The Japanese government declares that it has no warlike intentions toward us. It is only appealing to the better side of our nature, if we have any.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

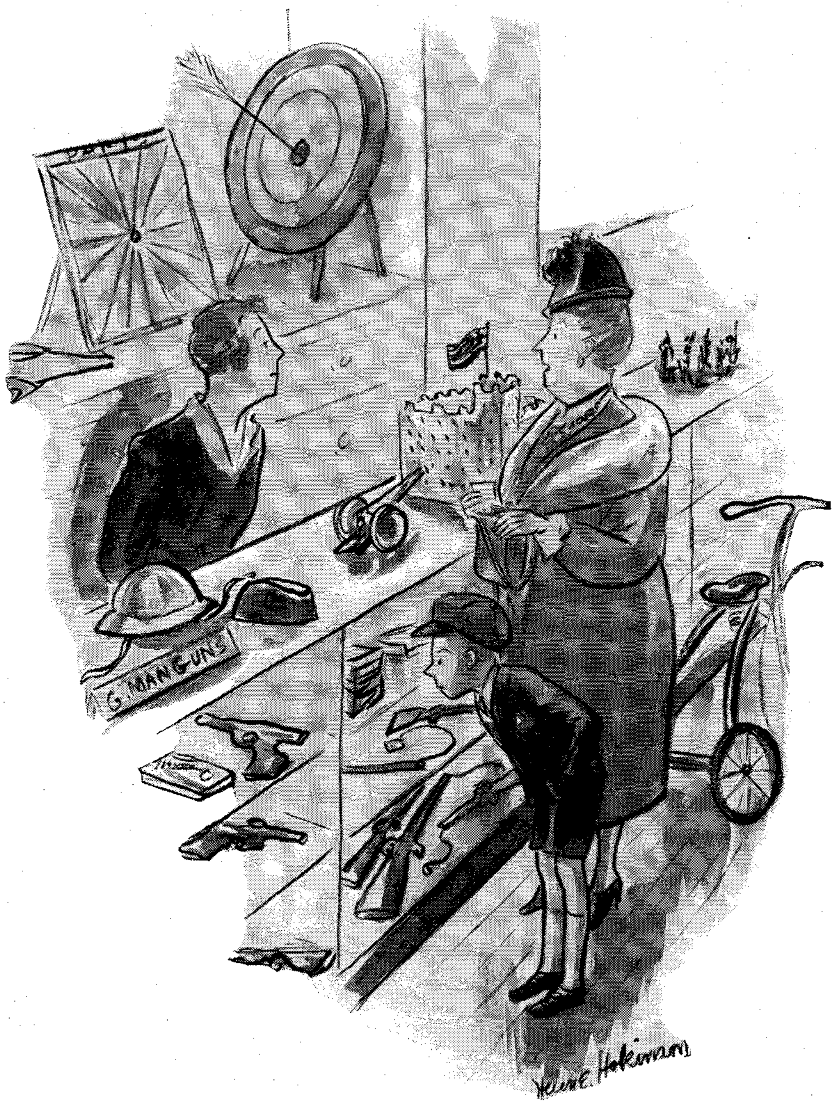
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FAR too little attention has been paid to the figure of the woman of small means. Anyone who has to stop and consider whether her budget will stand the expenditure of twenty-four fifty for a dress is blithely put into the "average" classification, and she'll dress "average," or else. The average woman, according to our well-informed manufacturers, is likely to be short-waisted, inclined to hippiness, and smallish in the chest, and woe betide her if she defies the rules by being long-waisted and boyish below the waistline. In custom shops, women may be classified as "petite, Dresden doll" or as "majestic, so like a Valkyrie." Dramatic stuff, but among the twenty-four-fifties, women of equivalent stature are problems that are sent either to débutante departments, regardless of age or type, or assigned to the matrons' department, also regardless. No wonder the country is so class-conscious with all this discrimination going on.

Older women who, while concentrating on more important matters (like the children's education), have run to disproportion in one or more parts of their anatomies have been the most pathetic victims of dress regimentation. They have had to pick styles that are merely enlargements of clothes designed for the young and slender. They have had to buy sizes that fit the largest parts of them, no matter how the garments hang on the small parts. In their interest, Macy is doing a sympathetic and, to my mind, a highly intelligent job in dresses at from $8.94 to $32.75. They have been produced by two designers working together—one a specialist in anatomy, the other in fashion—and are divided into four groups to take care of four types of figure. You go to the store's Typo-Analyst (that's right, she analyzes your figure type) and she decides you are, say, Type B. The salesgirl then shows you dresses designed with a Type B figure in mind. All the dresses have extra-wide seams and material to lengthen the waistline, to accommodate overlarge upper arms, or to provide for an unusually large spread of hip; in other words, the dresses may be let out where you need additional room, but they fit you suavely elsewhere. There are hundreds of these ready-to-wear models of sound design around here, and the faces of customers who have been talking to the Typo-Analyst have a new eagerness, ordinarily seen only on women who have just had an inspiring heart-to-heart with a trusted physician.

The frivolous side of Macy's talent is equally well demonstrated in the negligees and house gowns shown in the Little Shop, on the second floor. Among the warm hostess gowns there are things like crêpe slips, crisscrossed over the bosom in the Vionnet manner; these are accompanied by long, beltless coats that are full and circular and trailing in back and made of featherweight flannel in blurred plaids. Given sufficient poise, you could walk into an evening party in any of these ensembles. Other gowns are made of sheer basketweave wools, like those used for baby blankets, and have zippers down the front and wide, set-in waistbands embroidered in contrasting sequins. (These are $19.94; prices run up to around $45.) Mannish dressing gowns are fashioned of gray-and-navy striped woollens with a deep fold of navy-blue crêpe down the front. You can find, too, quilted robes with a Difference, like gray sheer quilted in stripes and lined with chartreuse taffeta. There are pale boudoir satins with long, sheer darker coats knotted at the bosom and trailing languidly, and quantities of velvets in medieval or picture styles with gold embroidery or lace used as trimming. Leopard velvet (eminently practical, since it doesn't show rumples or stains) is made into gowns that are knotted at the waist and have wide, circular skirts. While some customers are ohing over these, others not far away are trying on an unusually good selection of separate coats trimmed with fur, for this corner of Macy now is practically a shop within a shop and includes



"One small Buck Rogers twenty-fifth-century gun, please."

suits and coats with accessories and hats and so on—all of what buyers call the "better" type.

THE Meadowbrook Shop at Altman deserves very special attention this year. Here they like sports clothes which, by a simple switch in accessories (and they have shoes, hats, and bags to match or harmonize with everything), can be made suitable either for town or country. Most of these things run to the style vaguely referred to as "classic." You'll find good suits, some of Scotch tweed in soft rust-and-blue checks with slightly longer fitted jackets, others of monotone tweeds with jackets that contrast with the skirts. Most of the jackets can be bought separately ($22.95 is an average price) and many are made in both short and long versions to suit your height. Altman's thin cashmere sweaters, with turnover collars and short sleeves, are handy to have around the house; so are crêpe-de-Chine shirts with deeply pleated fronts. There are also good one-piece wool dresses of the tailored type. One, of "ripe wheat" jersey, has a turnover collar and buttons down the front; another, of honeycomb wool, is bloused at the top to give the effect of a lumberjacket. These cost around $25 to $35, and they're fine. Altman also has separate coats—single-breasted reefers and swagger coats, among others—to wear over anything.

PECK & PECK report, as one of the dizzy manifestations of a changing world, that young ladies apparently don't want their sweaters to fit them nowadays; they like them two sizes or more larger than necessary. Hence the Jumbo cardigan, made of heavy Shetland yarn, nice and loose and baggy ($16.95). It is Peck & Peck's revolutionary belief that printed dresses will sail right through the winter under fur coats, and, hence again, a group of shirtwaist-type affairs made in blurred prints that, if P. & P. aren't wrong, will be worn with equal grace through snowy streets or at Miami race tracks. You will see lots of jumper dresses, which still are very popular. One version has a round neck and buttons down the shoulder; another is buttoned down the front; both hang straight and come in plain colors or Scotch plaids. There are jackets of natural or white Teddy-bear cloth lined with bright flannel, and separate fitted jackets, notably a red Shetland-wool double-breasted one, with brass buttons and naval insignia on the sleeve, that has been revived from Peter Thomson days. There is also a swagger full-length coat of blanket material lined with quilted calico and adorned around the neck and on the pockets with contrasting felt in a jagged-leaf design.

Gay touches: Shirts of thin red wool with navy piping and brass buttons, exactly like those of the Northwest Mounted. . . . Suits with long or short jackets of white serge with curly white fur fronts *and* white fur skirts; you'll have to figure out for yourself where you'd wear such a thing. All I can think of is the Rockefeller Skating Rink, and you'd probably have to be an exhibitionistic débutante at that.

I YIELD to no one in my fussiness about massage, and become as enraged as any woman at the clumsiness or brutality or incompetence (all of them rife in some of our best salons) of the ordinary masseuse. It is a pleasure, therefore, to rave wholeheartedly about the performance of Constance Gaul, at 18 East 53rd Street, a woman who gives so much for so little that she staggers you. First there is a gymnasium where you are weighed in and, if ambitious, indulge in corrective exercises; then you are wrapped in a warm electric blanket, to doze and to ooze; next comes a forty-five-minute massage, plenty expert, that includes work on your chin line; after this, a shower and an alcohol rub. One treatment is like a month in the country. This phenomenal place is open Tuesdays and Thursdays as late as 8 P.M. It's $5 a treatment; for $35, you get ten. I don't see how you could possibly do better. —L. L.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

From Duck to Moose

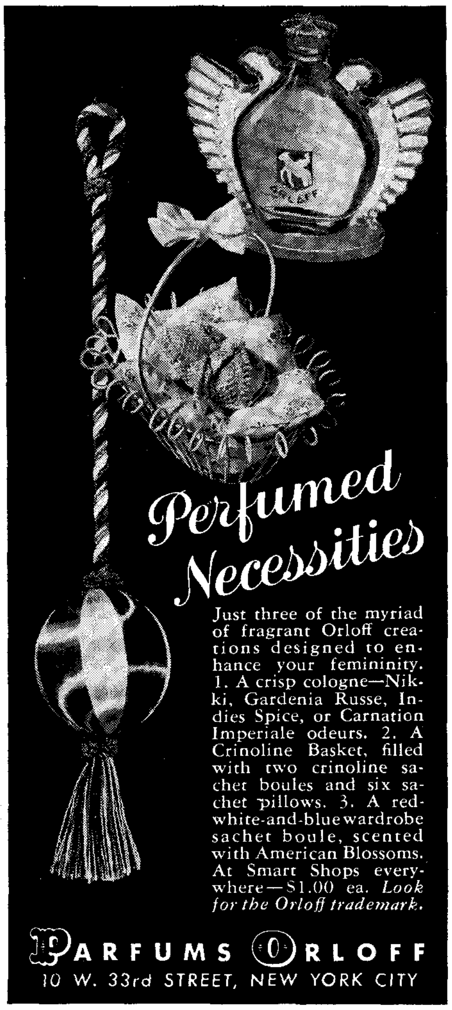
HUNTING seasons differ so in various parts of the country that it's hard to say just when is the right time to start worrying about the proper equipment. For instance, the season on big game in Alaska opened in August, when the thought of tramping in the woods with a gun and a heavy pack would have been enough to finish anyone around here. With the local duck season getting under way, though, and with snow flurries due any day now up in the Canadian moose-hunting country, this seems a logical moment to think about rifles and shotguns and duffel.

Let's take the duffel first. David Abercrombie, at 311 Broadway (near Duane), is showing a new tent called the Trail, which is designed for use in northern country and has an exceptionally sharp peak that should shed even the soggiest snow. It's light for its size, accommodating three but weighing only nine pounds; $54. To go with this, the new Kodiac sleeping bags, which you'll find at the same shop, are worth investigating. They're filled with down and are designed to keep any reasonably warm-blooded individual comfortable even in zero weather, yet they weigh only eight pounds and, rolled up, are no bulkier than a couple of army blankets; $47.50. Another handy item of recent design here is a large pack built along lines worked out by the American Canoe Association. It is solidly made of heavy waterproof canvas, with a tumpline as well as crossed leather shoulder straps, and ought to hold provisions enough to last you and your guide a week or so on a trip away from your base.

At Abercrombie & Fitch, I admired the Forester's Tent, a simple model which struck me as just right for an ambitious hunter who might be contemplating an extended trip to the Far North for a pair of antlers or to the Rockies for mountain sheep. One ingenious point about this tent is that its top has been tilted to catch the heat from a fire built outside. This costs from $15 to $32.75, depending on size. They have considerable confidence here in the new Maine pack, extra-large and stoutly put together, with a flap which can be let out to make room for overloads. The shop also shows a small bag called the Cruiser Tote, a useful accessory for carrying odds and ends that don't fit into your guide's pack.

GOOD guns, most of them costing in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars apiece, keep coming over here from England, and nowhere will you find a better collection than at Abercrombie & Fitch. A recent import which I admired because of its unusually graceful lines was a Boss 12-gauge over-and-under gun with a 26-inch barrel, intended for use in brush country for game up to the size of pheasant. Another English gun, a Tolley, seemed to me especially suitable for ladies. It, too, is a 12-gauge piece, but it weighs a mere five and a half pounds—no more than the average 20-gauge gun—and has very little recoil. (This, by the way, costs only $275.) For duck hunting, I can't imagine anything more satisfactory than an over-and-under Boss with a single trigger operating both barrels.

As for domestic guns, the firm of Griffin & Howe, 202 East 44th Street, turns out some of the best. The specialty of this house, which employs a staff of sixteen expert gunsmiths, is making firearms to order, designing each piece to


Perfumed Necessities

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THE RENDEZVOUS FOR LEADERS OF FASHION . . .

$14.75

Where 1940 debutantes meet this Autumn's bride . . . where the smart young matron off to Pinehurst foregathers with her friends en route to Nassau! All of them . . . young, chic, and particular . . . are choosing their shoe wardrobes from a Collection that cannot be excelled for beauty . . . for bench-made perfection and for exquisite detail.

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Forty years—only men—
and *every* sitting made
personally by Mr. MacDonald

the customer's taste and measurements. Griffin & Howe have one trick with which I am greatly taken not only because of the craftsmanship involved but because it is so agreeably out of step with the times: if you bring them an old Army Springfield and give them a month and $100, they'll convert it into a light sportsman's piece good for anything from woodchuck to Kodiac bear. This extraordinary versatility is made possible by the varying bullet weights available in the .30-'06 cartridges used in these guns. At Macy I saw a fine deer rifle, a Winchester Model 64, with no frills or fancy business about it; the .30-30 cartridge it fires will bring a buck down nicely without mangling the animal, as some of the newer, high-velocity bullets do; $52.75. Stoeger, at 507 Fifth Avenue (42nd), has a 12-gauge L. C. Smith Field Grade, a rugged, serviceable shotgun for duck or any of the heavier waterfowl; $49.

ITEMS: A number of the gunshops are now showing Targo, a trapshooting gun with an attachment on its barrel by which the marksman releases his own target. The gun is held in normal position and the trap is sprung by means of a trigger pulled with the forefinger of the hand supporting the barrel; $19.75. . . . Abercrombie & Fitch have a hand-warmer, no bigger than a pocket-size cigarette case, with which you can keep your trigger finger from becoming numb. It burns cigarette-lighter fuel; $1.50. . . . The same shop has worked out a moderately priced target-pistol case with niches for a .22 pistol, four boxes of cartridges, a cleaning rod, a brush, a can of oil, and cleaning patches; $7.50. . . . You'll also find there a quacking decoy of painted cork with a long rubber tube and bulb attached. Concealed in your blind, you squeeze the bulb, making your decoy emit a most plausible quack; $9.75. . . . Stoeger will order you a freshwater decoy which flaps its wings when you pull a string; $3.50. . . . For those who are really going into the wilds, Anthony Fiala, at 10 Warren Street, offers Eskimo Biscuit, an emergency ration which several well-known explorers are supposed to feed on. . . . Owners of such standard American rifles as the Remington, Savage, and Winchester will be interested in Griffin & Howe's new Zero-Rig, a telescope mount made to fit a variety of models; $12.50.

TWO new books, both illustrated: "Mastering the Pistol," by Morris Fisher, boils down the author's long

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—SAYS FAMED CONDUCTOR KOSTELANETZ

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—E. F. K.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Inventory

WITH things the way they are in the world today, and amateurs of French wines and spirits nervously suspecting that every drink may be the last, you might think I wouldn't encourage picking and choosing but would advise people to take what they can get and thank their stars for it. I cautiously reserve the right to offer just such advice in a month or two, but for the present we still have enough alcoholic imports from France on hand to make a report on the situation fairly encouraging reading. However, though the supply probably exceeds the average consumer's most optimistic guess, that doesn't mean everybody can keep right on drinking the wines he likes best, just as if there were no war in Europe. Some vintages are missing, and there is precious little of any year from certain vineyards, but a person who isn't too set in his habits to switch from one good wine to another good wine need not fare badly at the moment.

To begin with the gloomiest part of my report, the cognac situation in this country is terrible. It's terrible in France, too, for that matter, although it's hard to make out exactly what the official attitude is over there. According to a new law of the Pétain government, the alcoholic content of spirits must not exceed sixteen per cent, but whether that applies to spirits for export or only to spirits for sale in France isn't entirely clear. In either case the question is merely an academic one so far as we are concerned, for of course there isn't any exportation. Over here the rare and costly cognacs have been disappearing at a faster rate than the standard commercial brands. Of the incomparable Cognac des Héritiers of Berry Brothers, only Category III (1875) remains, and there's not much of that, but M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), has a little and so has Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st). The Sherry firm also has a fair supply of an exquisitely suave Denis Mounié Cognac of 1865—may it fall into the right hands! Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue (45th), have some of their Frapin Grande Fine Champagne of 1860 left. Among extremely good but less fabulous brandies still to be found in town are Bellows V.E. (twenty years old), at Bates & French, 96 Park Avenue (40th), and the clean, undoctored cognacs of Dupuy d'Angéac, at A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), which should be better known than they are. There still seem to be considerable quantities of Monnet, Hennessy, Courvoisier, Martell, and some of the Hines cognacs, although I haven't come across a single bottle of the Hines Grande Fine Champagne. Armagnacs also appear to be fairly plentiful, and Lehmann has some simply magnificent Calvados.

AS for vermouth, Noilly Prat is disappearing off the face of the earth—or off this section of it—so fast that you can hardly track it down, and dealers predict that what remains will be fetching over $3 a bottle in another month. Bates & French still have some of that excellent Bellows French vermouth, Lehmann has a supply of fine dry Justerini & Brooks, and there is considerably more Cinzano, both dry and Italian, although neither is present in any large quantities. Martini & Rossi vermouth, however, is now being made in the Argentine and shipped to this country; as far as I can judge, both the sweet and dry kinds are of exactly the same quality as the Martini & Rossi we have heretofore got from Italy.

CHAMPAGNES are almost as much of a problem to the dealer as to the consumer. Importers are raising their prices from day to day to fantastic heights, and the prices depend not so much upon quality as upon the amount available. Thus the purchaser has greater need than ever to know his champagnes, for he may be asked to pay more for an inferior brand which is running low than for a better wine which is plentiful. Importers say there are not over 35,000 cases of champagne from reputable shippers in the country, which is little enough, for it has been estimated that since repeal the annual American consumption has been around 225,000 cases. Among the relatively inexpensive champagnes of irreproachable character yet to be found in considerable quantities are the 1928 Ay Brut and the Irroy Brut of the same year, both imported by Frank Schoonmaker & Co. and obtainable at Monro, 20 East 57th Street; the Headington Corporation, 1133 Lexington Avenue (79th); A. N.

Luria; and Sherry Wine & Spirits. An even less expensive Schoonmaker import (to be had from the Sherry firm) is an extremely pleasant non-vintage champagne of Gérard Père et Fils that is dry enough to do admirably as an apéritif. Among the great champagnes, there is still a little of the famous Dom Pérignon 1921 of Moët et Chandon to be had, in beautiful replicas of a seventeenth-century champagne bottle, at Mabardi, 6 East 55th Street, and at A. N. Luria. At Mabardi, too, there is a surprising quantity of 1926 and 1928 Moët et Chandon, as well as a few cases of 1911 and 1914, which are guaranteed to be in good shape. Sherry Wine & Spirits possesses a treasure—a few cases of marvellous Lanson of 1921, which is well worth whatever is asked for it. A 1933 Lanson, of which the same firm has a considerable stock, is ideal for people with cellars who expect the world to last another five years or so. There's a limited amount of that incredibly lovely Pol Roger of 1926, imported by Henry Rathemacher, still around, and more of the 1928; Sherry Wine & Spirits and Lehmann, among others, have these. The celebrated Bollinger, 1928, is available at Lehmann, as is Krug of the same year; both wines can be had in magnums, and the Bollinger in jeroboams as well. Indeed, Lehmann seems to be fairly well provided with magnums of all the great *marques*, but, apart from the Bollinger, the jeroboams are limited to 1928 Pommery et Greno and 1926 Moët et Chandon. Bellows & Co. are remarkably well stocked with Perrier-Jouët, both vintage and non-vintage, and these wines are obtainable at Bates & French, at James McKernon, 44 East 53rd, and at other Bellows outlets.

WHEN it comes to Bordeaux and Burgundies, the supply of great wines seems to be dwindling much more rapidly than that of wines from obscure vineyards, provident layers-down apparently being unwilling to give cellar space to anything but the most worthy. In red Burgundies, both Sherry Wine & Spirits and Lehmann still have all the distinguished names, and between them could probably furnish wines of all the famous years. Both shops have a certain quantity of that incomparable Romanée-Conti of 1929, as well as most of the wines of the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti 1929's and 1933's. A Les Gaudichots, 1929, of the Domaine, to be had at Sherry Wine & Spirits, is beautiful beyond belief. This firm also has a rather complete line of the Berry Broth-

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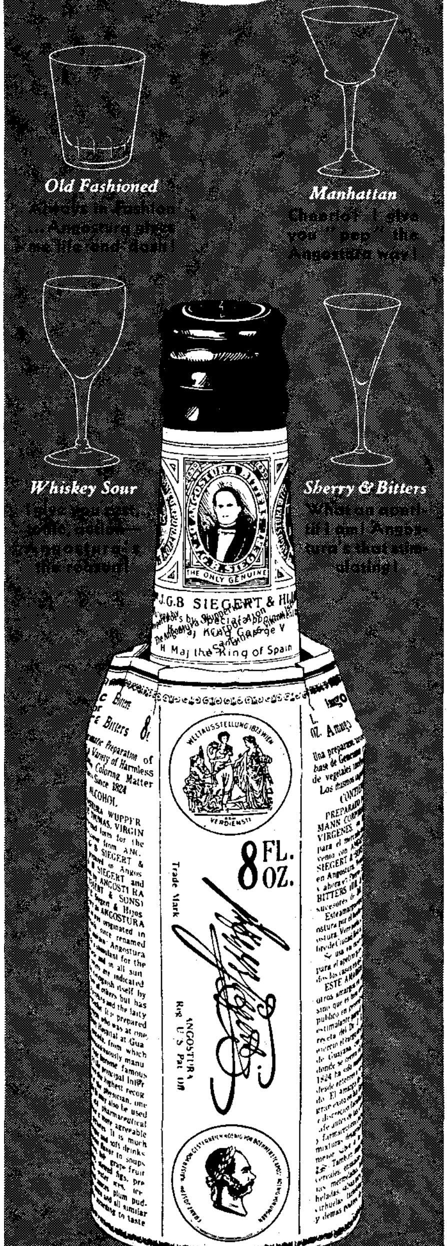
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ers irreproachable Burgundies, including some Clos de Vougeot and Latricières Chambertin, both of 1923. The famous white Burgundies are moving along even faster than the red, and already they're exceedingly scarce and expensive. Lehmann has a fair stock of the 1929 Montrachets of Marquis de la Guiche and Baron Thénard, and Sherry Wine & Spirits has some of the Cuvée Drapier Grand Montrachet of 1911. It's practically impossible to get any more of the Rhône wines—some of which are truly great—and it serves American drinkers right for having been so patronizing about them. Bates & French have a few cases of the superb Chapoutier red Hermitage of 1929 imported by Bellows; A. N. Luria has a moderate quantity of Hermitage of the same year shipped by Perret; and Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th), has an adequate reserve of Tavel, that pleasantest of *vins rosés.*

LEHMANN has a surprisingly large stock of most of the celebrated clarets in vintages from 1911 to 1935, including magnums of Mouton Rothschild 1926 and 1929. A. N. Luria still has a number of 1924 clarets—among them a Haut-Brion and a Lafitte—and an unexpectedly large quantity of that gorgeous Château Ausone, 1929, of which I should like to possess every last drop. Among the sound, inexpensive red Bordeaux—very few of which are left to us—is a 1929 Château Desplats from the Commune of Macau, to be had in considerable quantities at Sherry Wine & Spirits; it's as clean and satisfactory a little claret as you are likely to find. The same firm also has fair-sized stocks of two good and very inexpensive white Bordeaux—a 1936 Château Grillon (Barsac) and a Château Suduiraut (Sauternes) of the same year, which, while possessing the flavor characteristic of their respective châteaux, are unusually dry. There's apparently an ample supply of Barton & Guestier clarets and Sauternes still on hand; you'll find them all over.

NOT too cheerful a report, perhaps, but not too gloomy a one, either. At least we don't have to worry about sherry—unless, of course, Spain gets into the war. —S. H.

•

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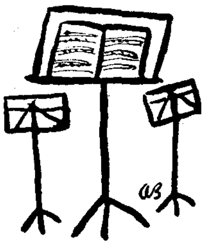
MUSICAL EVENTS

An Orchestra—Pianists



THE first concert of the Philharmonic was quite an Occasion. Members of the orchestra greeted the subscribers as they entered the hall, and ushered them to their places. When the audience had been seated, the instrumentalists gathered in an anteroom for a tuning session, and then appeared before their listeners and began to play without any further warming up. The entire orchestra, except the four 'cellists, stood throughout the program, which was a long one. There was Beethoven's fifth symphony, the overture to "Oberon," a new overture in D by Johann Wenzeslaus Kalliwoda, a quintet for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass by Hummel, and vocal items by Weber, Beethoven, Mozart, and Rossini. Three conductors participated, one of them being the Philharmonic's first American-born director, Ureli Corelli Hill, who led the Beethoven symphony.

That's how it was when the Philharmonic introduced itself to the town ninety-eight years ago at the Apollo Rooms on lower Broadway. This season's opening concert in Carnegie Hall by the Philharmonic-Symphony, direct descendant of the society formed in 1842 (according to an old document, "for the general interest of the art, and for the proper performance of great orchestral pieces"), was a more conservative meeting. John Barbirolli conducted three concert staples—Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Elgar's "Enigma" variations, and Sibelius's second symphony—with his customary enthusiasm, and the orchestra played in its familiar sturdy manner. The top of the evening was the performance of the Elgar music, which has become something of a specialty with the orchestra and its conductor.

A MOST peculiar concert tradition is the one that young performers must throw the book at their audiences. Many débutants and other comparatively youthful musicians line up programs that would be troublesome for veteran virtuosi, and often the concert takes on the nature of an entrance examination rather than that of a musical event. It's as if a baseball manager were to sign up a pitcher of no great experi-

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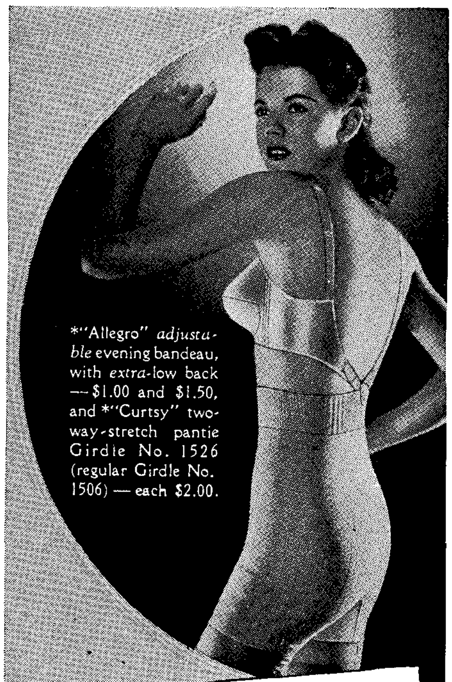

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Last week, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Zug, one of the most gifted of our young pianists, included in her Town Hall program Beethoven's sonata in C-minor, Op. 111. Miss Zug tackled this formidable music with obvious appreciation and technical facility, but it's no composition for a pianist who is in the beginning stage of her career. Possibly the presence on the program of this sonata was responsible for Miss Zug's having made an impression less remarkable than the one she made at her first Town Hall appearance about a year ago. It was ingenious of Miss Zug to group Beethoven's early sonatina in E-flat with the Opus 111, the composer's last piano sonata, but I suspect that the C-minor sonata could have been replaced with something less taxing without injuring the program. We'll hear plenty more from Miss Zug, however, because she has a genuine instinct for music-making at the piano.

THE début of Eugene Gash, a young Negro pianist, was interesting not so much for Mr. Gash's actual playing of various works as for the evidences that he is a born pianist. Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" wasn't quite the business for a young man playing his first concert in New York, and the choice of Bach's second English suite also was debatable. Nevertheless, Mr. Gash's pianism had an engaging quality about it, and there was a valuable firm, clear rhythm in his performances. Two other Town Hall recitals are listed for him, and there may be more to record after Mr. Gash has given them.

PAUL ROBESON returned to the concert schedules with a Carnegie Hall recital which proved that Mr. Robeson remains one of the important personalities of singing. Miss Clara Rockmore supplemented his songs with skillful theremin solos until the theremin blew a tube—or whatever a theremin does at inopportune moments—and called it an evening before the concert was over.

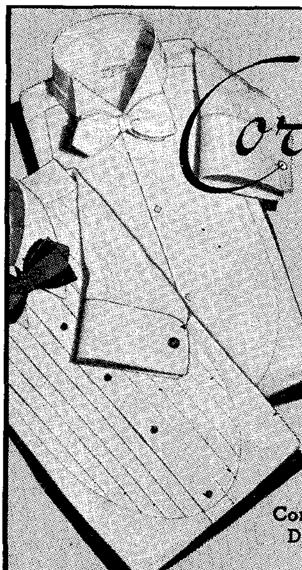
—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My faith can move
A mountain, though
Where to put it
I don't know.

—CHARMÉ SEEDS



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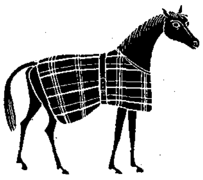
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The Cubans Slip In



MOST hunt-race followers are familiar with the story of how Mrs. E. Read Beard of Baltimore tried unsuccessfully, five years ago, to sell Blockade, a son of Man o' War who had never won anything, for $500—the amount needed to pay his bills in a public boarding stable. Mrs. Beard was a lot luckier than she knew; recently she sold the horse, who now has three straight Maryland Hunt Cups to his credit, to Charles E. Tuttle, a Maryland sportsman, for a price which I hear was around $10,000. Blockade will be in the Maryland Cup again next spring, and you'll see him this Saturday at the Monmouth County meeting on Amory L. Haskell's Woodland Farms estate in New Jersey.

FOR a while it appeared as though, because of the war, the National Horse Show's military competition would be a strictly domestic affair; even the Chilean, Mexican, and Cuban officers hesitated before deciding to be good neighbors and take part. The Chileans have been here for some time and the Mexicans got here Sunday. As is customary, the Cubans were rather casual about informing the Show committee of their plans. The officers were off Staten Island one day last week before a member of their party suggested it might be a good idea to let Show officials know they were coming. Ordinarily the Cubans' horses, who weathered the voyage in fine shape, would have been kept at Governors Island until Show time. However, a day or two before the Cubans arrived, the skipper of the ferry missed his mark and practically wrecked the island's dock. So the horses were taken to Squadron A Armory, where their presence was hardly noticed by some of the gloomy members who expect to be ordered north to Camp Devens in January and are going around thinking mostly of ear muffs.

Each foreign team was given, as usual, a flat sum to cover its expenses, and, also as usual, the visiting officers are living quietly around town, saving their money for Horse Show Week, when they will move into the Waldorf-Astoria. The old stars are all back. Major Eduardo Yanez leads the Chileans; Captain Camilo Gonzalez Chavez, the Cu-

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bans; and Major Villarreal Maya, the Mexicans. As for the horses, Andina, Condesa, Azteca, and the other Garden jumping favorites seem as chipper as ever. The United States officers are practicing at Fort Riley, Kansas, and won't get to town until a few days before the Show opens. The visitors hope to catch our military mounts while they still have train legs.

I HAVE never seen better hunter entries than those in Harvey Dow Gibson's Piping Rock Show. Crispin Oglebay's Holystone did a good job of winning the title, and Muriel Cleland, who rode him, didn't make one false move. Neither did Susan Fuller, on the runner-up—Mrs. George Watts Hill's black mare, Inky. An old favorite of mine, Mrs. Ellsworth Augustus's Chatter Chat, did well in the hunter and jumper classes, in both of which he was ridden by Mrs. Cary Jackson. I would still like to see a class at the National in which these lady riders could compete against the military; as I've said before, I'd make a small wager on the girls. How about it?

A startling feature of Piping Rock was an immense new travelling counter restaurant, brought there by Louis S. Ritter, of Darien, the man who designed the original counter car on the New Haven Railroad. This contrivance, which is mounted on a twelve-ton trailer towed by a truck, cost Mr. Ritter $25,000. He plans to take it around next season to any number of horse shows, hunt meetings, field trials, and so on. The car carries sixteen tables, each accommodating eight, which are set up on the grounds. It also carries quantities of artificial gas, three hundred gallons of water, six hundred pounds of ice, steam tables, a dozen coffee percolators, silverware and cutlery monogrammed "Counter Car," and a chromium stand-up bar. A crew of six men operates the car. "We can feed eighteen hundred people good hot lunches of roast beef, mashed potatoes, and other vegetables easily," Mr. Ritter told me. Lunch costs eighty-five cents and is a big improvement over the old hot-dog wagons and their Hyde Park fare.

—T. O'R.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Letter in the Movie & Radio Guide*]

DEAR V.O.L.: After my father's death and my sisters' and brothers' marriages mother was left alone. She said her radio kept her alive. She finally passed away in a big chair listening at her radio. I shall always appreciate the radio for that reason.

MRS. ——

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Or, if you are fond of good old-fashioned customs, serve a Sherry-and-bitters. It's a delicious drink and particularly recommended are Delicia (medium dry), Double Century Brand (medium sweet) and Celebration Cream—famous Domecq Sherries.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Messrs. O'Neill and Ford

THERE'S a tendency around town, I note, to say of "The Long Voyage Home" that it's not going to make any money because it's so good. That it is good, no one questions. It is, indeed, one of the magnificent films of film history. Never has the sea, its infinite pictorial possibilities, been so comprehended upon the screen and its beauty and its threat so eloquently conveyed. And the lives of the men, as Eugene O'Neill wrote of them in "The Moon of the Caribbees," "Bound East for Cardiff," "In the Zone," and in the play from which this film takes its title, emerge with the same simplicity and violence and futility which many years ago revealed that a new talent had come to the American theatre via the little Provincetown Playhouse. Mr. O'Neill could not have found a happier collaborator than John Ford, or a more independent one. For Mr. Ford, on his part, the O'Neill ocean and the O'Neill fo'c'sle and the war zone—this war zone, not the last—and the waterfront have been perfect material. It is obvious, I think, that he has worked freely and made his own use of the stuff given him; and with a studio awareness of the camera, he has relished to the limit the shadows upon a freighter docked in the West Indies or storm-wracked in mid-Atlantic, and the shadows of night along a deserted waterfront. It's always night that he likes best. Night upon the ocean is the major story Mr. Ford would tell us, and to many perhaps the picture will seem more a Ford film than an O'Neill.

With all the film's beauty, there's an impersonal quality about it, and some may find its grim, rather stately beauty oppressive. There are scenes of considerable activity, certainly—scenes of parties when the bumboat girls are brought aboard the ship, as tough parties as bumboat girls might inspire anywhere; fights in the fo'c'sle; a fight at sea with an enemy plane; and a shanghaiing toward the end. There would seem to be plenty of tussle and life, but no single character dominates or is clearly identified until possibly in that last episode of Ole (John Wayne) and the plot to shanghai him. We are concerned

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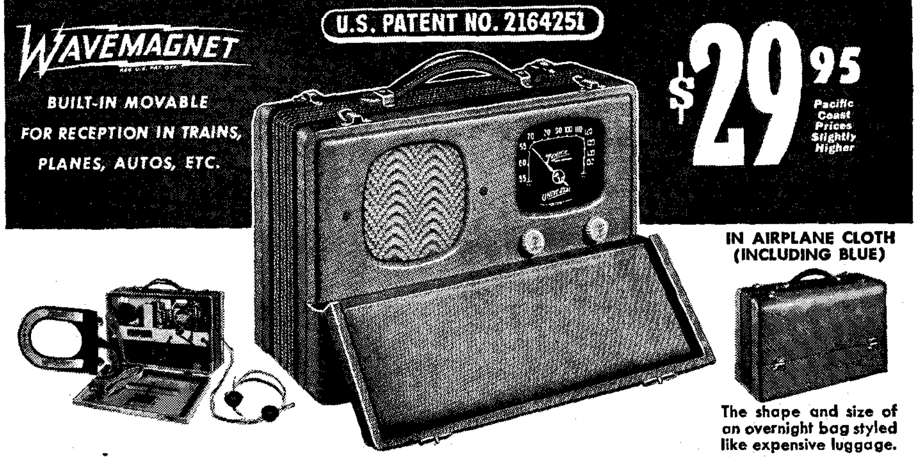
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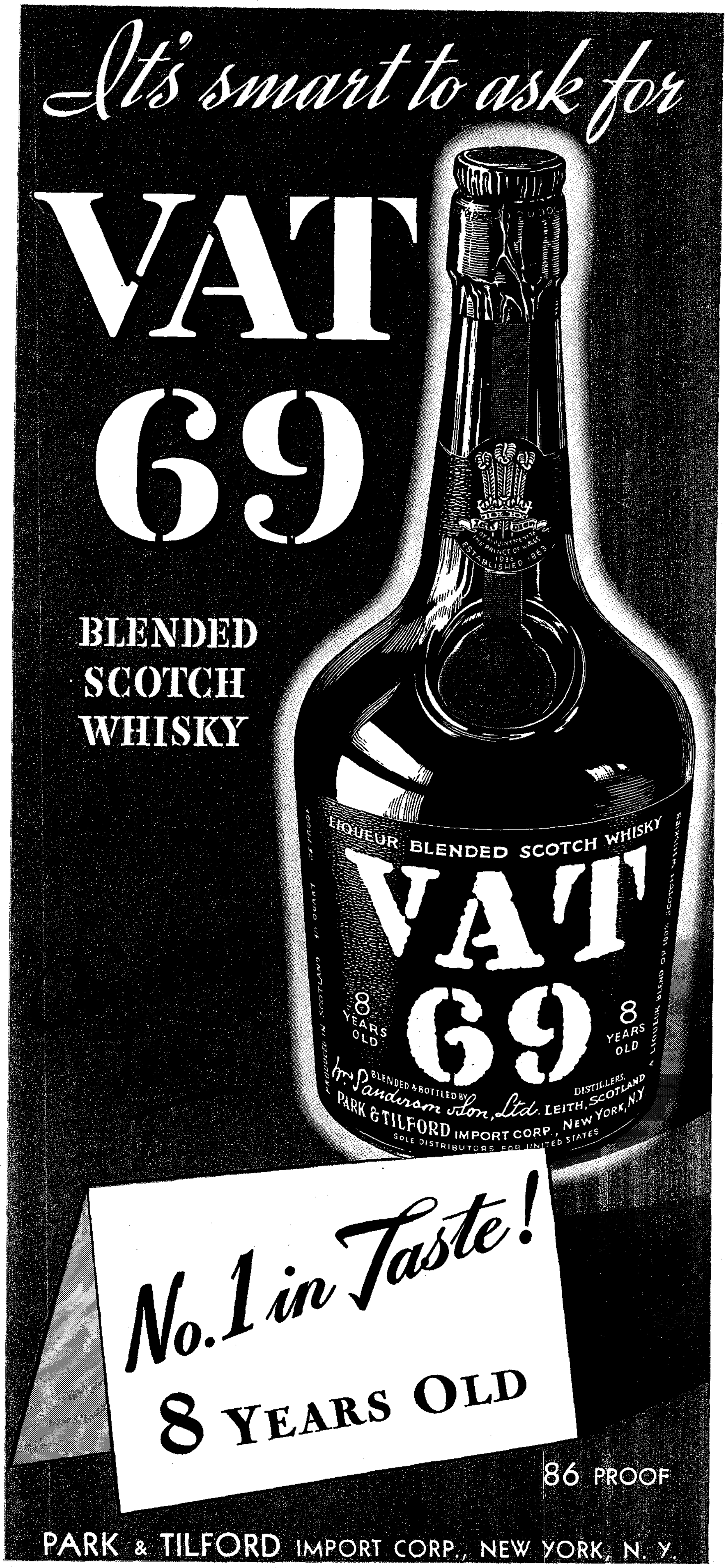
with a group, not individuals, and we are moved from one incident to another, or, as is the fact, from one one-act play to another. It is no actor's film, but Thomas Mitchell, Ian Hunter, Barry Fitzgerald, and Wilfrid Lawson survive against the elements; and it might at least be gallant to mention the pitiful women who are practically lost in the maelstrom, especially Mildred Natwick, as a pub girl, and Rafaela Ottiano, as the chaperon of the bumboat ladies.

SIMMERING in the Middle West in 1924, I missed Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," but I am told this new screen version faithfully follows his play. As beautiful as ever and as fragile as the most cautious lettuce-nibbler at the Colony, Carole Lombard plays the waitress who sees no alternative to a life of drudgery but marriage with the eccentric grape-grower of Napa Valley. The drama of the valley is unrolled with comedy and some persuasive reality. The handsome hired man (William Gargan) complicates the bridal plans in a satisfactory scene of seduction. Harry Carey and Frank Fay and a number of gesticulating extras of Italian origin lend color to life on a grape ranch, all of them secondary, however, to the exuberant presence of Tony Patucci, the grape-grower and bridegroom, somewhat overwhelmingly played by Charles Laughton. Because he must be a saint at heart here, an innocent throughout, Mr. Laughton has no chance for his shrewdest talent for sly villainy. No Tony ever waved his arms and beamed and laughed with half the Latin gusto Mr. Laughton displays, yet it's not a prize rôle for him, and since he must be only noble, he makes up for such a limitation, one suspects, by being just noisy.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Ray Milland, as a pretty foreign correspondent and an adventurous flier, respectively, carry on sprightly romance in "Arise, My Love," a clever and extremely glib film. It is possibly too glib. The lovers meet dramatically in Spain during the present war and are reunited in the forest of Hitler's Compiègne. Other historic incidents employed as background for the ups and downs of true love include the torpedoing of the Athenia and the fall of Paris. Romance blooms everywhere, as you will be glad to hear, though at last, to be sure, the title is interpreted as no lover's alarm clock but as an exhortation to America to arm.

—JOHN MOSHER



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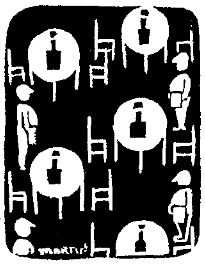
TABLES FOR TWO

Some Slight Alterations

MAYBE it's just a sign of the times, but Féfé's Monte Carlo is becoming democratic—in a gradual way, of course. Felix Ferry, presumably convinced that you should not judge a man by his coat, even if it has a political button on it, has decided to let informally dressed patrons commute from the bar to the dance floor—a decision which may not take your breath away but probably took his when he made it. Don't come straight in from a husking bee, however, and expect to be effusively greeted—with the one exception noted, the place is just as formal and elegant as it always has been. Mr. Ferry has thought up a second interesting innovation, perhaps by way of balance. Drinks now cost a dollar and a quarter, which is, I imagine, some sort of local record. Mr. Ferry's establishment is still one of the most attractive in town and is still fortunate enough to have Ted Straeter's band around. In addition, there's a rumba band led by the Velero Sisters, who really look like sisters, and there's service of so conscientious a sort that it almost embarrasses you. For instance, the lamp on my table went out, and a waiter promptly dived below to adjust the cord. This happened a couple more times, and finally I tapped the waiter at the start of a plunge and told him to forget the whole thing. "It doesn't matter," I said. "Mr. Ferry thinks it does," said the waiter firmly, on the way down.



El Morocco has gone reactionary on us, and in a very commendable manner. Last year, with a great hullabaloo, it blossomed out in a swirl of peach-colored velvet, which was supposed to be a pleasant change for its steady patrons but actually had only the effect of enraging a few ladies who found it intolerable to be photographed against a background of anything but zebra stripes. Well, the stripes are back, the ladies again have contented expressions, and the pictures come out fine. The only decorative changes that are new involve some latticelike affairs on the walls called, I'm told, Moorish grilles. They fit in nicely with the deep-blue walls and flickering red stars on the ceiling, which are so familiar. The customers have a familiar look, too.

It has become customary among some historians of the contemporary night-club scene never to mention the Monte Carlo and El Morocco without throwing in the Stork Club, too, and doubtless some out-of-towners have been led to believe that you can buy combination tickets of admission to all three, with special rates for children. Well, I'm not going to be a tradition-breaker. Here we are at the Stork Club, ladies and gentlemen; careful going through the revolving door. I sometimes get the feeling that the Stork is really two places. The first is that active area around the bar, where nobody bothers much to stick at one table and where secrets of staggering importance are discussed within hearing range of everybody in town least likely to keep them secret. The back room, however, is a perfectly comfortable spot, full of long-bobbed débutantes who probably don't care much what's going on in the outer room, or, for that matter, in the outer world. Jack Harris's orchestra, late of London, helps them dream away the time, and the room itself has a good deal of gaiety. I understand there have been some decorative alterations recently, but I'm not sure what they are. No matter how often they redecorate the Stork, it always looks the same.

OFFHAND, you'd think that a cast of sixteen performers at the Persian Room of the Plaza would be about as inappropriate as a trained-flea act at the Yankee Stadium. Well, the Persian Room, in the first of a series of revues it's planning for the winter, *has* a cast of sixteen, eight of whom are lovely showgirls billed as "a group of young ladies of distinction and charm." The room itself has plenty of these qualities, too, and, with the removal of some of the sombre black trimming that used to be around, has a brighter air. The bandstand has been shifted from the south side to the west, replacing the service bar, which has disappeared from view, although the service doesn't seem to have suffered. This shuffling of impedimenta must have been dictated by the necessity of having more space for a show. It works out all right, except that if you're not sitting near the centre or at the east end of the room, your view of the proceedings is apt to be incomplete. The show, in addition to those eight little bundles of distinction, includes John Buckmaster, who started off last year

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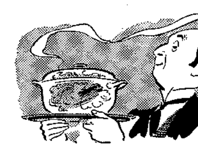

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as a more or less unknown impersonator and is rapidly becoming a big man about night clubs. There are some brilliantly funny moments in his routine, especially, to my mind, those devoted to a composite picture of sporting events as portrayed in the newsreels.

The Iridium Room of the St. Regis has for a long time favored the theory that shows, regardless of the size of the cast, should be short and swift, which makes me favor the Iridium Room. The present show lasts about twenty minutes, my favorite time, and to make sure it moves along fast enough, the hotel has equipped its performers with ice skates. Dorothy Lewis, who by now has her own devoted following and is turning into a sort of gliding Hildegarde, is the fastest and most attractive skater of the bunch, which includes four other skaters. At one point, they all shag on skates, an impressive and slightly terrifying spectacle in a room, simple as it might be in Central Park. The Iridium Room itself hasn't changed any, and I can think of no reason for anybody wanting to change it. —CHECK

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Milwaukee Journal*]

TREND of the times: The Harlow Leekleys, who annually entertain a large group of city folk at their rustic but commodious log home on the north shore, chose a blackout theme for their party a week ago and invited their guests to come as refugees.

It was a sorry looking lot of wayfarers who straggled to the gay party, some carrying baskets of clucking chickens, others leading geese on leashes. A tattered man trudged along the last few rods of the country road wheeling a baby carriage in which rode his wife.

One gregarious group of guests disembarked from a single car weighted with chairs, tables and bedsteads. A jar of goldfish was brought to the "air raid shelter" in the lower floor recreation room built into the ravine.

Even in air raids there must be hilarity—to bolster the morale. The gaiety was raised to a high pitch in the Leekley shelter when the hosts' daughter, Mary Ruth, stepped into the candlelight to outstrip Gypsy Rose Lee. Off came innumerable reversibles, bathrobes and beach capes, to reveal a voluminous bathing suit covering Mary Ruth from collarbone to ankle.

Twice in the night a siren screamed for "Lights out!" Aerial bombs burst overhead while a pair of outboard motors churned in a rainbarrel to produce realistic sound effects. When bells clanged to announce "All's clear!" after the second raid, the guests blinked in the sudden light and blinked again. In their midst stood a new refugee, a complacent cow from a neighbor's pasture.

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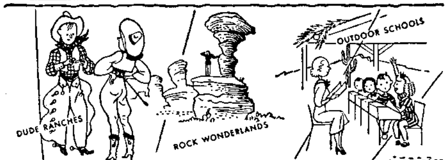

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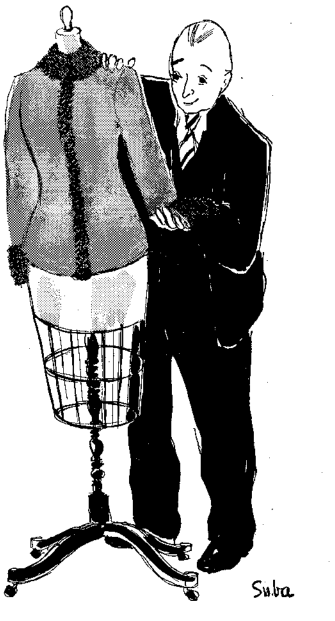
WASHINGTON ON THE WIRE

TAKING care to avoid any appearance of haste, Mr. Forbes and Mr. Angevine walked out of the Lawyers Club dining room with the air of men who have lunched well and are perfectly content with the world. Actually, Mr. Forbes had merely trifled with his scrambled eggs and brains, and Mr. Angevine had left the better part of an excellent mixed grill untouched. If any of the members recognized Mr. Angevine, they must have realized under what trying circumstances the two men were attempting to appear at ease. Mr. Forbes, a senior partner of Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore, was well known around the club, but his guest, the president of the Bethesda Refining Corporation, was not, except, of course, by reputation. Mr. Angevine's name appeared often enough in the *Wall Street Journal* and for the past week had been a plaything of copy desks everywhere.

Mr. Forbes and his guest strolled over to the ticker, where Mr. Angevine reviewed the tape, sliding it between tired, nervous fingers. Although he was nearing seventy, his hands as a rule were much better controlled. These were really very difficult times for Mr. Angevine.



"We're down again," he said, apparently without emotion. "Three-quarters of a point. That makes ten points since we were subpoenaed. Are you quite certain Devore knows where to reach us?"

"Of course," Mr. Forbes said soothingly. "If he'd called, they'd have paged me." The lawyer had reasons of his own for being anxious, but he felt that it was his professional duty to maintain the Pine Street equivalent of a bedside manner. Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore represented Bethesda, and moreover Mr. Forbes was Mr. Angevine's own legal adviser.

Suddenly Mr. Angevine abandoned the heroic calm of a great man in distress and began to fret openly. "I wish we'd stayed in Washington until the investigation was over," he said. "Up here I can't help feeling that I haven't got my finger on the pulse of the situation."

"If you'd stayed in Washington, it couldn't possibly have looked worse to the committee," Mr. Forbes told him. "Not to mention the public. You wouldn't have fooled anyone for a minute. Of course, you might have succeeded in convincing the reporters that you were staying on to feed the animals in Rock Creek Park, or that you wanted to spend a few days in the Smithsonian Institution." Satire was not a commodity in which Mr. Forbes could afford to deal extensively, and he knew it. He took Mr. Angevine's arm in a fraternal manner and said, "It's rather public here. Let's have a cigar in the writing room. No one ever goes in there, and we can talk. Young man"—he beckoned to an attendant—"I'm expecting a telephone call. Mr. Angevine and I will be in the writing room if anyone wants us." Then, after repeating this information to the switchboard operator nearby, he led Mr. Angevine away.

"I can't help feeling that I ought to be *doing* something," Mr. Angevine protested, looking back nervously at the ticker. "I mean about the Street."

"We might just as well face it," said Mr. Forbes. "Bethesda is going to keep on wavering, with a general downward trend, until the hearing is over. It's a natural reaction. But think"—he squeezed his client's arm—"how fast it will go up if we get a clean bill of health."

"If," Mr. Angevine repeated.

"And we will!" promised Mr. Forbes. "We're certain to. They haven't come across anything incriminating as yet, and Devore is by all odds the safest witness they've called so far. They can't call very many more. In fact, I've learned from an unimpeachable source that Henry will probably—" He stopped short, like a mountain-climber who finds himself on the brink of a crevasse. "What I'm trying to say is I feel confident the danger will soon be over and that a favorable public reaction will then manifest itself."

There was a glint in Mr. Angevine's eyes. "For a minute I thought you were going to say they weren't planning to call anybody after Devore. If they don't, and if he gets off all right, it may be that we're hitting the bottom right now." It was unnecessary for him to add, "And I ought to start buying." It was understood that when Bethesda hit bottom, Mr. Angevine would not be the only one to purchase stock. Mr. Forbes would load up, and so, presumably, would many others. Every market analyst had advised this move. The only problem was how precisely to recognize the turning point.

Mr. Forbes sighed. "If one could only probe the future," he said.

"But just now you were so damn optimistic," Mr. Angevine objected, whereupon Mr. Forbes convincingly pointed out that while he was hopeful of an honorable discharge by the committee, he could not, of course, predict when it would be granted.

Mr. Angevine phrased his next question with great care. "You'd say, wouldn't you, that if they discharge Devore without finding out anything, no subsequent witness will be able to damage us materially?"

Mr. Forbes nodded. "In that case the turning point must be very near," Mr. Angevine said, "perhaps nearer than we think. It seems to me they've already run through every possibility without tracking down our private agreements"—he looked benignly in the direction of the doorway—"with interested neutrals."

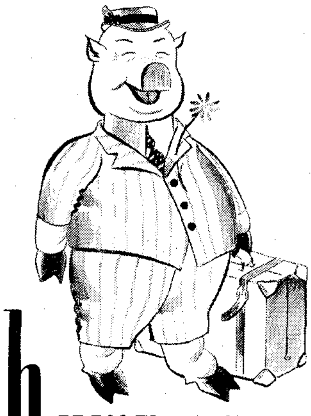
"If Henry makes a good showing," Mr. Forbes replied, "I'd say that our prospects were moderately good, although you mustn't overlook the possibility of a body blow from the Administration."

MR. ANGEVINE shuddered. He lit a cigar and tried to comfort himself by assuming his most businesslike manner. "Now, let's see where we stand," he said. "Devore went into the committee at ten o'clock this morning. They must have decided to keep him on for an afternoon session. Even so, here's something I don't understand. If they recessed for lunch, the recess must be well over by now. Why didn't he slip into a phone booth somewhere and call us? They have plenty of phone booths in the Capitol. *I* ought to know—I was using 'em myself all last week."

"Perhaps that would have been a little awkward. Perhaps Henry lunched in the Capitol restaurant with—ah—persons of influence and found it inexpedient to excuse himself."

"I hope so," said Mr. Angevine gloomily. "And now the afternoon session is under way. God knows when we'll hear from him!"

There were signs of strain in Mr.



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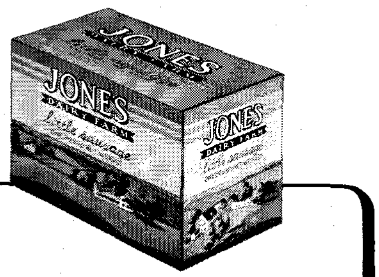

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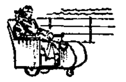

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Forbes' face, but he said, with staunch cheerfulness, "We have a very nice armagnac here. I'd like to have you—" He broke off. The attendant he had spoken to was singsonging, "Mr. Forbes! Telephone for Mr. Forbes!" The lawyer got up at once.

"Washington is on the wire, Mr. Forbes."

"Hurry!" Mr. Angevine said. "He may not be able to take much time."

It was an unnecessary suggestion. Mr. Forbes went with the wind. Although the telephones in the Lawyers Club are but a short distance from the writing room, he was quite breathless by the time he had reached his booth and closed the door.

"Henry!"

"Ah, Lowden, good afternoon," purred the voice at the other end. The moment Mr. Forbes heard this purr, he relaxed.

"Well, Henry?"

"The committee dismissed me at the close of its morning session, but an opportunity presented itself for me to lunch at the Capitol with several extremely interesting men, including Representative Sharpless, and I wasn't able to get in touch with you right away."

"How do we stand?"

"Our position appears to be fairly advantageous."

Mr. Forbes knew how to decode this: Their position was more than passable; it was superlatively good. "So you didn't have to admit anything?"

"Nothing undesirable, I think," said Mr. Devore cozily. "The general impression seems to be that I coöperated with the committee as fully as possible throughout the hearing."

"Any more witnesses coming?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"Nope," said Mr. Devore, "not a god-damn one!"

"Say!" exulted Mr. Forbes. "Who told you?"

"Sharpless," said Mr. Devore. "When I found out that Sharpless was to be a member of the party, which had been very unpromising otherwise, I gave up my original intention of going over to the Rotisserie for a crab gumbo."

"Well," grunted Mr. Forbes, "I should think so!"

"Frankly, Lowden, I suspect that the committee has formed a more favorable impression of Bethesda. But if I may make a suggestion, I'd refrain from giving Angevine this information prematurely."

"Naturally!"

"Not until you've had a chance to buy some stock yourself, eh?" retorted Mr. Devore, vulgarly merry.

"And why not? *You're* going to, aren't you?" Mr. Forbes didn't approve of this sort of levity, even between partners.

"My dear Lowden, I already have," said Mr. Devore. "Just before calling you."

"What?" cried Mr. Forbes.

"Don't be alarmed. It's still too early for anything to have started. You can phone an order yourself as soon as we hang up."

"You put in your own order before you phoned me!" Mr. Forbes wailed. Brother had betrayed brother. "Is there anything else I ought to know, Henry?" he asked.

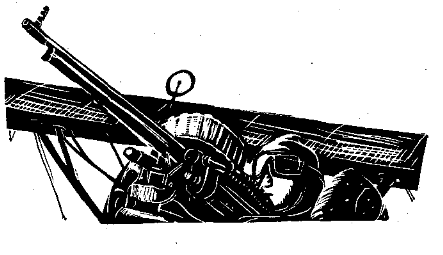
"Nothing that won't keep until tomorrow," said Mr. Devore. "We'd better reserve most of the morning for a general checkup and survey of the press reaction." There was another purr. "Not that I expect it to be too unfavorable."

"Anything *else?*"

"No, I think not. Tell Angevine he mustn't give up hope. Tell him there's a possibility that things will work out all right, but that it's still much too early to predict what the committee will decide."

MR. FORBES poked his head out of the booth and gave the switchboard girl another number to call. To his dismay, he saw that Mr. Angevine had once more sought the gloomy companionship of the ticker, which was inconveniently close to the switchboard. Mr. Angevine pounced. "What's happened to us?" he asked in such a resonant whisper that two or three men standing at least fifty feet away looked at him with curiosity.

"They suggest that *we* dine with *them* before the theatre tonight," said Mr. Forbes mysteriously. He moved his eyebrows. "I have a message for Devore's family. It will take me only a moment." He shut himself up in the booth again and, turning his back to the door, huddled over the mouthpiece. When he had ostensibly finished talking to Henry's family, he came out of the booth and said, "Shall we go back and have our brandy now?" His voice sounded



as if he were being determinedly brave.

"I *insist* that you give me every detail of Devore's telephone call!" said Mr. Angevine.

"Henry has finished testifying," Mr. Forbes confided slowly. His colleague's body, one would have inferred, was as yet scarcely cold. "He is able to tell us very little, on the whole, of the representatives' reaction to what he said, except that he *thinks* his answers weren't too damaging. I'm sure he tried conscientiously to do his best."

Mr. Angevine sighed. As the two men walked back to the writing room, each absorbed in the morning's events, the ticker suddenly began to rattle away like an inspired woodpecker.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

A BUNCH OF THE BOYS WERE WHOOPING IT UP

I can't read Proust
As I used,
And the latter Joyce
But mhakes them attarwoise.
And talkin'r
Faulkner,
Who wants to scrape that barrel
Of James T.(uds Lonigan) Farrell?
No, even Hemingway
Seems to have gone the lemming way—
Seaward,
Or McFeeward.

What disasters
Have overtaken or taken over these old
masters?
Were we or they too tough
That someone had enough?
In Boston
They're reading Austen,
And Henry James
In Ames,
Ioway.

Fly away, friends!
The night of diminishing returns
descends,
If the only well-worn path
Leads to the Grapes of Wrath.
Some summer, somebody somewhere,
quite possibly bored,
Will wonder about the lovely lively Mrs.
Humphry (was it?) Ward.

—DAVID McCORD

•

In other words, while it is not contemplated that loans would be made on surplus agricultural commodities, it *is contemplated* that loans would be made on surplus agricultural commodities.—*The Times.*

That's *definite!*

CAN *You* MARCH FIVE MILES?

A silly question.

Of course you can—anyone who plays racket games, even moderately, can walk five miles before going to the courts. But did you read any of the reports of the summer military maneuvers?

It was written that some of the men couldn't hike five miles. It is true that they carried field equipment, but Bitsy Grant, for instance, could *run* five miles backwards and return hundreds of angled drives on the way.

A fairly good tennis player must be in pretty good physical condition. Good physical condition comes to the tennis player not because of regimented calisthenics in the Sports Palast in Berlin or in the Red Square—but through playing a game that is *fun,* inseparably tied in with courtesy and good sportsmanship.

The part that good physical condition plays in making the people of a nation strong in defense of their country is now realized by unfortunate France. We read that a former Davis Cup player, Jean Borotra, has been appointed director of a program to improve the physical condition of the French people.

A person in good shape physically can take it—in peace time or in war. If one is not in good shape physically, there is an extra strain upon his morale when the chips are down.

Racket games players take good physical condition pretty much as a matter of course, but now that the full value of being in good shape is recognized in terms of national defense, our players can re-assess the rewards they receive from the game.

Our games give us more than entertainment and the opportunity to compete in strokes, courtesy and good sportsmanship. Our games can make us stronger.

There are (or were, until recently) more tennis courts in England per capita than in any other country in the world. In the toughest international game known to men—total war—England has come through the tough half of the draw. She has reached the finals—and may pull this match out.

Moral: we Americans should get into shape. Racket games rank high as physical conditioners. That is a new and most important reason for spending more time on the courts.

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BOOKS

Christina Stead Continues

EVENTUALLY, Christina Stead will impose herself upon the literature of the English-speaking countries. I say "impose herself" because her qualities are not apt to win her an immediate, warm acceptance. She may have to fight as long and as hard as did Joyce before gaining the suffrage of the majority. Her prose is difficult, often unnecessarily so. Her characters are like so many fiends. Her books are long, perhaps too long. They do not develop one out of the other but are massively solitary. Her humor is savage, her learning hard to cope with, her fancies too furious. Like Emily Brontë, she has none of the proper bearing, the reassuring domestic countenance of a "lady author." Nevertheless, I predict that the sheer originality, weight, and conscientiousness of her talent will sooner or later win her a place among the acknowledged leaders of her generation.

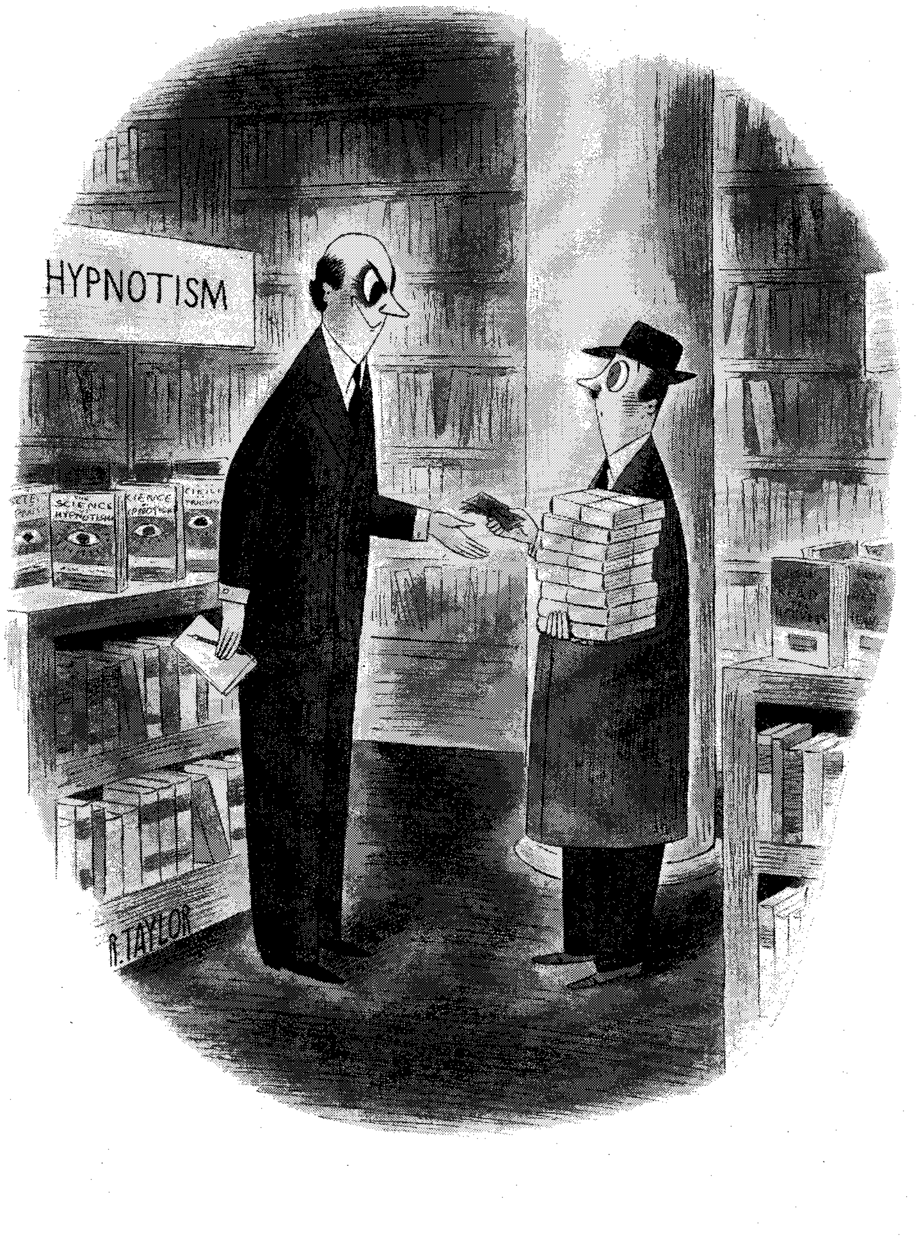
I say this despite the fact that some of what she writes I am unable to admire, and some of it I am unable to follow. I say it despite my feeling that her new book, "The Man Who Loved Children," is less impressive than "The House of All Nations"—probably the best novel of finance to be found in English. I say it despite the circumstance that many of my critical colleagues, whose judgment I respect, have not been overly enthusiastic about Miss Stead; women reviewers in particular find her hard to take. Give Christina Stead another five years and the chance to do another two or three books, I say, and the fact that, with all her eccentricities of style and subject matter, she is a major writer will be patent to all, not merely to a few devotees such as your correspondent.

"The Man Who Loved Children" is a 527-page study of an egotist. I think Miss Stead studies him too hard and too long, but there can be no doubt that when she's through, Sam Pollit exists, just as surely and implacably as does Balzac's Père Goriot. He's repulsive, a swine, often a damned bore whose long-windedness and infinite complacency tear at your nerves till you are ready to scream at him. But that's the nub of it—you're ready to scream at him as if he were not a character in a book but a man in your living room.

This Sam Pollit, a scientist in government employ, is living in Washington as the story opens. His family consists of Louisa, child of his first marriage; Henrietta, his half-crazy wife; and five (later six) children by her. One of Sam's manias—he has many—is the filling of his wife with, to her, unwanted children, so that he may prolong and project in them his own ideas, crotchets, and messianic delusions. He carries on with them (but never with his wife, to whom he always speaks through an intermediary) an incessant conversation, much of it conducted in an utterly loathsome baby talk, which, to my mind, Miss Stead would have done well to make less of.

The life of the household is an inferno. There is never enough money, and cruelty and fear stalk the corridors like audible, tangible familiar spirits. Henrietta and Louisa detest each other, and Louisa—a whacking good Portrait of the Genius as a Young Child—hates her dominating, sadistic, self-infatuated father. The book is composed of scenes—too many of them—of fury, rage, and Medean imprecations by Henrietta, alternating with pictures of a kind of grotesque family felicity, since for all his towering weaknesses, this mad and overweening Sam Pollit has at times a rare charm. The book is "Little Women" rewritten by a demon.

Sam lives, Louisa lives, Henrietta almost lives. There is some extraordinary writing—Sam's letters from Malaya, for example, are astounding. But the book as a whole does not come off. The baby talk helps to weaken it; the minor characters are dullish, even though portrayed with Michelangelesque energy; the thing goes on for too long. There is another weakness. Miss Stead, an Australian, has lived among



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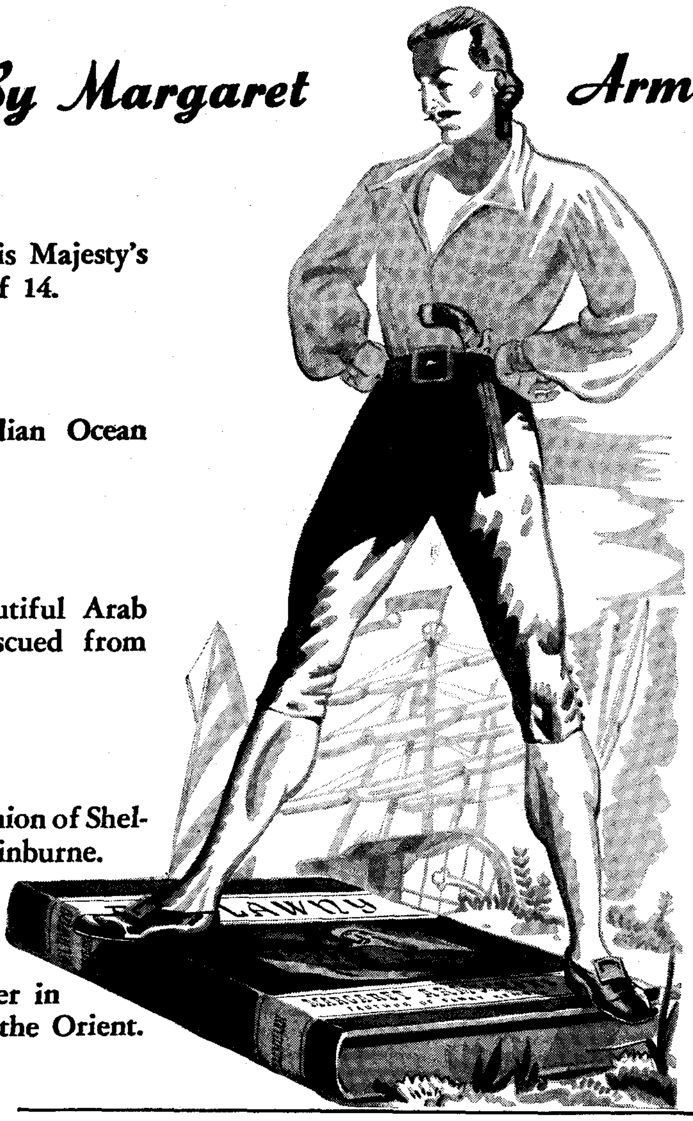

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us only four years. Her powers of assimilation are like an ostrich's, but are not equal as yet to the task of completely digesting an American background. Despite the spate of carefully studied detail, her Washington and her Annapolis have little reality, and her Pollits are not Americans, though they are so labelled. The key throughout is just detectably false.

"The Man Who Loved Children" is not a pleasing or harmonious work, and it is certainly not a perfect one. For me, "The House of All Nations" and some of the jewel-like stories in "The Salzburg Tales" remain Miss Stead's peaks of achievement so far. But she is young and apparently infinitely various. No one genuinely interested in our literature can afford to neglect her, just as it would do us no harm to set a limit on the silly praise which mere eccentrics have of late been receiving. Time may prove me wrong, but at the moment I am just as sure that Christina Stead has genius of some sort as I am sure that William Saroyan, for example, has genius of no sort. And I can't be any more positive than that.

THREE minor items you may wish to note are new books by Louis Adamic, Albert Halper, and Gertrude Stein. Adamic's book, "From Many Lands," is a retelling of the life stories of a dozen or so Americans of non-English stock. Something between really craftsmanlike biographies and the conventional case studies, they fulfill their aim, which is to make us conscious of the enormous richness of these "foreign" strains. They stimulate one, in Adamic's excellent phrase, to "make America safe for differences." The book is part of a series, indeed part of a social program (a project of the Common Council for American Unity), and is of extreme importance to Americans who now realize that this century will mark either our end as a nation or our emergence as a true and great culture-carrier.

Mr. Halper's "Sons of the Fathers" is a novel about one of these European strains—a poor Jewish family of Russian origin, living in Chicago about the time of the first World War. Its theme—that the American destiny and the European destiny are separate and distinct—would have seemed more plausible, and doubtless did to its author, a year ago. Mr. Halper has written better books than this and, let us hope, will write better ones in the future. It has a nerveless, immature quality, and the author's prose, never particularly mem-

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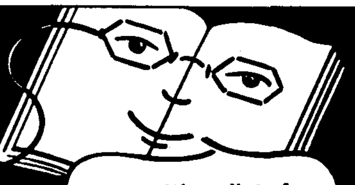

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orable, is more slipshod and pedestrian than ever.

Finally, Miss Gertrude Stein has collected her Oxford-Cambridge lectures ("Composition as Explanation," "An American and France," and "What Are Masterpieces") in a small book that takes its title from the last-named effusion. The book contains a number of other Stein oddments and is illustrated with two Picabia drawings. At this late date there is very little to say about Miss Stein, and Miss Stein will say it.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

W. B. YEATS was seventy years old in 1935, when he first met Lady Gerald Wellesley. It was a lucky meeting, and from it sprang a short but fruitful friendship that ended only with his death, early in 1939. Yeats had been attracted to Dorothy Wellesley's poetry before he knew anything of her circumstances. It was only after his enthusiasm for her work made him seek her out that he discovered her to be a woman who in some ways repeated the pattern of Lady Gregory, the friend and patron of his youth. Her taste and interests complemented his own, and, the mistress of a great house, she could offer him asylum from the modern world, in which so many things he loved seemed in total disorder and on the point of disappearing. The letters that passed between the two friends have been collected by Dorothy Wellesley and are now published.

Yeats' enemies will immediately shout "Snobbery!" It seems, however, that whatever Dorothy Wellesley's position might have been, her intense personality and cast of mind must have given Yeats something he needed in these last years of his life. To the man of genius it is not abstract intellectual processes that give refreshment. The imaginative man kindles at the touch of human relationships. Early in their friendship, Yeats' imagination caught fire from "tragical, knock-about" poems written by Lady Wellesley, and soon he was writing in an idiom he had abandoned for years: the idiom of the popular ballad, even of the broadsheet. He turned against the modern schools, thinking them "too thoughtful, reasonable, truthful." He knew he was not an "intellectual," and he knew that "the intellect" cannot produce poetry. At this time, with F. R. Higgins, he started to put out the Cuala Press Broadsheets in order to get "new or queer verse" into circulation. Modern poetry, in Yeats' opinion, seemed "thin beside the more

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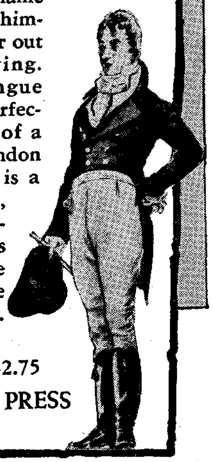

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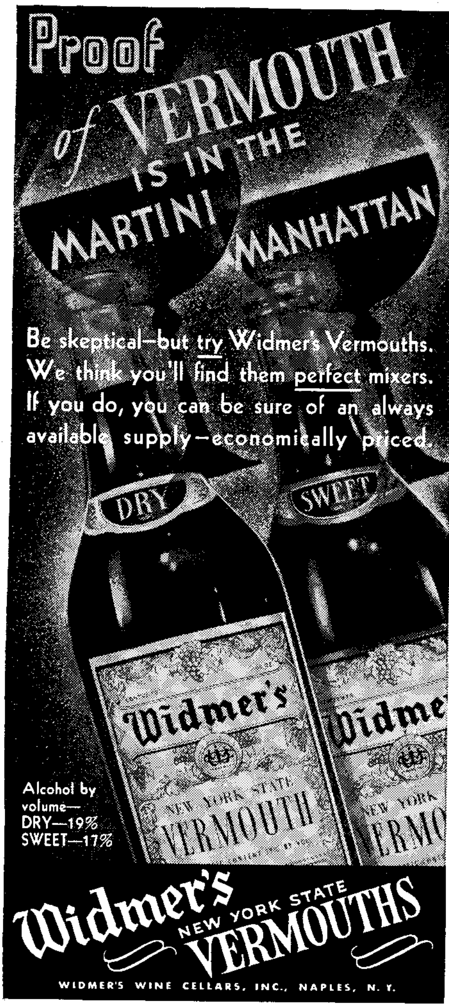
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sensuous work of the romantics," and the old poet worked incredibly hard during these last four years to produce poems based on emotion and written to the single rule "Music [and] the natural word in the natural order . . . I do not mean, of course, what musicians call the music of words. . . ."

The book is entitled "Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley," but the correspondence is printed complete. Because many of the "Last Poems" appear here in their original versions, the volume has an added technical value for students. The almost day-to-day picture of the poet at work—in spite of illness, personal crotchets, the tragic state of Europe, and the attacks of critics (for during this period "sensuous" art was held wholly in contempt by those with political biases)—is a remarkable one. Yeats' self-contradictions, his misspellings, and his prejudices—always so largely composed and deeply felt that they transcend the little bigotries set against them—are put down without extenuation; notes by Dorothy Wellesley on his conversation are also included. In his letters, a reminiscence of Beardsley will follow a description of Shree Purohit Swami putting "sugger in his soup," or he quotes a French proverb after the words of a peasant woman, or those of Nietzsche: "We must think like wise men, but express ourselves like the common people." Or Yeats is naïvely happy over his election to the Athenæum Club and over the fact that his anthology has sold more than fifteen thousand copies. He wishes, elsewhere, that his ballad on Roger Casement be sung by undergraduates at Oxford (this shocked Lady Wellesley). He writes a poem to be sung "with a chorus of concertina and wistle." And "I do nothing but write verse," he says a month before his death.

Such a volume sweeps away much sentimentality that has grown up around the poetic process and the "reasons" for poetry. This book, when used in university courses, will teach young people that genius is generous inconsistency, the generous inconsistency of all natural processes. And when Yeats writes to his friend, in a passage of pure emotion, "I think much of that most beautiful of Chinese lanthorns, your face. . . . I found some Irish story once of men

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who threshed by the light of a lock of hair, but that was a more mundane light," the words sound with a full romantic tone so rare in our day that they might be spoken by an inhabitant of another planet. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Road to Endor, by Esther Barstow Hammand. London, Barbados, and Massachusetts in the seventeenth century. The Plague, the Great Fire, voodooism, and the Salem witchcraft trials enliven the plot. The chief character, after a few years as a merchant in the West Indies, becomes a minister in Salem and enters fanatically into the pursuit and eradication of witches. A lively tale, with the historical background subdued to create merely a colorful setting for the development of character.

Trapped, by Hammond Innes. A contemporary war thriller, a cross between the solid suspense of "Escape" and an exploit of Buck Rogers. Not to give away the story, it all started when a newspaperman on a holiday on the Cornish coast was jerked overboard by a tug on his fishing line that he thought at first might be a shark. It wasn't. Better read the book and find out what it was.

Walk Hard—Talk Loud, by Len Zinberg. The story of a Negro prizefighter exacerbated by the domineering white man. A plain-spoken study of Jim-Crowism, much better than the usual hardboiled, sentimental toughie.

The Hawk's Done Gone, by Mildred Haun. Sketches of the Tennessee mountain country, humorous, full-flavored, and authentic. Old Granny Kanipe, midwife and wisewoman, tells tales about her family and her neighbors in a picturesque, colloquial prose. A human, readable book.

Amerika, by Franz Kafka, translated by Edwin Muir, with illustrations by Emlen Etting and a preface by Klaus Mann. Not as good as "The Trial" and "The Castle" but important as the first American edition of a novel—a fantastic satire on modern life in the United States—by one of the most serious and interesting of pre-Nazi novelists. Mr. Mann's preface is a first-rate introduction to Kafka's work.

The Cat's Cradle-Book, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. A book of moral fables that cats, says Miss Warner,

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tell their children. Witty, pointed, told in a precise and elegant style. Two of them have appeared in this magazine.

ALL THE WORLD AND I, by Hepburn Dinwoodie. The lives of fishermen and trappers in Labrador at the time of the first World War. The war is remote and far outside their primitive world; the Spanish influenza brings it close to them and they die just as easily as if they lived next door to the trenches. A successful novel of the Scandinavian peasant type.

SUCH IS THE KINGDOM, by Thomas Sugrue. Life on Kelly Hill among the Sheehans, Dugans, Corrigans, O'Dowds, and so on, seen through the eyes of six-year-old Jamie O'Mahaney. Because these are careful closeups of people and there is no large amount of action, Mr. Sugrue inevitably invites comparison with James Farrell. Mr. Sugrue is kinder, less firm, perhaps less true, and much easier to read.

MIGHTY MOUNTAIN, by Archie Binns. A historical novel of Puget Sound in the mid-nineteenth century, by a clever and capable writer. The characters—white settlers, Indians, the Army—are more than puppets in a period; they are alive and interesting. The Indians' unhappy struggle to keep their lands is described with real indignation, which the reader will probably share.

THE ROAD RETURNS, by Paul Corey. Mr. Corey brings his Mantz family, about whom he wrote in "Three Miles Square," back to the farm after an unsuccessful try at life in town. A readable and sincere farm novel, with earnest folks in it doing everyday things.

THE MAGIC BOW, by Manuel Komroff. A much-romanticized life story of the great violinist Paganini, his violins, love affairs, and musical career. On the pretty side.

GENERAL

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, by Allan Nevins. Probably the definitive biography of the elder Rockefeller, this is also the story of an influential American family, a particularized history of the first great business trust, and a picture of the major changes in American life between John D. Rockefeller's birth in 1839 to his death in 1937. Takes up the religious, scientific, political, and philanthropic aspects of Rockefeller's career, but the labor record is rather skimpy. Friendly in tone and exhaustively

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THE SECOND EMPIRE, by Octave Aubry, translated by Arthur Livingston. Detailed and brilliant panorama of the France of Napoleon III in terms of the Emperor himself, the Empress Eugénie, and the soldiers, clerics, poets, and diplomats who made French history from 1848 to the defeat of the "cardboard-and-tin generals" at Sedan in 1870. The translation is just adequate. Illustrated.

I SAW FRANCE FALL, by René de Chambrun. A young French officer gives us a vivid, intelligent closeup of service in the Maginot Line, the German break-through, his escape from Dunkerque, etc. De Chambrun defends the Vichy government. Reprinted in part from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Map.

DE GAULLE AND THE COMING INVASION OF GERMANY, by James Marlow. Mostly a panegyric to General de Gaulle, in which this British writer urges action in support of de Gaulle's opinion that, given a preponderance in air, sea, and mechanized land forces, it would be possible to open up a bridgehead on the German-held Continent. Pamphlet, with frontispiece.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, by Ruby Black. Engaging biography of the President's wife by a Washington newspaperwoman, which deals with her family affairs and public service. It's topped off by the remark of a New England lobsterman visiting the White House: "She ain't stuck up, she ain't dressed up, and she ain't afeared to talk."

TO NOWHERE AND RETURN, by Joseph Hilton Smyth. Autobiography of a been-arounder from Massachusetts who got mixed up in a whaling expedition for the movies, a Central American revolution, activities in Paris during the twenties, and so on, and who has been publisher of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and other magazines. Amusing, and pretty wise, too. Pictures by the author.

THE CARIBBEAN DANGER ZONE, by J. Fred Rippy. A University of Chicago expert traces the line of economic, diplomatic, and strategic relationship between the Caribbean countries and the United States since 1850. He thinks a Pan-American league for defence is "most likely." Valuable work, but somewhat too circumstantial for easy reading. Maps.

THE WHITE HOUSE, by Charles

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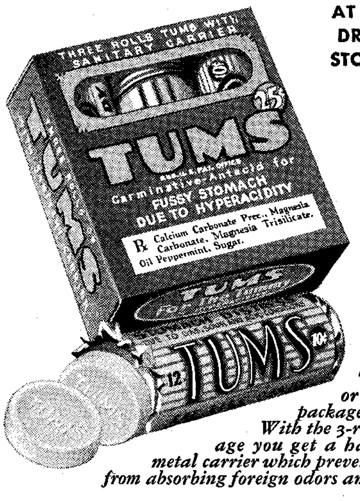
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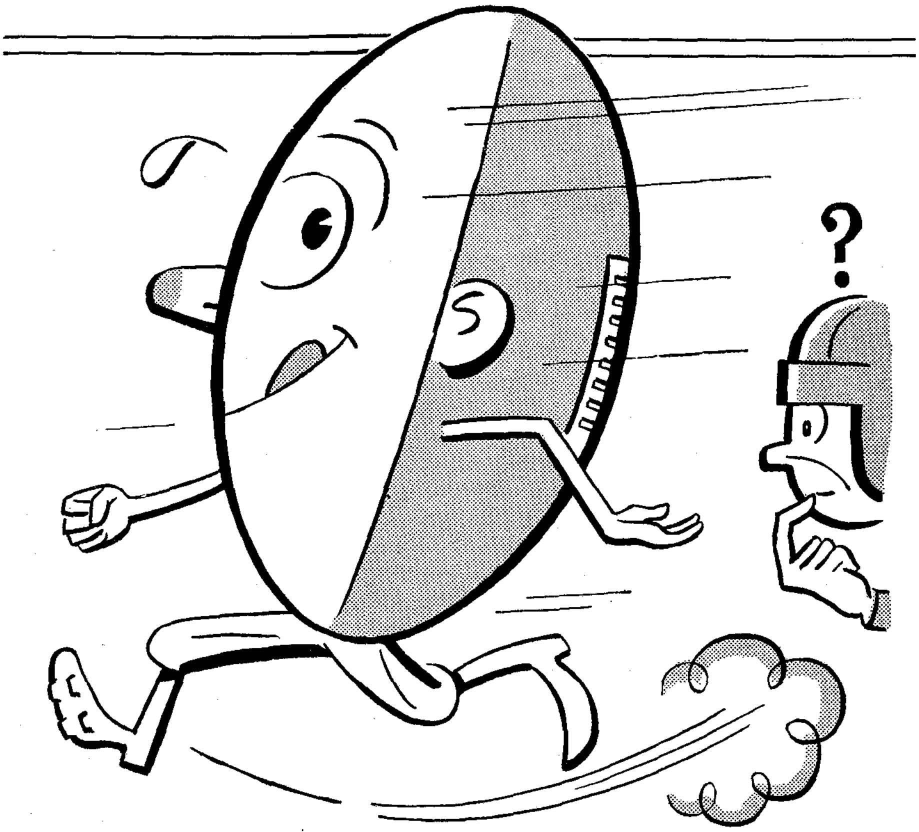

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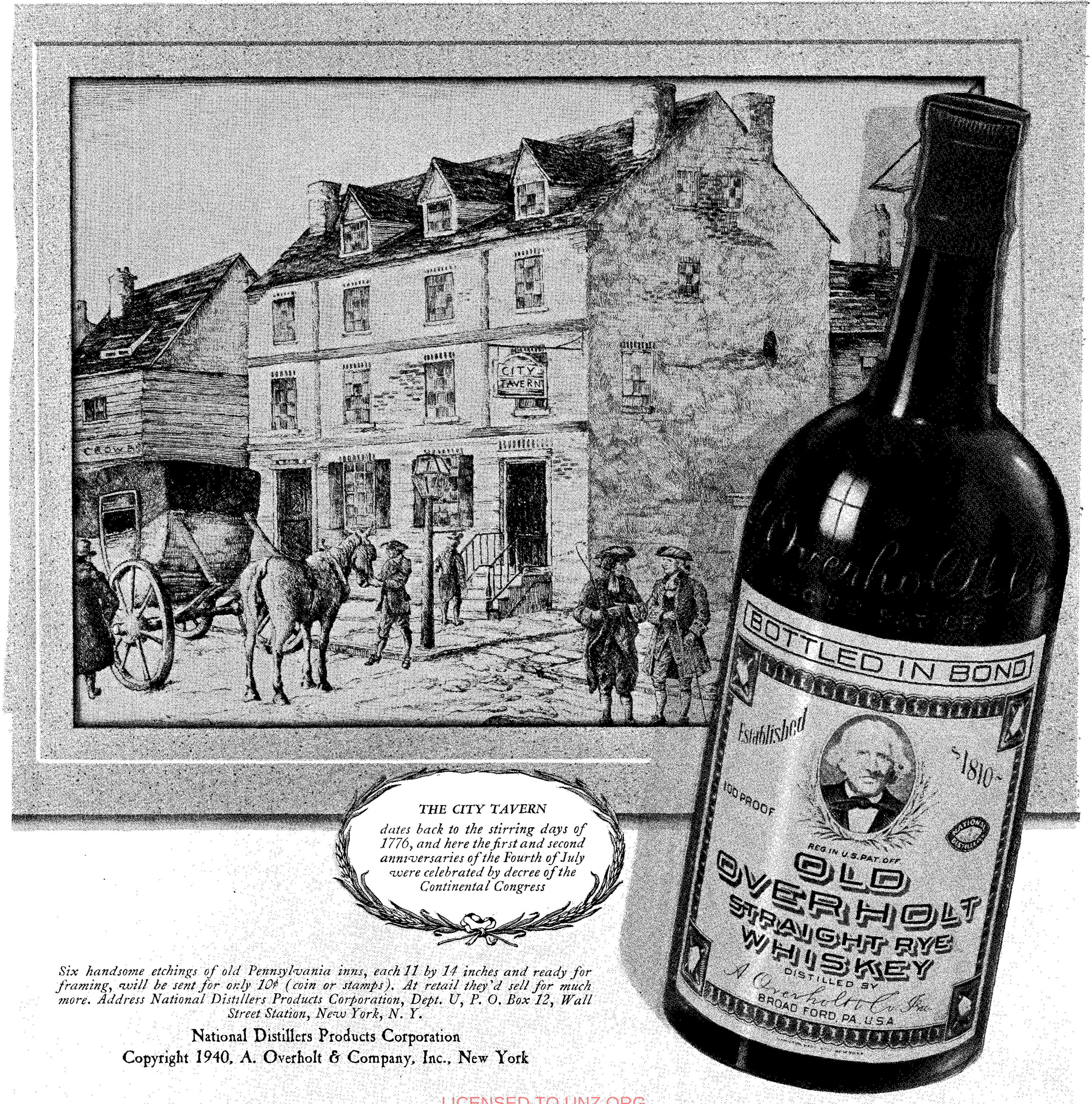
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